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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY

HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

budd schulberg
jean-paul sartre
james baldwin
vladimir nabokov
jules feiffer
roald dahl
mortimer adler
clifton fadiman
james farmer
bennett cerf
h. allen smith
john held, jr.
leroy neiman
kenneth tynan
j. paul getty
richard armour
lucius beebe
playboy interview with princess grace

plus

playboy's annual playmate review

personal tour of the playboy mansion

eleventh-hour gifts

gatefold girl by alberto vargas

yuletide adventures of annie fanny

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NABOKOV

PLAYBILL WITH THIS Twelfth Anniversary–Holiday issue, heralded by our die-cut picture-frame cover, we celebrate a dozen unparalleled editorial years whose chronicle is a success story without equal in the publishing field. We are now selling well over 3,250,000 copies a month; our ancillary operations—from the Playboy Clubs and Playboy Products to Playboy Press and the Playboy Model Agency—strongly echo the achievements of the magazine.

And each January, because we enjoy sharing our good fortune with those who have contributed to it, we go through the difficult task of determining which authors will receive our annual $1000 "best" awards. The choices are always hard ones to make, and this year was no exception. After much soul searching, however, here are the editors' selections of winners in the fiction, nonfiction, and humor and satire categories.

PLAYBOY's nonfiction award—the equivalent of two ears and a tail—goes to Kenneth Tynan for his *Beatle in the Bull Ring* (January), a probing delineation of Spain's most popular matador, El Cordobés, and of his impact on the contemporary *feria* scene. Although other magazines followed suit in recognizing and attempting to analyze the magnetic quality of El Cordobés, none approached Tynan's portrayal of the man and the mystique that has grown up around him. Close behind Tynan's taurine treatise are last year's nonfiction winner John Clellon Holmes' brilliant and original dissection of the forces that motivated this century's most enigmatic assassin, *The Silence of Oswald* (November), and Sir Julian Huxley's scarifying diagnosis and prognosis of the population explosion, *The Age of Overbreed* (January).

The fiction field was also heavy-laden with close contenders, but choicest among them was Roald Dahl's *The Visitor* (May), a grandly styled Grand Guignol set in the Egyptian desert. Hard on the heels of *The Visitor* was PLAYBOY newcomer J. G. Ballard's evocative fantasy *Souvenir* (May), followed by Hoke Norris' bitterly etched tale of Southern passions, *Look Away* (July).

Humor in heaping quantities was also on hand this past year. The nonpareil laugh-getter proved to be *Leopold Doppler and the Orpheum Gravy Boat Riot* (October), a trip down moviedom's memory lane by the Shining Knight of the Night People, Jean Shepherd, followed in the usual order by Sol Weinstein's demoniacal debut of Secret Agent Oy Oy 7, Israel Bond, in *Loxfinger* (October), and Gerald Sussman's *The Official Sex Manual* (October), the hilarious he/she primer to end all he/she primers; the last two are now available in all their book-length risibility, following their previewing in PLAYBOY.

In its six years as Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner's deluxe digs, *The Playboy Mansion* has been the elegantly luxurious setting for a number of features that have appeared in the magazine. However, this month's 15-page text-and-photo tour of the premises marks the first time Hef's wondrous work-and-pleasure dome—now a Chicago landmark—has been the subject of a full-length takeout. It should go a long way toward assuaging the reader's curiosity whetted by past glimpses.

Master of the macabre Roald Dahl, PLAYBOY's 1965 fiction-award winner, is with us once more with an equally gripping tour de force, *The Last Act*, this month's lead fiction. Dahl informs us that he is putting the finishing touches on a filmscript, the title of which—*Oh Death, Where Is Thy Sting-a-ling-a-ling*—is all he would divulge to pique our interest and confirm our belief that he treads no well-worn creative paths.

In *The Wisdom of W. S. Maugham* (in his signature—see page 75—he uses his first initials instead of the customary spelling out of his middle name), PLAYBOY presents a summing up of the legendary storyteller's thoughts on a host of universal subjects, gleaned from him by California's nonprofit Wisdom Foundation and never before published in a magazine. Maugham is about to have one phase of his illustrious writing career reprised. It should interest Fleming fanciers to know that some 40 years ago Maugham was spinning taut yarns woven around an English spy with gourmet and sybaritic predilections. They are now being reissued in paperback under the title *Ashenden: The British Agent*.

Nonfiction winner Kenneth Tynan's *The Royal Smut-Hound*, in this issue, beards the English theater's bête noire in his den. Tynan, as Literary Manager of Britain's National Theater, knows whereof he speaks in matters censorial. Ken tells us: "Since joining the National Theater at its inauguration in 1963, I've had several skirmishes with the censor—long, pointless, polite conversations about three-, four- and five-letter words. On one occasion he demanded the deletion of a stage direction in which a military medal was pinned to the seat of a chorus girl's panties."

James Baldwin, whose *The Man Child*—a brooding, shocking masterpiece of the fictive art—haunts these pages, is currently ensconced in Istanbul, a favorite resting place of his, where he lives in the abandoned seraglio of a pasha's palace in the city's old quarter. Baldwin recently left his Turkish retreat to supervise the production of his play *The Amen Corner* in London's West End.

Budd Schulberg, whose fiction contribution to this Anniversary-Holiday issue, *Señor Discretion Himself*, is set south of the border, explains how it came to be: "Last spring, my wife [actress

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ADLER

SARTRE

CERF

BEEBE

FARMER

FADIMAN

Geraldine Brooks] and I took a cruise on a schooner down the west coast of Mexico, then rested at our apartment in Mexico City. There, I was telling some visitors about the professional letter writers who still sit at their old-fashioned typewriters in some of the old plazas. An old Mexico hand told me that they dressed up these letters, putting the primitive dictation of their illiterate customers into classic Spanish. Out of this came the idea for *Señor Discretion.*"

The world's most famous living existentialist, Jean-Paul Sartre, in *The Parisians and the Germans*, describes with heartbreaking clarity the City of Light's occupation by the Nazis. An active member of the maquis of those days, Sartre was one of the heroes of the Resistance movement. A book of his political essays, as yet untitled, will be published by Braziller next fall. His play *The Prisoner of Altona* was one of the four presented by the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater this season. The estimable translation of Sartre's PLAYBOY piece, originally published in French by Editions Gallimard, was done by Guy Daniels, one of the most deft practitioners of a difficult art.

The Great Books of 2066, tandem literary predictions by Mortimer Adler and Clifton Fadiman, presents their highly educated guesses as to which 20th Century works—by men of thought and by men of imagination—will be the classics of the 21st Century. Dr. Adler, noted philosopher-educator and one of the founders of the *Great Books*, has a new book of his own—*The Differences of Man*—forthcoming, for which the basis is a series of Encyclopaedia Britannica lectures at the University of Chicago next month. Fadiman, who achieved national renown as the moderator of radio's long-running *Information Please!*—and before that a more intellectually prestigious reputation for the cogent and urbane reviews he wrote when he was literary critic for *The Nation* and then *The New Yorker*—is on the Board of Editors of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, regents lecturer at UCLA, and is a first-rank essayist (*Party of One, Any Number Can Play*). When asked about his future plans, Fadiman replied with acerb succinctness: "They're identical with those of any 20th Century man—to survive, with most of the cards stacked against all of us."

Geoffrey Bocca's *Going Naked on the Riviera* bemusedly examines the *modus operandi* of nudism on France's famed Île du Levant. No nudist he, Bocca nevertheless is eminently qualified to uncover the Île; his book *Bikini Beach* is rated as one of the definitive travel tomes on the Côte d'Azur.

Lucius Beebe, publisher of the *Virginia City Territorial Enterprise*, columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, railroad *aficionado*, historian of the Old West, *bon vivant extraordinaire* and member of the *Confrérie des Chevaliers de Tastevin*, has always had an abiding interest in luxury and the people who live in it. *Those Gilded Galas*, which re-creates a trio of resplendent turn-of-the-century parties, will be part of *The Big Spenders*, to be published by Doubleday in the spring, and ornately subtitled "The epic story of the rich rich, the grandees of America and the magnificoes, and how they spent their fortunes."

A professor of English literature at California's Scripps College, Richard Armour still finds time to turn out high-styled humor pieces, such as this month's *Sex in the Stone Age*, and books in vast numbers: His just-published *Going Around in Academic Circles* (McGraw-Hill) is his 31st. The *raison d'être* behind his PLAYBOY piece? Quoth Armour: "Plenty of people know about sex today, but who knows about sex in the Stone Age? My research left no stone unturned."

The theme of *When Will the Demonstrations End?* is self-evident. The aims of its author, James Farmer, are equally self-evident. As national director of CORE (he was one of its founders in 1942), he has been a prime mover in the Negro's great thrust forward. Farmer studied theology at Howard University but refused ordination because "I didn't see how I could honestly preach the Gospel of Christ in a church that practiced discrimination." *When Will the Demonstrations End?* will be part of Mr. Farmer's book *Freedom—When?*, to be published shortly by Random House.

Random House's president Bennett Cerf recounts a stormy scene with the mercurial literary giant Theodore Dreiser in *A Luncheon at the Ritz*. Although there have been, in the 40 years since it took place, any number of accounts of the incident described by Cerf in *Luncheon*, he tells us that this is the first time they have been accurately put to paper—and he should know: As the third man at that luncheon, he was the only direct eyewitness.

Adding glitter to our stellar Twelfth Anniversary issue: Part II of Vladimir Nabokov's major novel *Despair*; an exclusive interview with Her Most Serene Highness, Princess Grace of Monaco, wherein the film-star-turned-consort speaks her mind; H. Allen Smith and J. Paul Getty; Thomas Mario and LeRoy Neiman; flaming youth revisited in *John Held, Jr.: Creator of an Era*; *Playboy's Playmate Review*, a pictorial run-through of the past delightful dozen; the Christmas carryings-on of *Little Annie Fanny*; *The Eleventh-Hour Santa*, a roundup of last-minute largess; PLAYBOY's *Retroactive New Year's Resolutions*; an Alberto Vargas double-page gatefold girl; our own real live gatefold girl, Judy Tyler; and a cornucopia of other visual and verbal delights to make this the happiest of anniversaries. Come on in and join us in these New Year festivities.

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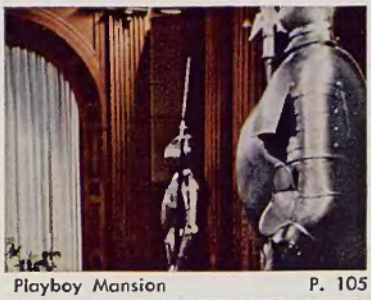
vol. 13, no. 1—january, 1966

PLAYBOY



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2180. America, The Beautiful; American Salute; 9 more

1915. Serenade in Blue, Elmer's Tune, At Last, 12 in all

1447. Also: All My Trials, Rocky Road, Very Last Day, etc.

2188. Also: Don't Ever Change, Look For Me Baby, etc.

1675. Spanish Harlem, Incident, It Ain't Me Babe, 11 in all

1909. Also excerpts from "Swan Lake" and "Peer Gynt" Suite

1704. Featuring the title song sung by Shirley Bassey

1326. Humoresque, Nocturne, Romance, Mazurka, 9 others

2121. Why Should I Care, Tell Me Baby, For Lovin' Me, etc.

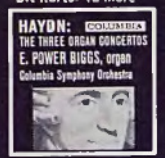
2118. Going Out of My Head, Every Little Bit Hurts, 10 more

1785. Also: Stardust, Battle Hymn of The Republic etc.

2126. King of the Road, Downtown, Meditation, 9 more

2105. Also: Where Is Love, Show Girl, Little Angel, etc.

2145. The whole wonderful score: Out of My Dreams, etc.

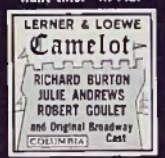


2073. "Haydn collectors will certainly want this."-Hi-Fid.

1906. Have You Ever Been Lonely, Always In My Heart, 10 more

2075. Try To Remember, Jamaica Farewell, 9 more

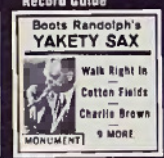
1089. "Lush, full-blown, romantic." — The Atlantic

1928. "Paralyzingly convincing." — Am. Record Guide

1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!" Kilgallen

2107. Also: If I Loved You, Teach Me Tonight, etc.

1669. A sparkling version of Rodgers & Hammerstein's hit

2068. First time on one LP for these three classics!



1898. Also: Lonely Street, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, etc.

2148-2149. Two Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) Streets of Laredo, Road To Kaintuck, Johnny Reb, Sam Hall, 16 more

2175. Also: I Will Wait For You; My Love, Forgive Me; etc.

1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

2117. Chim Chim Cher-ee, Feed The Birds, Dear Heart, etc.

2162. Also: Engine Engine #9, The Good Old Days, etc.

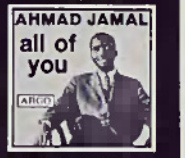
1787. Also: Come See About Me, Your Kiss of Fire, etc. *

1765. Also: Talk to Me Baby, Come Blow Your Horn, etc.

2179. I Still Get Jealous, Blueberry Hill, 10 more

1892. Also: In The Summertime, There I Go Dreamin', etc.

2176. Bonita, She's A Carioca, Dindi, Surfboard, 8 more



1254. You Go to My Head, You're Blasé, Angel Eyes, 7 in all

2152. Here is "Glenn Gould at his best." —Chicago Tribune

2120. All I Really Want To Do, It's No Use, 10 more

2160. Also: Anytime All By Myself, 'Til Tomorrow, etc.

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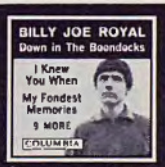
2141. I'm A Fool To Care, One Has My Name, 18 more

1924. Also: You Can Have Him, That's Not the Answer, etc.

1263. "Magnificent performances!" — High Fidelity

2181. Also: Nola, Donkey Serenade, Sing-Song, etc.



2163. Also: King of Fools, Pollyana, Oh What A Night, etc.

2136. Also: Love At Home, Pass Me By, Amen, Remember, etc.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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MADALYN MURRAY

Permit me to commend you for publishing the October interview with Madalyn Murray. When the right to dissent is suppressed we all suffer. If even one half of what she says about the police, the courts, the postal authorities, school authorities and people of religious conviction is true, we are in trouble. I say, more power to our devout atheist. She has been proven right once. It may well be that she is right in her present crusade against tax exemption for churches. Certainly this gesture by the state has been exploited and abused. This matter is one about which I have been speaking for some 15 years—when anyone would listen. I rather imagine that nobody—unless it be Mrs. Murray—is going to do much about it. The "unchurched" cannot. They are unorganized for the most part. Individually they cannot stand against the thought-stopping charges that they are "antireligious," "Communist" or what have you. The politicians will most certainly do nothing. This is the path to political suicide. The churchgoer will do nothing. He is rapidly moving away from the financial sacrifice that support of his religious convictions demands. That tax exemption is aid to religion can hardly be doubted. The cost of that exemption is borne by all of us. Some of those who pick up the tab for this rapidly increasing lost income will be the secularist and the Church alumnus. Thus, they are made to support a religion that may actively discriminate against them. Mrs. Murray should know. A ruling against tax exemption might destroy us. Many of us haven't been willing to sacrifice much for religion—except our reason. On the other hand, it just might make religion, in its institutional form, face up to the challenge which the times have posed. The potential is there. At least, I like to think that it is.

David R. Kibby, Minister
The Unitarian Church of
Delaware County
Springfield, Pennsylvania

The attacks against Madalyn Murray have, in their unreasoning savagery, been illustrative of human intellect on the nursery level. The courage with which she defends the spirit of free inquiry should win the admiration of even those most in disagreement with the atheist position.

Donald R. Burleson
Alamogordo, New Mexico

Madalyn Murray is so painfully lacking in intellectual acumen she isn't even controversial. She has probably done more to perpetuate outdated American mores and the Church than all the blue laws, Inquisitions and Reformations combined.

Terrence Lounsdale
Forest Grove, Oregon

A Supreme Court decision to uphold Mrs. Murray's tax-exemption suit against the churches is needed in this country to get the so-called Christians off their pious asses and be worthy of the name. The time and energy used to abuse and condemn the Mrs. Murrays will then have to be used to financially support the working churches if the churches are to stay in existence. Thank God for people like Mrs. Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Wood
Norwich, Connecticut

As an Episcopal priest, I was interested to read PLAYBOY's interview with Madalyn Murray in the October issue. I, for one, am truly sorry that she has received the treatment she has, at the hands of so-called Christians. However, one can't help but notice that Mrs. Murray does seem to revel in it—indeed, her somewhat farfetched accounts of abuse seem downright masochistic. Surely she must realize that every crusader for a new cause has had to suffer the consequences—be he Christian or non-Christian.

Although I do not personally agree with Mrs. Murray, she may be surprised to know that many churchmen, even clergymen, agree with her that the Church properties should be taxed. It would probably not prove an impossible burden for the Church—in fact, it might prove a blessing in disguise by forcing individual Christians to more deeply "put their money where their faith is." Others, like myself, feel that Church property (within reason, i.e., church buildings proper) should rightly be exempted from civil

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taxes because the Church is, by definition, a divine, not earthly, institution.

At any rate, I feel Mrs. Murray will be good for the Church in the long run—for Christianity has always thrived and grown strong under opposition and oppression. To Mrs. Murray's everlasting chagrin, she may inadvertently be doing more to help rather than to hinder the cause of Christianity.

The Reverend Clark A. Tea, Vicar
St. Thomas' Chapel (Episcopal)
Battle Creek, Michigan

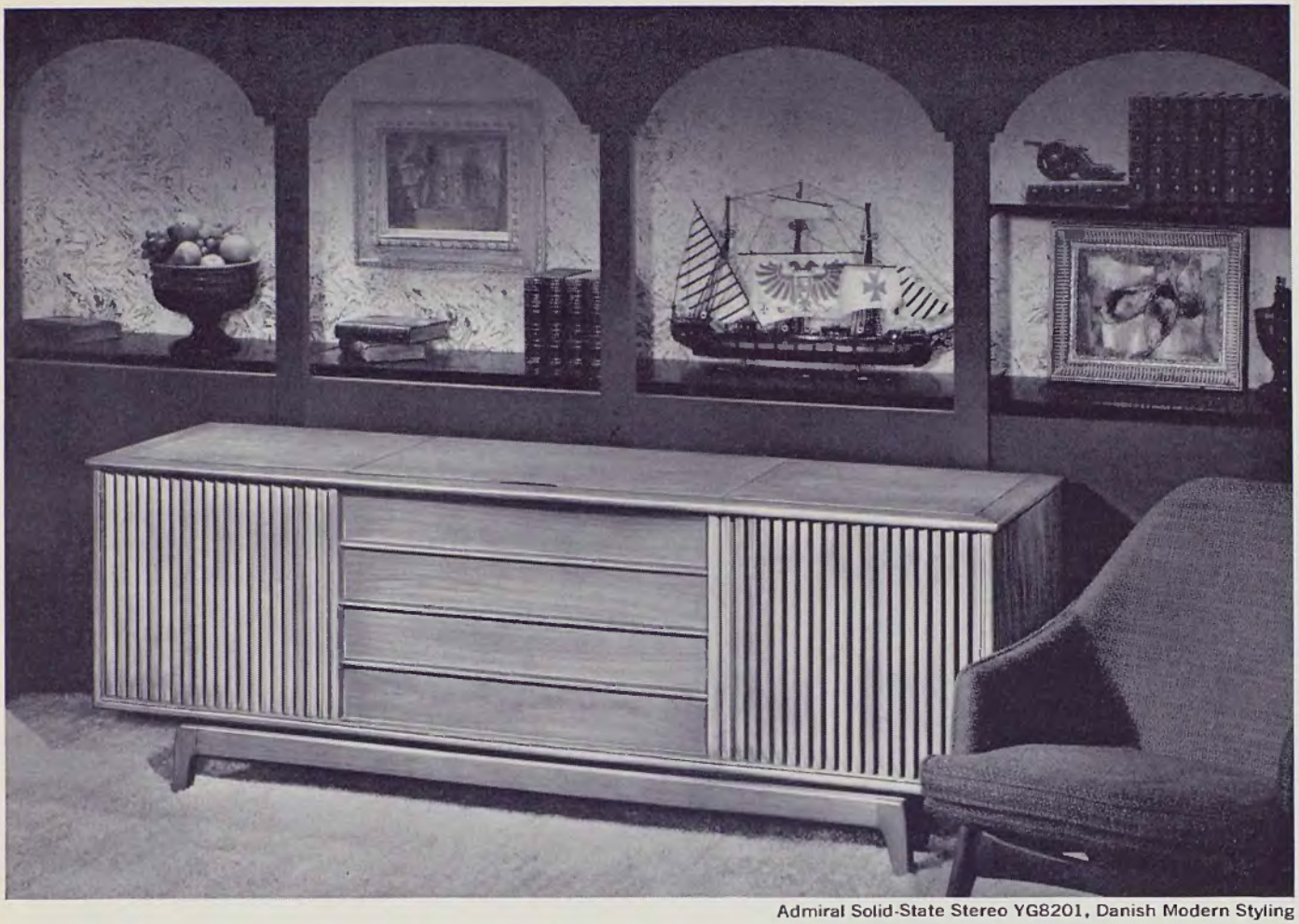
As a former Roman Catholic priest and now a firm agnostic and humanist, I read with great interest your interview with Mrs. Murray. However, after the first few lines I felt quite disappointed. Though in full sympathy with Mrs. Murray's almost unbelievable trials for her militancy against religion, I cannot agree with the reasons she spiels off to explain her nonreligiousness.

Mrs. Murray does *not* know the Bible very well, as she claims. To many, the Bible is a magnificent document of ancient Middle East literature. The objections to the Bible do not lie here—in its contents or in its style. The objections lie in the fact that some people want to see in it "the word of God," as if God had inspired the authors of these writings to put down what they did. The neurosis of religion (to borrow Freud's concept) lies in the illusion of a personal god and of a supernatural world to be fulfilled in an "afterlife." The same Freud (*The Future of an Illusion*) realizes that religion is here to stay with us for a very long time. Men *do* need emotional security, and many find it in a religious system of ideas. The crux is what brings security—not what is the truth, as Mrs. Murray seems to think. If something that is not true gives security, that is too bad, but it is helping the people who find their security in that.

Man in his evolutionary process is *slowly* outgrowing the need for religion (think of the progress made from a nature worship to the spiritual, personal god). History is of little help to show the *wrongness* of religion. To see the truth about religion a person has to have the courage to de-emotionalize his beliefs in the supernatural and to become rational about the basic premises of that ideological system. Of course, he will need another set of values to live by. Can many people do this by themselves? PLAYBOY has helped in this painful and soul-searching process. I hope it shall continue to do so without changing its character as a unique magazine in the American horizon.

(Name withheld by request)
Jersey City, New Jersey

Hooray for Madalyn Murray and her "tax the churches" suit. It is completely inconsistent with our Constitution as



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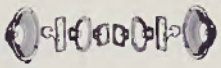

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You adjust Admiral Vari-Gram tone arm, 0 to 4 grams. You get ideal tracking pressure, for maximum fidelity, minimum record wear. Records play flawlessly for virtually a lifetime!

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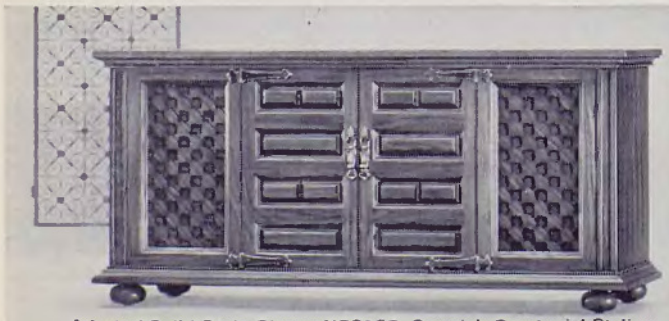
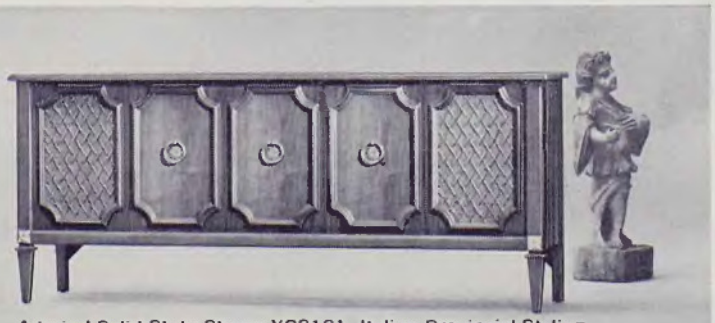


Admiral Solid-State Stereo YG8153, Spanish Provincial Styling



Admiral Solid-State Stereo YG8121, Italian Provincial Styling

*5-year warranty: Admiral warrants each new solid-state stereophonic instrument to be free from defects in factory workmanship or materials under normal use for 90 days after date of sale to consumer; the FM/AM stereo multiplex radio tuner, pre-amplifier, amplifier and SM-1 phonograph cartridge element are so warranted for 5 years. Admiral obligation is limited to supplying suitable replacement parts. Warranty is effective only if the instrument is registered with Admiral within 10 days after date of sale to consumer. Admiral, Chicago. Admiral Canada, Ontario. **Manufacturer's suggested list price. Slightly higher, some areas.

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well as with all concepts of equity to have churches exempted from paying income tax on profits resulting from non-church-related activities while all other institutions and individuals are taxed for participating in the same activities. I sent my check to Good and Haffner, Attorneys, 1010 Standard Building, Cleveland 13, Ohio, to be used in the fund for carrying this case to the Supreme Court, and I think you should print this letter to remind others who agree with Madalyn Murray's position that they can do the same. Keep up the great interviews—I learn something new from each one.

Alan Teck
New York, New York

It would take a magazine such as PLAYBOY to print an interview with Mrs. Murray. Her filthy talk and ideas fit right in with yours.

Randall Schmidt
Buffalo, New York

Mrs. Murray arouses conflicting emotions in me—and this is regrettable. I admire her courage; I respect her convictions. No doubt her activities in the field of separation of church and state have brought out in her violent opponents their own self-doubt on the issues involved. In this, and in her successful efforts to have the Supreme Court ban school prayers (as predicated by the details of the decision), and in her aspirations to equalize secular and religious taxation through further court decision, she is to be applauded. But it is regrettable that PLAYBOY's interview revealed so much of Mrs. Murray's own psychological problems. We ministers are so used to those who tell us "dirty" stories calculated to shock us because we *are* ministers, that we recognize her vulgarity for the psychological revelation that it is. As the young child proudly displays a handful of feces so that he may be the center of attention, so does Madalyn compulsively show us her need to be noticed. Has she always been so unloved? Isn't it a shame that we must question means even when the ends attained by Mrs. Murray are so propitious? Yet, Mrs. Murray merely proves that even atheists have their gods—and, sadly, most often that god is "self."

R. W. Brownlie, Pastor
The First Congregational Parish (Unitarian)
Petersham, Massachusetts

First, let me say that I have been in sympathy with Mrs. Murray's efforts to bring an end to sectarian worship services in the public schools. Second, I have been a longtime advocate of the taxation of Church property. However, I am repelled by the public vulgarity of this woman. By her actions and her blatant remarks she does damage to the soundness of the causes that she has championed. This in no way makes me condone the actions of those who have persecuted her. They have brought disgrace upon our country, and particularly upon themselves. Her vulgarity and their bestiality make a disgusting spectacle in a country that professes tolerance and self-control.

H. Paul Osborne, Minister
First Unitarian Church
Wichita, Kansas

I feel strangely elated and happy to be a human being after reading the PLAYBOY interview with Madalyn Murray. I was in Honolulu with the East-West Center at the time of her arrival there. I remember being annoyed that she had come there, and that she had been shown many kindnesses by the Church of the Crossroads—Congregational (not Unitarian). This attitude on my part was, perhaps, a vestige of a recent stint at Harvard Divinity. The annoyance did not last, however, since I neither hated nor loved the woman: I did not know her. I was disinterested. I am no longer disinterested. This has nothing to do with any religious attitude on my part. It is, rather, a matter of admiration for the rebel spirit that still burns in this land of ours. The questions, valid or invalid, raised by Mrs. Murray are moral questions. They affect each of us. Like so many of the great moral questions being thrust into the open in this age of revolution, they must be answered. It is the responsibility of each of us to answer them, at least for ourselves. There is no virtue or moral right in our silence. Mrs. Murray comes on strong; most rebels do. I cannot help but admire this strength, for such is the heart of dissidence, of civil disobedience, that eventually brings forth justice. The question here is not religion. It is morality.

Olaf Odegaard
Department of Communication
Otero Junior College
La Junta, Colorado

I don't know how your October sales went elsewhere, but they sure as hell were booming in Texas. The newspapers reported that the governor was shocked and dismayed and the attorney general of Texas warned me about using language like that in the Texas senate in my appearance there. The Unitarian minister here apologized to the newspapers for my language in PLAYBOY and said that I said I really didn't say it, so the paper ran one story to that effect. I went to see the boys and they ran a correction, for I said that I *did* use all those Anglo-Saxon four-letter words and that I felt that I had used them colorfully, pointedly, deliciously and appropriately—and that PLAYBOY had quoted me accurately and concisely.

Madalyn Murray
San Antonio, Texas

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MOVIE REVIEW

I have just finished reading October's *Leopold Doppler and the Orpheum Gravy Boat Riot*. Thank you and thanks to Jean Shepherd. As an airline pilot flying to and from Alaska, I save PLAYBOY for the long hours en route.

Tom Gould
Anchorage, Alaska

"Leopold Doppler" earned Shepherd our humor and satire award for 1965.

MIAMI PEACHES

The Bunnies of Miami in your October issue were everything I expected them to be. They had beautiful faces, great figures, and at least one girl (page 143) was terribly in need of dentalwork. Although she was not the first girl shown in PLAYBOY this year with this easily remedied cosmetic defect, I can only hope she's the last. Basically, I am not a "tooth man," but I know what modern dentistry can do for these minor defects.

Trevor Bavar, D.D.S.
New York, New York

Our caps are off to you, Dr. Bavar, for maintaining a professional eye while perusing our Bunnies.

COMIC-BOOK HEROES

My October issue of PLAYBOY is plumb wore through from being shown to all my so-and-so friends, who somehow still refuse to believe all those nice things Mr. Feiffer said about me in his *The Great Comic-Book Heroes*. I can hardly believe them myself. This instant fame is too much. It is ironic, I think, that all this interest in the old comics and comic-book artists is springing up in fan clubs, collectors' clubs, books, etc. Now we're suddenly little tin gods. A few years ago, a certain Dr. Wertham depicted us as depraved, immoral sadists sucking the very lifeblood of morality from our noble little kids and being directly responsible for the crimes of the day. Hoo-ha. I wonder what the good doctor thinks of the J.D. situation now that the simon-pure comics are so goody-goody that the little monsters can't give vent to their natural meanness. To show you how evil we were, one of my sons is a career Naval officer and jet pilot, the other a junior at Syracuse University on the dean's list. Years ago, when asked our line of work, we'd all say commercial artist or illustrator or some such, but never, never comic-book artist. If we admitted it, we were looked at askance and our names quietly dropped from the social sheets. Now, I've been offered $500 for a bound book of a year's issues of *Spirit*, *Lady Luck* and *Mr. Mystic*, and I've had two offers to speak at local colleges. See what your magazine does?

S. R. Powell
Roslyn, New York

Congratulations to Jules Feiffer on his fine piece on comic heroes. I especially

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It's cool.

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liked the description of Captain America's costume: "drawn modestly from the Stars and Stripes." After turning out all those comic pages, Jack Kirby and I almost believed that the Stars and Stripes copied our hero. Incidentally, we are doing a *Sick*-magazine parody on the comic heroes. I hope it will be as successful as our PLAYBOY parody.

Joe Simon
Sick
New York, New York

The nostalgia was dripping out of my ears when I read the Jules Feiffer piece on the comic books in the October PLAYBOY. In a way, I am sorry to see television getting credit for producing juvenile delinquents, because that was the only way we used to get our names in the paper, when the comics were considered the sole contributors to the downfall of youth. When the Kefauver Committee held its hearings on the subject at Foley Square in New York, three of us from the National Cartoonists Society (Walt Kelly, *Pogo*; Joe Musial, *Katzenjammer Kids*; and myself) were invited, not subpoenaed, to appear before the committee. It amused us that, after answering their sharp and thoughtful questions on the subject, we spent the rest of the afternoon drawing pictures of our characters for the members of the committee to take home for their kids.

Milton Caniff
New York, New York

I wonder why Feiffer neglected to mention that Billy Batson (boy radio announcer for station WHIZ) had a foster brother and sister. Mary Batson changed into Mary Marvel also by shouting the word SHAZAM, except that this time the letters represented ancient goddesses. Their foster brother, Freddy Freeman, the crippled newsboy, would change into Captain Marvel Junior by shouting "Captain Marvel!" However, I was happy to read that Feiffer feels that Captain Marvel resembled Fred MacMurray—a feeling I was ashamed to admit.

Louis L. Tepperman
Toronto, Ontario

Jules Feiffer's nostalgic post-mortem, *The Great Comic-Book Heroes*, came across as an illuminating dissection of the union-suit do-gooders who were thwarting sinister masterminds long before Agent 007, and scouting space a generation pre-Gemini. Call it coincidence, but Feiffer's reminiscent excursion into this never-never land of his adolescence seems to have jogged the nostalgic nerves of Hollywood's and Broadway's comic-book *aficionados*. Almost concurrently with PLAYBOY's publication of his piece, three of our characters discussed in the article have been tapped for national exposure. *Batman* will get the prime-time, twice-weekly color-TV treatment on ABC, debuting January 13th, and will bring back old-time heavies like the Joker, the Riddler and the Penguin. Harold Prince, producer of *Fiddler on the Roof*, is readying a musical comedy, *It's Superman*, to open next March, in which the Man of Steel has to dodge underworld traps and the matrimonial designs of Lois Lane, to a score by the lyricists of *Golden Boy*. And a major network is negotiating with us for a TV series on Wonder Woman.

Mort Weisinger, Editor
Superman Magazines
New York, New York

LET THERE BE *LIGHT*

Herbert Gold's October story, *City of Light '65*, catches marvelously the pain of being alone in a fabled city, but that sensitivity is something we have come to take for granted from Mr. Gold, who knows just a little too much about humans for comfort.

Ruth Notkins
New York, New York

MAHZEL-TOV

You can't fool me! Sol Weinstein is really Art Buchwald disguised as Allan Sherman. His hilarious *Loxfinger* is only an attempt by the Sol Weinstein Institute for Teaching Cuneiform to Hebrews (they'd rather fight than) to convert us Goys. Well, I give up (I'd rather join than). With humor he's loaded, but what is a shmegeggi?

Robert E. Burleson
Gainesville, Florida

A shmegeggi is a combination of a shlimazel and a shlemiel.

Re *Loxfinger*: the yox linger.

Joseph Zackheim
Tonawanda, New York

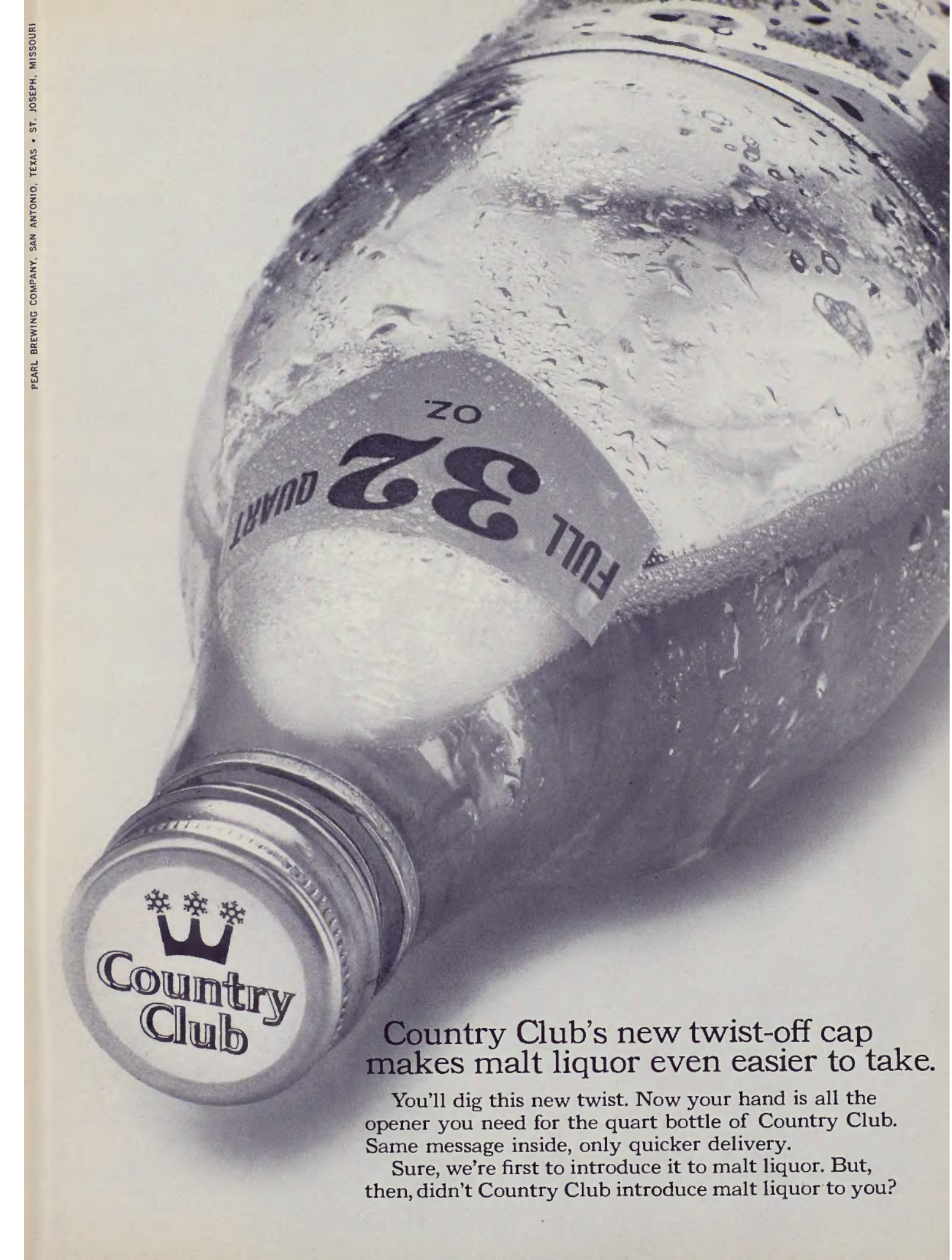
Loxfinger by Sol Weinstein is a great failure, and I'll tell you why. I happen to know Mr. Weinstein, and when he sat down to write this story, he confided to me that it would be the most serious work of his career. It was intended to be an allegory which would sum up the total of one man's life (his) in the 58th Century (see Hebrew calendar) and distill all the wisdom from that life. So what happens? Everywhere I go, people are laughing out loud at it. Laughing at every single line! I don't think it's fair for anything to be so outrageously funny, especially a serious allegory.

Ronald Axe
Sherman Oaks, California

Sol Weinstein's *Loxfinger* is terrific. So why not a movie, or at least another story about Oy Oy Seven's adventures?

Alan Leith
David Cale
Lowell Shore
Sackville, New Brunswick

We hope you caught last month's "Matzohball," men.



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OFFICIAL SEX

Many thanks to PLAYBOY and to Gerald Sussman for *The Official Sex Manual* in the October issue. This is humor of the highest quality; indeed, I laughed until tears ran down my plegranis.

David G. Shombert
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

After reading *The Official Sex Manual*, I knew that you would be criticized for publishing an article which many would consider phonographic. I admire your courage and respect your pioneering attitude. I'm sure we all agree that there are, in fact, 187 erroneous zones in the human female, but your illustration shows 188; I hope you can clarify this discrepancy in order that the enlightened world may be assured of confident and complete coginus.

L. L. Christiansen
San Diego, California

No. 188 is to be broken in case of fire.

What about social diseases such as gondolier and symphonic? Why weren't they mentioned? Please send answer in plain-wrapped envelope marked "Personal." I am over 21.

Rob Goldstein
West Hartford, Connecticut

Sussman fools nobody. His blatant omission of the mabel as a major erroneous zone leaves him exposed as an amateur and a charlemaigne. Gentle but firm stroking from the mabel toward the extremely erratic public area is time-honored fair play on any matrix, and is well known to accelerate the much-desired state of Euphemia. Though I, personally, found the article itself little more than diluted satyr, I would appreciate an autographed life-size blowup of the luscious Erroneous Female pictured in the article (or a life-size blowdown, as the case may be)—and maybe a few words on her hobbies, where she hangs out, etc.

Howard Post
Paramount Pictures
New York, New York

When experiencing coginus, I constantly have trouble with vector control, and as my erroneous responses are very powerful, I often congratulate prematurely. I've found that neither contemplation of Mao Tse-tung nor commercial cod fishing will keep my vector from congratulating. Can you suggest any other method which might allow me to keep my spumoni a little longer?

Mike Kaliher
Pacific Palisades, California

Have you considered Abner's stance?

TOO HURRIED VIEW

Your *Unhurried View of Ralph Ginzburg* was too hurried. As managing editor of *Eros* magazine, I had occasion to view

Ralph Ginzburg from 90 to 100 hours per week; and though it's true I often found him an exasperating employer, I also found him an astonishingly dedicated, loyal, honest man, with an unusually fine sense of humor about his own foibles. He deserved better than Mr. Wakefield's quick peek (or is it pique?).

Dan Greenburg
New York, New York

I don't see anything wrong with Ginzburg (Ralph, not Allen). *Eros* was far from pornographic by the standards that prevail today, and *Fact* is a rather lively journal of controversy. As a personality, Ginzburg seems one of those hyperthyroid individuals destined for the cover of *Time*, a bit like Dr. Hefner. In fact, I think your simultaneous exposés of each other were sort of deep speaking to deep. Maybe Big Deep to Little Deep, but you better watch out. Ginzburg seems more hyper still and, if he keeps out of jail, may overtake and surpass you in one way or another. Just wait till he makes a yak show with the clergy on prime time.

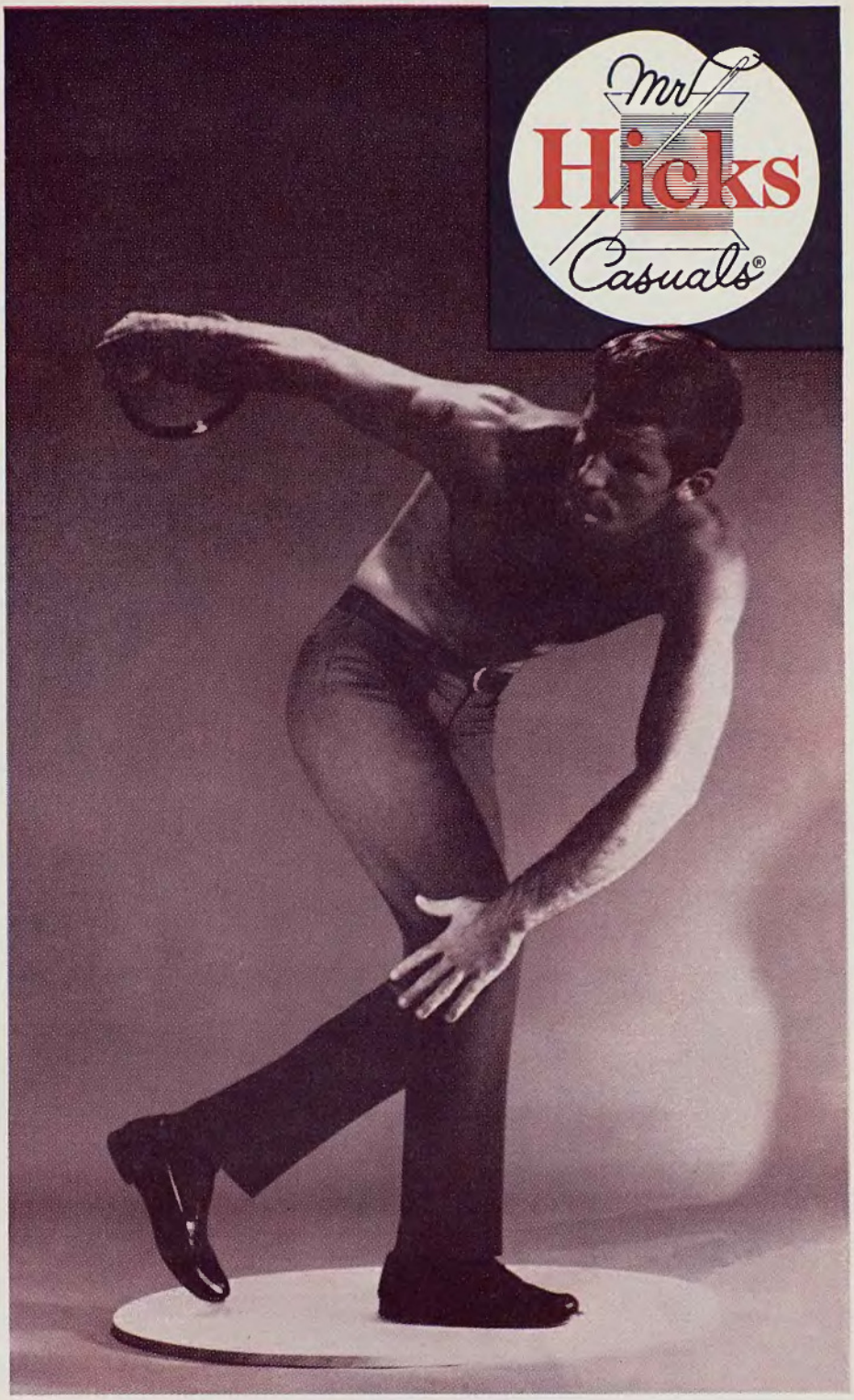
Kenneth Rexroth
San Francisco, California

As a onetime contributor to *Fact* and as a signer of the *amici curiae* brief in support of Ralph Ginzburg, I found the Dan Wakefield article in PLAYBOY of considerable interest. Ginzburg is, indeed, neither a Socrates nor a decadent symbol. He is, as far as I can tell, a complicated guy, perhaps more complicated than most of us. Ginzburg has considerable insight into his own literary productions. *Fact is* outrageously priced. It is also overpromoted and is not characterized by a particularly distinguished editorial policy. Whether it will ever become "a leading intellectual magazine" is questionable, and the observation that it is better than most of the magazines published in this country is certainly a left-handed compliment.

The important point, however, is that Ginzburg's publications have livened the literary scene and provide an outlet for material that would not otherwise be available to the public. I see little evidence that our imperfect society is any worse for the publication of *Eros* or *Fact*, and it may be a bit better for the existence of these periodicals. Objections to *Eros* are generated in large part by the same sort of approach to life that finds PLAYBOY offensive, and have about the same degree of validity. I strenuously oppose the Government's attempt to silence Ginzburg.

Louis Lasagna, M. D.
School of Medicine
The Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Maryland

So do we.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

As a New Year's public service, and for the edification of ex–boy scouts and other nature lovers among our readers, we pass along the following letter, which we received the other day from Jean Shepherd, winner of our 1965 award for humor and satire (see this month's *Playbill*):

"As an ex–junior patrol leader, Troop 41, B. S. A. (retired with the rank of second-class scout), I feel impelled to report on a disquieting development in the boy-scouting world: urbanization. It was inevitable, of course; even in my day with the moose patrol there were already signs of the brave new world to come. I well recall one stormy Saturday when my intrepid patrol, ponchoed to the gills, followed a difficult trail that had been blazed by Mr. Gordon, our scoutmaster, the night before—through the wilds of downtown Hammond, Indiana. He had painted moss on the north side of fire hydrants and telephone poles for miles through the junk-yard section of town, and after many a false detour we finally arrived at our goal: a weenie roast and marshmallow bake behind the Sherwin-Williams paint sign in a vacant lot near the Linde Air Corporation, makers of air compressors and heavy machinery. We were perhaps among the first of the urban boy scouts—but God knows, not the last; just the vanguard of a gray-flannel-suited, image-conscious, hard-driving, upward-mobile horde to follow.

"I have before me a communiqué from national scout headquarters outlining the requirements for a new merit badge. You remember merit badges—those small round medallions of embroidered cloth that were awarded for achievements in various elements of scouting lore. As outlined in the 1966 *Boy Scouts' Requirements* booklet, the new merit badge is awarded for conspicuous achievement in the field of 'Communications.' In your day and mine, this meant wigwag signaling, Indian smoke puffs, Morse code and hollering to one another in a high, thin, cracking voice. No longer is this true. To earn this badge, the new scout—son of a nervous account exec, dyspeptic PR man or promotion writer for some giant corporation—must:

" '1. Show how to crop a picture.' I can see how this might come in handy. It is wise for the young scout to learn how to crop out useless or embarrassing companions who from time to time tend to creep into camera range.

" '2. Make a layout of a printed page that will deliver an idea to the reader. For example, an item for sale.' I suspect that this requirement may come into direct conflict with at least one part of the boy-scout oath, which you may remember with some uneasiness to this day. Hucksters have never been particularly noted for being honest, let alone cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean or reverent.

"At this point you possibly will not credit your senses, but here it is in cold print for all to see:

" '3. Write and narrate a one-minute commercial describing an imaginary product.' In my mind's eye I see a hundred thousand snowy-toothed urchins practicing Bert Parks smiles, holding at the correct angle in their right hand, so that the camera can pick up the label, The Product: leering into bathroom mirrors, their rich, trained voices opening with The Pitch: 'Friends, have you ever been troubled by iron-deficiency anemia?'

" '4. Make a Story Board and show how it can be used to get across an idea. Make and demonstrate Flip Charts and Flash Cards for the same purpose.' Anyone who has sat through a sales presentation conducted by a bright-eyed junior executive from merchandising knows only too well the slight buzzing in the cerebrum that accompanies a truly artful display of flip charts, story boards and flash cards. It's an invaluable talent; but training should begin early.

" '5. Plan an activity involving at least ten people. Write a memorandum to each, explaining his part in a smooth-running activity. Make a carbon copy of each memorandum.' Scouting dads everywhere know the sinking feeling that accompanies the arrival of a memo typed on baleful pink paper from the front office, with copies to nine other victims. It is significant to note that nowhere in the requirements for a communications merit badge is there even the slightest mention of *receiving* a memo. The new scouts to a man are memo *senders*. Communication to the new boy scouts, as to their parents, seems to be conducted on a one-way basis.

"There are other equally challenging prerequisites for the communications merit badge, such as 'Making a Phone Call,' 'Introducing a Guest Speaker,' et cetera, all of which add up to an inspiring composite picture of the dynamic new scout. I have not seen a boy-scout uniform recently, but I suspect the old khaki and forest green is gone, replaced by a tasteful oxford gray or possibly a muted glen-plaid flannel with cuffed sleeves, narrow lapels and paisley lining. The traditional boy-scout cap, I'm sure, has also long since faded into oblivion, supplanted by a snap-brim, official boy-scout Adams fedora with regimental rep band and jaunty mallard feather. The boy-scout knife, of course, has been replaced by the swizzle stick. And neckerchiefs are equally *outré*; the well-turned-out scout of today wears an ascot of watered Italian silk.

"No doubt plans are also well under way for future merit badges in: 'Business Lunch,' a badge awarded for exceptional achievement in lunchmanship, requirements for which include whom to invite and not to invite, proper handling of headwaiters, how to hog the conversation, how to stretch the meal into a three-hour lunch break and how to pad the bill on your expense account; and 'Making Out,' a badge awarded for proficiency, as demonstrated in lab work and on field trips, in the art of making the scene, requirements for which include tracking your quarry, baiting the trap,

starting the fire (by rubbing two ten-dollar bills together) and making the kill.

"What do you say we run these brain storms up the flag pole—and see who gives the boy-scout salute?

Bravely, cleanly and reverently yours,
Jean Shepherd
(Second-Class Scout, Ret., B. S. A.)"

•

Trail-blazing a new field in labor-management relations, a San Francisco housemaid applied for workman's compensation as a result of pregnancy incurred on the job, reports the *Labor News*. Her employer, she testified, had been "negligent."

•

Citizens of Tampa, Florida, felt more secure, no doubt, after reading a UPI dispatch from their city that began, "Police are investigating a series of robberies Friday night which netted them close to one thousand dollars."

•

Want Ad of the Month, from the *Utica Observer-Dispatch*: "Male secretary, for two-girl office. Athletically inclined, physically able, available evenings, aggressive, experienced. Box 7928 this paper."

•

A book reviewer we know passed along to us the other day a publisher's form letter he'd received, which he called "the kind of ingratiating personal note you just don't get anymore." It began: "If you were one of the people I met at the National Book Awards meeting last month, I enjoyed meeting you."

•

Our Good Citizenship Award goes to the liberal-minded landlady in London's Chelsea district who refused to follow a local custom of appending the words "No Coloureds" to apartment ads posted in neighborhood shopwindows. Her rooms to let, she stated with what she no doubt believed was exquisite tact, were available to "Any Respectable Nationality."

•

Sign of the times seen in a Detroit library: ONLY LOW TALK PERMITTED HERE.

•

The line forms to the left for financiers interested in the solid investment opportunity offered in an ad on the classified page of the *Nashville Banner*: "Penniless, harebrained spendthrift wishes to borrow $10,000 without collateral for ridiculous scheme. Write Box S-1962."

•

Reassuring slogan of the Hiway Tire Company of Wethersfield, Connecticut, from an ad in *The Hartford Times*: "We've never had a customer whose brakes failed come back!"

•

Constructive Suggestion of the Month, written in a final-exam paper by a senior at the Fiji School of Medicine in the Fiji Islands: "The way to control VD is to prohibit sexual intercourse. The time so

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There are four varieties of Don Q rum and each has special uses. Usually, GOLD LABEL *is for highballs,* WHITE LABEL *for daiquiris and fruit juice mixes,* 151° PROOF BLACK LABEL *for flaming desserts and punches, and* ELDORADO, *the premium rum, for sipping. Ask for your copy of the Don Q rum recipe booklet or write: Don Q Imports, Inc., Dept. K, 528 Pan American Bank Building, Miami, Florida.*

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what brand of beer does the bartender take home?

If anybody knows a good beer, it should be a bartender. Right? And if most bartenders prefer a particular brand, it must be a pretty good beer.

Well, just for fun, we asked a private research company to interview 2,696 bartenders throughout the country. They were kind of cagey about it, too, because the question on which beer was the bartender's personal choice was hidden among a lot of other questions about turnips and baseball and TV shows.

The results? Two to one for Budweiser over the next closest beer.

The point is, if twice as many bartenders choose Budweiser as *their* beer, there must be a reason. We strongly suspect that it's *taste*. We *do* know that Budweiser has a taste, smoothness and drinkability you'll find in no other beer. That's why we stick to our exclusive Beechwood Ageing even though it takes more time and money and is a little more trouble.

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saved should be used for church and club activities."

•

Among those who failed to qualify for competition in a recent archery tournament at Leamington, England, was a chap named Robin Hood.

•

There's one on every yuletide shopping list: the acquisitive friend who already has at least one of every known trinket, knickknack, gadget and bagatelle (mere and otherwise) from aardvark-tongue bookmarks to zebraskin bicycle seats, yet who continues to expect some imaginative and original token of your esteem each Christmas. *The Eleventh-Hour Santa*, on page 171, our annual picture gallery of lavish last-minute largess, includes more than its share of offbeat bounty. On the chance that there may be a few of you afflicted with friends too blasé even for this cornucopian cache, however, we've drawn up, and present herewith, a supplementary list of holiday gift suggestions—all of them real, right hand up—calculated to beguile the most jaded taste.

If you believe in togetherness outdoors as well as in, the famed Dallas emporium of Neiman-Marcus is running a clearance this year on novel HIS and HERS sporting ensembles that include matched pairs of outboard motorboats, water skis and parachutes, all for a reasonable $4710.

If you prefer something grander, take your pick among four mint-condition destroyers being offered by the Spanish government. Sailed only on Sundays by a pair of aged conquistadors and equipped with optional extras such as radar, sonar and depth-charge launchers, these models are priced at $94,130 apiece or $375,000 for the set, red-and-green tarpaulin gift wrapping not included. For those in search of a thoughtful remembrance to brighten the holiday of a friend who's been hunting an offbeat gazebo for his back yard, a one-of-a-kind rummage sale is currently being conducted at Flushing Meadows in New York, where the late, unlamented World's Fair recently shuttered its many gilded gates. A number of the Fair's farthest-out pavilions are yours free for the asking. Drayage is on you, of course, but costs will run no more than $95,000 and possibly as little as $25,000, depending on the grandeur of the pavilion that's best suited to your friend's taste.

If lounging about the manse (or the pavilion) is your giftee's wont, we might suggest a custom-tailored smoking jacket or zippered jump suit of Himalayan *shatoosh*, a material woven from the, so help us, chin whiskers of an indigenous mountain goat. It's a fabric so rare and precious it's measured and sold by the foot instead of the yard. A good Savile Row man can stitch something together for around $4000.

Bob Hope, *star of the new United Artists production, "I'll take Sweden", says, "Luggage is a global affair with me. And from Saigon to Stockholm, Palm Springs to Paris, American Tourister goes with me".*

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A gift favorite of ours is a full-scale, 42-foot replica of the Tenth Century Gökstad Viking Ship. Outfitted with dragonhead figurehead and aged wood planking sheathed over a solid fiberglass body, the ship sleeps 20 alfresco and comes equipped with ship-to-shore radio, miniature television set, a bar and a selection of fresh Scandinavian hors d'oeuvres, all for only $3525.

For the musically inclined, try a real Gypsy violin with its own built-in food locker. You can have your pick of a violin stuffed with kosher hot dogs for $35 or with Fannie-May bonbons for $37.

For the ultimate in pop art, there is an engaging collection of glass scoreboards extracted from old pinball machines, tastefully framed and ready for hanging at only $25 each.

For starlit dining pleasure, how about a pair of dinner plates featuring the picture of Francis X. Bushman on one and Clara Kimball Young on the other, at $18 each?

Those who know someone who wants to go into a low-overhead business of his own will want to give him an authentic seven-song Molinari Italian street organ and a trained spider monkey to pass the hat, for $575. The man who wants something with more oomph might like a real, full-sized, fire-engine-red, 43-note, twin-engined steamboat calliope and a largely untrained chimpanzee for only $5500; or the calliope alone at only $4000.

And for those who want to have their cake and live in it, too, there's a six-foot, three-layer gift cake, fully decorated, of plywood and plaster. Outfitted with Army cots, the cake sleeps two and sells for only $175. Like it says in the song, "Who could ask for anything more?"

BOOKS

Readers who like to supplement their season's greetings with something more substantial should note the following literary loot to engage the eye, stimulate the cerebrum and provide a pleasant pause in the day's occupations.

The Great Comic Book Heroes (Dial) is Jules Feiffer's gift to those of us who were weaned on *Superman*, *Batman* and *Captain Marvel*, and who wasn't? Here, In Color, are the earliest adventures of those wizard fellows who made life bearable during the throes of adolescence. Amazing! Exciting! Nostalgic! Feiffer's introduction, which you read in these pages last October, is by all odds the freshest essay we've encountered on the heroes themselves, their strengths and shortcomings, and on their appeal to the sophisticated eight-year-old. Who has ever before described Captain Marvel as playing Trotsky to Superman's Lenin? And speaking of the prolific Jules, his latest collection of cartoons, ***The Unexpurgated Memoirs of Bernard Mergendeiler*** (Random House, hardcover and paperback), is now available as a gift bonus. Bernard, as our readers are aware, is not exactly Captain America (Buck Private America, maybe), but we know that beneath that diffident exterior resides a multimuscled conqueror.

Is it possible in a mere book of reproductions to do justice to a genius of Michelangelo's proportions? Obviously not, but if it *were* possible, then ***Drawings of Michelangelo*** (Braziller) would do the trick. The brain child of the Italian national committee to honor the great Renaissance man on the 400th anniversary of his death, this formidable volume (it measures 12½" by 17½" and weighs as much as a medium-sized Bunny), formidably priced at $75, contains 153 reverently wrought reproductions of the master's drawings from all phases of his career. His Biblical scenes, nudes, heads, hands, architectural sketches, done in chalk, crayon and pen, are presented in their original size and in nearly their original brilliance. Each is accompanied by a critical note from Dr. Paola Barocchi, and the whole is most elegantly bound. Rest assured that any art lover worthy of such a gift will receive no more impressive volume of reproductions this season.

The motorcar's fabled past is given its pictorial due in ***Automobiles and Automobiling 1900–1940*** (Viking). A hefty history by Ronald Barker and D. B. Tubbs, wearing a $35 price tag, it features 200 full-color renderings by Pierre Dumont and several dozen contemporary photographs of the cars as they were *when* they were. The material on the early days of bizarre homemade vehicles, spine-shattering roads, traffic jams involving sheep and horses, and the blasphemies of pedestrians is funny and fascinating. Racing is touched on; but the enthusiast in search of a healthy anthology dedicated exclusively to that hazardous sport will probably find ***The International Grand Prix Book of Motor Racing*** (Doubleday) more satisfying. Editor Michael Frewin has gathered numerous pictures and articles by and about such eminent drivers, designers and *aficionados* as Fangio and Ferrari, the Hills, Graham and Phil, Jim Clark and the Marquis de Portago, Art Buchwald, Peter Ustinov and, need we add, our own Ken W. Purdy, whose study of Stirling Moss, first seen in these pages, leads things off. The book goes a long way toward capturing the high excitement of the goings-on in Indianapolis, Monaco, Monza and beyond, at least as much as can be captured in cold print. One of the handsomest portfolios of automobile paintings to come down the pike in a long while is ***Old Motor Cars: Veteran and Vintage*** (Taplinger). The 24 reproductions of glorious road machinery are by Hans Muth, with accompanying comment by editor Philip Lawton-Sumner, a vice-chairman of England's Veteran Car Club. Among the nostalgic visual delights are the particularly attractive Mercer of 1913, the Bentley 8-Liter, a 1928 Mercedes SS, a 1933 Delage (which looks several city blocks long) and a superbly sleek, bright-red 1930 Alfa Romeo. It is, in book form ($14.95), an elephant's graveyard of elegant motorcars.

The inimitable Zero Mostel has produced an inimitable book, which raises but does not answer the question: Just who is the man Mostel, anyway? ***Zero by Mostel*** (Horizon, regular and limited editions) is a vision of Zero's world through Zero's eyes, interspersed with 200 pictures *of* Zero by Max Waldman and Zero's own accomplished drawings. (The $35 limited edition of 250 numbered copies contains a signed original lithograph that you need not be ashamed to frame.) But who is Zero? Leopold Bloom? Godot? Tevye the Dairyman? Where are we to place him—in *Rhinoceros* or in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*? We give up. Better still, he gives up, and demonstrates in these amiably disorganized observations about the world without and within that there is no one Zero.

The Twelfth Anniversary Playboy Reader and ***The Twelfth Anniversary Playboy Cartoon Album***, both from Playboy Press, are PLAYBOY's way of sharing with its readers and the public at large a dozen years of pace-setting publishing. The *Reader* reprises from the pages of PLAYBOY the writing of some of the foremost literary figures of our time: Vladimir Nabokov, D. H. Lawrence, Ernest Hemingway, James Baldwin, Aldous Huxley, Irwin Shaw, Ian Fleming are just a small sampling of the authors to be found in its nearly 900 pages. The *Cartoon Album*, aglow with over 1000 cartoons (400 of them in full color), is a laugh-laden treasure house teeming with wildly inventive examples of the cartoonist's craft. Among the antic artists on hand (many of whom got their start in PLAYBOY) are Shel Silverstein, Jules Feiffer, Jack Davis, the late Jack Cole, Arnold Roth, Gahan Wilson and Eldon Dedini, all of whom do their darnedest to prove that the pen is mightier than the word. The *Reader* ($9.95) and the *Cartoon Album* ($12.95) were edited and have introductions by PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner.

Firearms, old and new, have always held a fascination for modern man. And ***Guns*** (Delacorte) by Dudley Pope should help feed that fascination to no small degree. Priced at $20 till January 1st and $22.50 afterward, *Guns*, with its numerous full-color illustrations and its more than 250 outsized pages, is well worth the money. Author-historian Pope starts, appropriately enough, at the beginning with the discovery of gunpowder

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(he credits friar Roger Bacon in the mid–13th Century), dwells on its first use in bombards, mortars and cannon, and proceeds to supply a scholarly yet sprightly chronology of the development of armament through the Second World War. In its early days, weaponry was both fanciful and functional, and many of the firearms reproduced here display a beauty belying their destructive power.

For the winter *Wunderkinder* on your Christmas gift-book list, we recommend ***Invitation to Modern Skiing*** (Simon & Schuster) by Fred Iselin and PLAYBOY Associate Publisher and Editorial Director A. C. Spectorsky. Almost 20 years have passed since their first collaboration, *Invitation to Skiing*, a book that was periodically revised as the art of the slopes evolved. However, this is, as the title indicates, a completely fresh approach to the subject—a break-through, as the authors put it, involving a synthesis of all that's best in national and regional techniques. In doing this, Spectorsky and Iselin have developed a truly contemporary, international style. A sophisticated ski primer, it moves swiftly and surely from the purchase of equipment and rudimentary skiing procedure through the most advanced techniques needed for successful competition. There are scores of new photographs, many with high-speed stop-action sequences, and diagrams and analyses of every maneuver from elementary snowplow to advanced wedeln. A present perfect for the slope-happy.

J. Paul Getty, whose periodic counsel on how to go about seeking wealth has found a receptive audience among PLAYBOY readers, now demonstrates that his competence at spending the stuff is no less than at making it. In ***The Joys of Collecting*** (Hawthorn)—a portion of which first appeared in these pages under the title *Creative Collecting*—J. Paul presents and discourses upon his prize possessions—the 15th Century tapestries, the Ardabil carpet from the shrine of Safi in Persia that was "too good for Christian eyes to gaze upon," and the masterpieces of Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Titian, Tintoretto and Raphael —including the latter's *Madonna di Loreto*, which J. Paul rediscovered in his art-hunting travels and which now rests on an easel in his bedroom. A splendid tour among many splendid things and a bargain at $15.

There's something to be said for dolls, and in ***The Art of the Puppet*** (Macmillan), Bill Baird says it very well, indeed. Baird, who has himself demonstrated that puppetry is very much an art, sets down its engaging history, from Punch to Charley McCarthy to Kukla and Ollie, in an engaging style. He has the critical intelligence and the backstage expertise, as well as the assistance of a generous array of well-selected pictures, to guide us through many ages and many lands on the track of the marionette. The book, in short, is well worth the $19.95 tariff. Puppets, originally medicine men's masks, have awed and entertained young and old since the beginnings of history, and with practitioners like Bill Baird at work, there's no reason why they shouldn't continue to do so.

Two of the most gifted men around—poet Pablo Neruda and woodcut artist Antonio Frasconi—have joined their talents in the unusual and unusually moving book ***Bestiary Bestiario*** (Harcourt, Brace & World, regular and limited editions). Neruda's long poem, presented both in the original Spanish and in the honest translation of Elsa Neuberger, is the childlike but by no means childish cry of a man who seeks to get at the heart of things by talking to animals: "I want to know this world." Frasconi's harsh woodcuts capture the power behind the apparently simple thoughts, and the result is thoroughly *simpatico*. The limited edition is $50.

For the politically attuned, we recommend Bill Mauldin's latest cartoon compendium, ***I've Decided I Want My Seat Back*** (Harper & Row), which covers a time period from mid-1961 through May of 1965, ranges all over the globe and into outer space, and includes his prize-winning cartoon on the assassination of President Kennedy. It has taken some time since Mauldin's World War Two Willie and Joe days, but he currently must rate as one of the two or three top political cartoonists in the United States. Mauldin's wit can be devastatingly barbed or gently persuasive, depending upon the principals and the principles involved. His comments that accompany each cartoon are literate, candid and, as with his drawings, are almost always right on target.

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In recent years, America's white majority has been discovering a pungent tradition of Negro humor—with Whitey as its target. The more renowned carriers of this heritage of black wit are Langston Hughes, Dick Gregory and Moms Mabley; but at the bars and in the streets of Negro neighborhoods, there are countless practitioners of Negro-American styles of humor. Philip Sterling's collection, ***Laughing on the Outside*** (Grosset & Dunlap), purports to be "The Intelligent White Reader's Guide to Negro Tales and Humor," from slavery days to the present. Mr. Sterling has looked through all manner of printed material for insights into black laughter, and he also claims to have tape-recorded many of his tales and anecdotes in cities and rural areas. Either he didn't know where to look and whom to ask or he has a particularly low level of risibility. Little of his material has any of the vividness, sardonic thrust and corrosive contempt that can be heard any day, any hour in Harlem. Dick Gregory, who does know where black humor is at, provides a different kind of disappointment in his new paperback collection of black-outs, ***What's Happening?*** (Dutton). Gregory has posed for a series of broadly staged photographed confrontations between white cliché and Negro reality. Each burlesque is accompanied by a caption intended to be both incisive and funny. Alas, most of the points have been made many times before; in fact, the daily newspaper and television fare reveal fresher variants of white obtuseness to Negroes' insistence on being visible than are contained in most of Gregory's cartoonlike pictures. A few do crackle, though, and the book ought not allow us to forget that Gregory can be as sharp on the printed page as he is in person. His autobiography, *nigger*, which proved that, is out in paperback now and will be a more durable acquisition than *What's Happening?*

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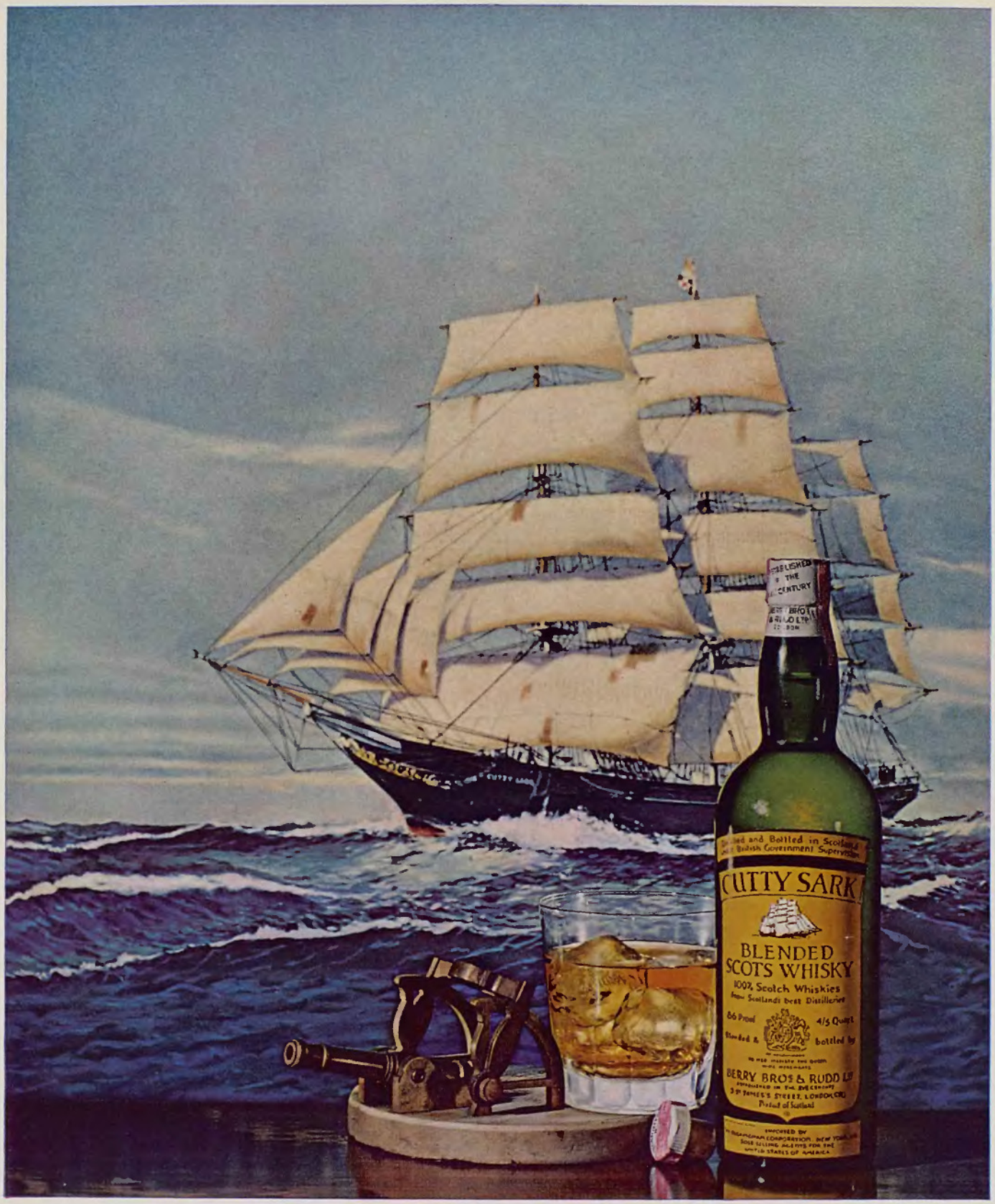
Dylan Thomas, whose three Rabelaisian lecture tours through America have taken their place in literary legend, had a quick answer to boorish questions about why he came to these shores. "In pursuit," he explained, "of my lifelong quest for naked women in wet mackintoshes." It seems a little inappropriate that the first major biography of this irreverent genius, ***The Life of Dylan Thomas*** (Atlantic–Little, Brown), should turn out to be purposefully prosaic. The trustees of the Thomas estate selected as authorized biographer a friend of Dylan's named Constantine Fitzgibbon, an American novelist and historian who seems to feel that the Thomas "legend" is all too racy and raucous, and that it discredits the poet's serious literary standing. His tactic is to pay tribute to his genius friend by writing about him in the most pedestrian terms possible. Dealing, for example, with the American episodes, which have been recounted by a much more eloquent—and no less loyal—friend of the poet in John Malcolm Brinnin's *Dylan Thomas in America*, Fitzgibbon disdainfully brushes off the subject: "Enough has been written about Dylan's sex life in America to spare me the need to burden the reader with these tedious and repetitive tales. In his loneliness he asked women of all sorts and conditions to go to bed with him. Some did; others were scandalized. And the scandals spread, were multiplied and enlarged, both before and after his death, until in legend this exhausted, often drunk and frequently sick man has become a veritable Priapus, who could deflower all the virgins of Bennington or Vassar in a single night, after which he would chase all the



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female faculty members around the campus before breakfast." The biographer's "explosion" of the myth consists of questioning the quantity, rather than the quality, of the experience. The steadily flat tone of Fitzgibbon's writing is exemplified by the last sentence of the book (after the death of Dylan Thomas in America): "He was brought back to Wales, and his body lies buried in Laugharne." An adequate statement—but is it a fitting one to close an account of the man who wrote: "Do not go gentle into that good night. Rage, rage against the dying of the light."?

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John Peer Nugent is a young foreign correspondent of the fabled old school reminiscent of Floyd Gibbons, the one-eyed swashbuckler who covered all the wars there were between 1914 and 1936. Since 1961, when he set up *Newsweek*'s first African bureau, Nugent has been involved in wars that would have made Gibbons envious. His personal adventures are much the best part of ***Call Africa 999*** (Coward-McCann), whose title refers to the emergency telephone number Nugent often found himself dialing. In Katanga he barely escaped being eaten; in Zanzibar he was put to the wall; in Kenya he was so harassed that he had to form his own bodyguard, "The Nugent Rifles"; in South Africa he was threatened by whites and blacks alike. Nugent is not quite as sharp a political analyst as he is a straight journalist, but he does make some telling observations: "Both [Russia and the United States] made one major mistake calculating that you can *buy* African friendship when all you can realistically hope is to *rent* it . . ." He is in genuine anguish about South Africa, because he admires the whites as people ("they are an honest and straightforward folk who thrive on hard work and play"), yet abhors the injustices perpetrated on the nonwhite majority in the name of apartheid. The result of his stay there was a cover story for *Newsweek* that got him called "chicken" by liberal South Africans and banned for life by the South African government—the mark of a good reporter. John Nugent demonstrates in *Call Africa 999* that he is a good reporter, and a courageous man.

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When Mickey Rooney was a teenager, as most of us recall, he made the fabulously successful series of Andy Hardy movies for MGM—a series that was so wholesome, as Rooney points out in his autobiography, *i.e.* (Putnam), that Andy never kissed his mother, just shook hands with her. Every time Andy had a problem, his dad, old Judge Hardy, played by Lewis Stone, gave him man-to-man advice that set him straight. After reading *i.e.*, it is clear that the reason Mickey Rooney had five marriages and blew $12,000,000 is that Lewis Stone never gave him any advice in real life. *i.e.* has all the ingredients that should make for success in a celebrity life story. It has big names: Louis B. Mayer, Ava Gardner, Judy Garland, Lana Turner, Jack Paar. It pulls out the "showbiz" stops, from the time little Joe Yule, Jr. (Rooney's original name) recited sentimental poems in burlesque theaters at the age of two, to the MGM studio bachelor party for Rooney (before he married Ava), with the dirty jokes being cracked by the likes of Gable, Tracy and Taylor (that's *Bob* Taylor). It is peppered with anecdotes concerning liquor, gambling and sex; freely discusses Rooney's penchant for sleeping around; but ends, properly, with a happy marriage, a new career and a ringing reaffirmation of faith and courage—"I like this thing called life." That the book is not successful is due chiefly to three failings. First, Rooney's writing style (he made the mistake of not using a ghost)—a combination of high school literary magazine, stilted dialog and introspective verbless sentences of three words. Sometimes two. Or. Even. One. Second, someone neglected to remind Rooney that while frankness is a virtue nowadays, there is still such a thing as good taste. Rooney bares all about his wives, costars and business partners, revealing their cupidity, stupidity and avidity. He is particularly unforgivable in the episodes concerning Ava Gardner. In detailing his wedding night ("that magnificent brunette, sliding into a nightgown just a door away"), Rooney cannot conquer his egotism sufficiently to prevent him from telling us that the luscious Ava was a virgin: "I was impatient, so probably inept. But . . . there was no way in which she could have measured my ineptitude. For I was the first man to ever possess all of Ava Gardner. I was proud." The third flaw is that Rooney's ironic, sentimental, self-conscious jabs at his own shortcomings are quickly lost in the flood of accusations he cannot seem to stop making about those he lived and worked with. Still, he does offer one important message: "I was trying to sleep with every pretty girl in the universe. . . . Young bachelors of the world, attention! Stop trying. You can't do it. There'll always be one more pretty gal to catch. And all of a sudden you'll find out you're not young anymore. You'll find you're tired. Set yourself a cutoff point, men. . . . You'll find that after the first thousand gals, you'll be ready to settle down."

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The first biography of 007's creator is already upon us. In ***Ian Fleming*** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce)—unfortunately subtitled "The Spy Who Came In with the Gold"—Henry Zeiger keeps in mind that the life of a writer is rarely as blood-churning as the life the writer has imagined. From Fleming's own comparatively hearthside existence, Zeiger plucks those few experiences that bear on Bond's smashing capers. During World War Two, for example, Fleming was assistant to Britain's Director of Naval Intelligence, a job that afforded an inside look at the technology of espionage/sabotage. Zeiger makes clear, however, that Bond's successful exploits were born in Fleming's failures. In Lisbon, Fleming tried to clean out a German spy at *chemin de fer* and botched; in *Casino Royale*, 007 sat down at chemmy with Red agent Le Chiffre and accomplished the trick stunningly. Zeiger finds writer and character more similar in their appetites for women. Before Fleming married a social whirler with whom he had been coupled in a divorce suit, his taste ran to the exotic—he thought much of a Turkish bubble dancer whose quivering navel flicked the ash from his cigarette. As for his working style, Fleming allotted two months' writing time to each of the Bond books and never looked back for fear he'd be dismayed. Zeiger lightly suggests that superman Bond represented a Walter Mitty version of ordinary-man Fleming, longing for the blacker and whiter, more romantic world of his boyhood. For an early biography of a phenomenon, Zeiger earns good marks. Incidentally, since Fleming switched publishers twice before settling down in success with New American Library, cash-in reissues of his older novels are appearing. Notably: ***More Gilt-Edged Bonds*** (Macmillan) and ***Bonded Fleming*** (Viking).

THEATER

A ***Generation*** separates Middle Western, middle-aged ad man Jim Bolton (Henry Fonda) from his beatniky daughter (Holly Turner) and son-in-law (Richard Jordan), but a generation of another kind brings them to an understanding, or anyway, an accommodation. Fonda stops by their Lower Manhattan loft to bestow a reluctant family blessing on their marriage of two days, is confronted first by an antagonistic Jordan, and second by a thoroughly pregnant Miss Turner, who looks like she's going to give birth, on stage, by the first curtain. (It takes two curtains, and it's off stage.) Fonda announces, "You're going to have a baby." "I know," she answers. The lines do not go uphill from there, and they never stray far from motherhood, which seems to be replacing seduction as Broadway's favorite gag. The gimmick this time is that the husband is an outraged (and outrageous) nonconformist who wants to deliver the baby himself, and has amassed a library of obstetrics manuals to assist him. He has always been good at making things—tables, chairs, cradles—but, challenges Fonda, this is carrying do-it-yourself too far. Such is the conflict, and such are the people. Open them up, and they're hollow. If new playwright William Good-

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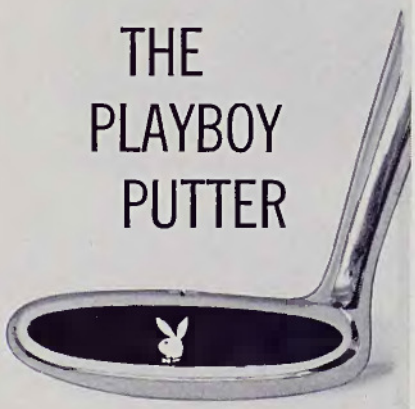

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hart has a hit on his hands, it's only because he has Fonda on hand. Tall, lean, looking incredibly youthful at 60, he is a rare theatrical presence. What he offers on stage is instant believability. Even in his present ill-shapen part, hemmed in by stale situations and flat jokes, he casually ignores the hopeless lines, fulfills the decent ones, makes silly scenes hilarious. Bad Goodhart, fine Fonda. At the Morosco, 217 West 45th Street.

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"How's this for a TV sitcom? A psychiatrist, played by a comedian like Alan King, who lives in the suburbs, say Westbury, Long Island, is a best-selling author of books advising parents how to cope with teenagers. You know, ***The Impossible Years***. Now get this twist: *He* has a problem teenager. She's 17 and she flunks gym, dresses like a slob and loses her virginity. Her parents want to know to whom, but she's not talking. When the mother plays bridge, she bids three no virgins. Then it comes out that the daughter, secretly, was wed before she was bed (that way we don't offend *any*body). So Dr. Daddy invites all his daughter's boyfriends in for a consultation. He says it's for research for his new book, but actually it's so he can find out which one's his son-in-law. For the boys we'll have a cross section of teenage America, something to catch the Gidget-Tammy set: the wholesome boy next door whose dream is to 'go all the way,' a bearded beatnik who paints nudes such as the hero's daughter, and a creep who has PEACE CORPS REJECT inscribed on his jacket. Here's the gimmick: *None* of them is guilty. It's Joe Cleancut, Daddy's collaborator on those best sellers! He's older, wiser, and he wears a tie. The end? Daddy also has a 13-year-old daughter. She spends most of her time reading *Fanny Hill* and making wisecracks, and just before the last commercial, a boy runs on camera and chases her up the stairs. We'll have lots of psychiatry gags, and when we get stuck, we'll have Alan King scream, 'Will you knock off that psychological crap?' Say, instead of going to all the bother of finding a sponsor, why don't we open on Broadway?" At the Playhouse, 137 West 48th Street.

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Sir Charles Dilke, progressive Parliamentarian and unyielding advocate of home rule for the colonies, was not only popular with the people, but within his party. In 1885 he was considered the likely successor to Gladstone as prime minister. Dilke was very much ***The Right Honourable Gentleman***, but he was also a womanizer, which in Victorian England, as in modern Elizabethan England, could easily lead to scandal. From factual accounts of the Crawford Divorce Case, in which Dilke was named corespondent, British playwright Michael Dyne has fashioned an old-fashioned, exciting melodrama. He has also created a somewhat fictionalized heroic ending, but he generally sticks to the case and the characters. There is the righteous Dilke (Charles D. Gray); his ambiguous ally Joseph Chamberlain (William Roerick), father of Neville; the outspoken Mrs. Rossiter (Coral Browne), who once had an affair with Dilke; and her three daughters, the youngest of whom, Mrs. Crawford (Sarah Badel), may or may not have had an affair with Dilke. In order to free herself from an unhappy marriage, Mrs. Crawford charges Dilke with adultery, has him summoned to court and ruined. Although, as he says, he is "whitewashed by the court," he is "blackballed by the press"—and by his constituents. The disclosures, and the audience's interest, mount steadily, like a good mystery should. The dialog is charmingly Victorian: Dilke receives a poison-pen letter and storms around his study crying, "This is iniquitous!" The author does not probe his hero or question what bearing a man's peccadilloes ought to have on his politics. Dyne, director Frith Banbury and their impeccable cast are more interested in theatrics, and, happily, they are eminently theatrical. At the Billy Rose, 208 West 41st Street.

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Snodgrass, Tupman, Winkle, Jingle, Weller and Pickwick. The names are the same, and some of them even look like the Dickens. Mr. Pickwick, as played by Harry Secombe, is the perfect mug of the man—tubby, frogfaced and flathatted. And the members of the Pickwick Club are once again just as dedicated to flirtations with the ladies as they are to their sworn bachelorhood. The sets, an omniconvertible Tinkertoy by Sean Kenny, shift quickly from the Club to London streets to Pickwick's boardinghouse to the courtroom to prison. Button your ears, and squint a bit, and you may buy this ***Pickwick***, but wide awake you'll probably fall asleep. Those sets are the first problem. They are a distraction; the actors spend most of their time moving scenery instead of entertaining the customers. Much of the show is wooden. Author Wolf Mankowitz and composers Cyril Ornadel and Leslie Bricusse never stop the whirl long enough to look beneath the façade. When they do think about Dickens, they become arch, as when a character proclaims, " 'Tis a far, far better thing that I do . . ." The up-and-down score is mostly Gilbert and Sullivany, with only half the wit. *Pickwick* has some choice tidbits —among them, a bedroom romp between Secombe and his pushy landlady, Charlotte Rae (she wants to marry him, he wants a manservant)—but most of it is no picnic, and certainly no Pickwick. At the 46th Street, 226 West 46th Street.

•

In ***On a Clear Day You Can See Forever***, Barbara Harris has the ability to make

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flowers grow to redwood proportions. She does it, we are told, with love. Miss Harris, the actress, has lavished a similar abundance of love and talent on the new Alan Jay Lerner–Burton Lane musical, but the show refuses to soar with its star. What was supposed to be Lerner's ruminations on the psychical side of life has turned into a book-heavy blockbuster that doesn't sit still long enough to develop a theme. Lerner was not satisfied just to give his heroine Daisy Gamble extra senses, he gave her an extra life—a previous incarnation as an assertive 18th Century lady named Melinda Welles—and four beaux, two then, two now, each with plot-thickening problems and at least a turntable of scenery apiece. The result fills the stage, and boggles the mind. There are several minor delights, such as a comedy ballet-orgy (choreographed by Herbert Ross), and a show-stopping Greek song-and-dance by Titos Vandis, but they are peripheral. On second listening, the score is not bad at all, and in John Cullum (the psychiatrist who discovers that Daisy has a past) and Clifford David (the main man in her past), Lerner and Lane have big voices to fill out their ballads. As for Miss Harris, she sings gloriously, and is also very, very funny, which will be no surprise to anyone who has seen her at Second City. Jumping in and out of characters, jackknifing into a trance, her doll-like features and quicksilver voice stimulating epic laughter, she makes spontaneity seem the great theatrical art. At the Mark Hellinger, 237 West 51st Street.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

If you dig the Brazilian sound, we can't think of a more pleasant approach to it than through ***Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66,*** an act we caught recently at Mother Blues, a somewhat Stygian boite located on Chicago's explosively expanding Wells Street. Pianist Mendes and his five confreres run through a repertoire of South *and* North American numbers (and even a bit from Blighty—the Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night*) with engagingly youthful charm, technical proficiency and sparklingly inventive musicianship. Quite often there is ensemble vocalizing led by a stunning brunette eyeful and earful, Annamaria, and composer-guitarist Marcus Valle (who are husband and wife). When the two work as a vocal duo they sound like a *carioca* version of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, which is a first-class recommendation in itself. Valle is given the solo spotlight on occasion and proves an admirable interpreter of his own compositions. The group is filled out by bassist Sebastiao Neto (who worked with Joao Gilberto), drummer Joao Palma and percussionist José Soares. From the opening *Gente*, written by Valle, through a *Black Orpheus* medley, on through the hypnotic *Berimbau*—a number based on the sound created by a musical instrument of northern Brazil—to the closing *Reza*, a wildly swinging affair fabricated out of an African prayer chant, the six young Brazilians offered ample evidence as to why the bossa nova, et al., are here to stay.

RECORDINGS

For the audiophiles on your Christmas list (and why not include yourself while you're at it?), there are all manner of prestige LP packages at hand. There are, for instance, three—count 'em, three—editions of Beethoven's ***Five Piano Concertos*** available, any of which would make a splendid gift—Claudio Arrau with the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam under Bernard Haitink (Philips); Artur Rubinstein with the Symphony of the Air directed by Josef Krips (Victor) and Leon Fleisher with George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra (Epic). Another slice of Beethoven, Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra is the seven-LP package of the ***Nine Symphonies*** (Epic). Also for Beethovenphiles: a beautiful three-LP recording of the ***Rasumovsky Quartets and the Harp Quartet*** (Epic) by the Juilliard String Quartet. Romantically inclined auditors will delight in an abundance of opulent offerings from that era. Foremost, perhaps, is Johannes Brahms' ***The Four Symphonies*** (Deutsche Grammophon) performed on four LPs by the Berlin Philharmonic under the baton of the brilliant Herbert von Karajan. Not far behind is ***The Symphonies of Franz Schubert*** (Victor), with much-heralded conductor Denis Vaughan leading the Orchestra of Naples (made up of members of the Alessandro Scarlatti Orchestra). Also heard in the five-LP album are Schubert's *Italian Overtures*. Bach has not been overlooked in yule gifts. The eminent cellist Pablo Casals conducts the Marlboro Festival Orchestra in the ***Six Brandenburg Concertos*** (Columbia). Pianist Rudolf Serkin and violinist Alexander Schneider are featured soloists, with Serkin's son Peter also featured on harpsichord *continuo*. (One LP of the album's three is devoted to the maestro's rehearsal of the concertos.) Bach could ask no more than to be placed in the hands of Casals. Most fitting for yule giving is ***The International Piano Festival / A Benefit Concert*** (Everest), proceeds from the sale of which go to the United Nations Commission for Refugees. Performing are such eminent pianists as Claudio Arrau, Alexander Brailowsky, Robert Casadesus and Byron Janis. A second LP in the album (donated by the record company) contains a selection of orchestral works ranging from Bach and Vivaldi to Chopin and Liszt.

Opera lovers have a surfeit of splendid offerings at their disposal this time of year, with Wagner seeming to have garnered most of the laurels. There is a pair from the Bayreuth Festival: ***Parsifal*** (Philips), on five LPs, featuring Jess Thomas and George London, with the late Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the chorus and orchestra of the Bayreuth Festival; and ***Tannhäuser*** (Philips), on three LPs, outstanding for the vibrant American mezzo-soprano Grace Bumbry as Venus and Wolfgang Windgassen in the title role. The orchestra and chorus are conducted this time by Wolfgang Sawallisch. ***Die Meistersinger Von Nürnberg*** (Victor) was recorded during the opening-night performance of the newly restored Munich National Theater. On five LPs, it is highlighted by the voices of Otto Wiener, soprano Claire Watson and tenor Jess Thomas. The orchestra and chorus of the Bavarian State Opera are conducted by Joseph Keilberth. Mozart's ***Die Zauberflöte*** (*The Magic Flute*) (Deutsche Grammophon), beautifully performed and handsomely packaged, presents such first-rank voices as Roberta Peters and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, and the Berlin Philharmonic under the direction of Karl Böhm, in a three-LP work as magical as the great composer's theme. The Italian school has not been slighted. Available is the magnificent-voiced Joan Sutherland in Bellini's ***Norma*** (Victor), with the young mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne adding considerable luster of her own. The London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus are under the direction of Richard Bonynge. Verdi's little-heard ***Luisa Miller*** (Victor), with the splendid Anna Moffo in the title role, is enhanced by the presence of rising opera star Shirley Verrett and the fine bass Giorgio Tozzi. Fausto Cleva leads the RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus. Victoria de los Angeles, possessed of one of the most crystalline vocal instruments of our time, makes a glittering jewel out of Manuel de Falla's ***La Vida Breve*** (Odeon). The rest of the Spanish cast will set no operagoer's heart afire, but the De los Angeles voice is truly of the angels. The Symphony Orchestra of the Barcelona Opera is led by Ernesto Halffter. Occupying side four of the two-LP album is a song recital by Miss De los Angeles, accompanied by Gerald Moore on piano.

Three albums particularly pertinent to the season are Handel's ***Messiah*** (Angel), featuring Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Grace Hoffman, Nicolai Gedda and Jerome Hines, and the Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Otto Klemperer; Berlioz' ***Requiem*** (Columbia), with tenor Cesare Valletti, the Temple University Choirs, and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy; and Haydn's ***The Creation*** (Decca), featuring Judith Raskin, John McCollum and Chester Watson, with the Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Frederic Waldman.

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In the beginning was The Word and it is still very much with us, as witness a host of spoken-word albums available at yuletide. Foremost among them is ***John F. Kennedy . . . As We Remember Him*** (Columbia), a fitting tribute to the slain President. Boxed together are a pair of LPs of reminiscences about and speeches by Kennedy, and a handsome text-and-picture book, published by Atheneum, that spans the man's cometlike life. The album, *in toto*, is tender yet tasteful. Plays, contemporary and classic, are being proffered this Christmas. Most intriguing of the lot is the National Theater of Great Britain's production of Shakespeare's ***Much Ado About Nothing*** (Victor). Under the direction of Franco Zeffirelli, the play has been set in Sicily in the 1890s, and stars Albert Finney, Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens and Frank Finlay in bravura performances. Arthur Miller's two plays for the Repertory Company of the Lincoln Center, ***After the Fall*** and ***Incident at Vichy***, have been recorded by Mercury. The former, directed by Elia Kazan and Robert Whitehead, stars Jason Robards, Jr., in an epic role, and Barbara Loden as the Marilyn Monroelike doomed actress. *Incident at Vichy*, staged by Harold Clurman, features noteworthy performances by David Wayne, Hal Holbrook and Joseph Wiseman. The late Brendan Behan's brash, brawling theatrical tour de force, ***The Hostage*** (Columbia), has been recorded with the original cast, starring the incomparable Julie Harris and Geoff Garland. It is as raucously irreverent as an Irish wake. A pair of literary lions have been preserved on vinyl: ***Ernest Hemingway Reading*** (Caedmon) contains his Nobel Prize acceptance speech and readings from *The Fifth Column* and *Saturday Night at the Whorehouse in Billings, Montana*, among others. Available on a half-dozen separate LPs is ***e. e. cummings / Six Nonlectures*** (Caedmon). Delivered at Harvard in 1952 and 1953, they are an amalgam of autobiography, philosophy and the poet's singular verse form.

There is also something for followers of pop, folk, jazz and country-and-western. For the ballad fancier: ***Frank Sinatra—A Man and His Music*** (Reprise). The recordings (two LPs in a slip case) offer a musical history of The Thin Man and range from his James and Dorsey days through the Kennedy gala. Accompanying the recordings is a booklet outlining in words and pictures the Sinatra career; it contains for the first time anywhere a complete discography of the King of Sing. A specially designed gift package holds three of Jack Jones' LPs for Kapp—***Call Me Irresponsible and the Jack Jones Hits, She Loves me*** and ***Bewitched***. A generous helping, indeed, of the Jones boy. Another Kapp holiday package is aimed at the folkniks —three recordsful of the Chad Mitchell Trio: ***The Chad Mitchell Trio at the Bitter End, Mighty Day on Campus*** and ***Blowin' in the Wind***. The burgeoning country-and-western contingent will dig ***The Hank Williams Story*** (MGM), a four-LP set showcasing 48 of the late singer's hinterland classics. For the jazz *aficionado* there is a galaxy of goodies, including a trio of prestigiously packaged Limelight albums: ***Gerry Mulligan / If You Can't Beat 'em, Join 'em!*** (in which the baritone saxophonist leads a quintet through jazz versions of pop favorites à la *King of the Road, I Know a Place* and *A Hard Day's Night*); ***Dizzy Gillespie and the Big Band / The New Continent*** (a king-sized contingent playing a king-sized work composed and arranged by Lalo Schifrin); and ***Eloquence / The Oscar Peterson Trio*** (recorded live at the Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen and featuring such charming chestnuts as *Misty* and *Django*). ***The Best of Louis Armstrong*** (Decca) is a two-LP gleaning of the matchless Satch's efforts for that label. Louis' trumpet and vocal work are, of course, nonpareil. Another Decca reissue is the two-LP package of the sound track from the film flop ***The Benny Goodman Story***. The movie, as these recordings make abundantly clear, did a disservice to the music.

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A pleasant surprise, indeed, is ***The Real George Kirby (George Kirby Sings)*** (Argo). The classy mimic, who has done wondrous vocalizing à la Pearl Bailey, Louis Armstrong, Dean Martin and Nat Cole, herein is off on his own and he's very good. He has a strong voice, a fine sense of timing and excellent pitch. All of which are apparent on such tunes as *The Joker, Black Coffee* and *Music Maestro Please*.

•

Baker's Holiday (Limelight) is not nearly as engaging as its title, which translates to Chet Baker playing and singing songs associated with Billie Holiday. The half-dozen forays on Flügelhorn by Chet, fronting a group that encompasses a fair-sized reed section, are fairly successful if a bit vapid, but Chet's paper-thin vocalizing is a poor tribute to the late, lamented Lady Day.

•

Essence (Atlantic), on which John Lewis plays the compositions and arrangements of Gary McFarland, is further affirmation of the young man's myriad talents. Surrounded by a variety of troops, Lewis and his piano give half-a-dozen McFarland melodies tender, loving care. Among the standout instrumentalists, Freddie Hubbard and Jim Hall contribute brilliantly to the proceedings.

•

Rio / Paul Winter (Columbia) finds the young alto man in the best of Brazilian company. Guitarists Luiz Bonfá and Roberto Menescal and pianist Luiz Eça contribute their composing and instrumental talents to the session, which consists of a batch of bossa nova that is pure and provocative.

•

We'll take it for granted that ***The Happiness of Joe Mooney*** (Columbia) refers to his music. Whether he's playing organ or accordion or vocalizing, Mooney gives the impression of a man in love with his work. The communication is instantaneous as he vocally and instrumentally caresses *I Wonder What Became of Me* and *When Sunny Gets Blue*.

•

Pianists in profusion have passed our listening post this month and they cover almost every hue of the musical spectrum. ***Grand Reunion / The Earl Hines Trio*** (Limelight) features Fatha in an extended takeout of Fats Waller favorites, plus performances of *Baubles, Bangles and Beads* and *Tea for Two*. Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge join in on *C Jam Blues*, while Roy is starred on *Sunday* and The Hawk on *Rosetta*. The session was recorded at the Village Vanguard and is infectiously exuberant. ***McCoy Tyner Plays Ellington*** (Impulse!) has John Coltrane's pianist, an avant-garde keyboard man, invading the Duke's domain. Tyner is much given to pyramiding prodigious sets of chords, an approach which suits the Ellington material perfectly. ***The In Crowd / The Ramsey Lewis Trio*** (Argo) is rootsville, baby. Ramsey & Co. (Eldee Young, bass and cello; Red Holt, drums) are seekers after the basic truth as they tackle such diversities as the title tune, *Felicidade* from *Black Orpheus* and Ellington's *Come Sunday*, in a romp recorded at Washington, D.C.'s Bohemian Caverns. Firmly planted in the midstream of jazz is ***We Get Requests / The Oscar Peterson Trio*** (Verve). Among the tunes treated to the Peterson pianistic gymnastics: *Corcovado, My One and Only Love* and *Have You Met Miss Jones?* The LP is probably the last vinyl outing with the group of drummer Ed Thigpen, Louis Hayes having taken over the sticks. ***Trio '65 / The Bill Evans Trio*** (Verve) is, as opposed to the Peterson etching, filled with quiet introspection. With bassist Chuck Israels and drummer Larry Bunker in tow, Evans weaves delicate figures out of such as *'Round Midnight, Our Love Is Here to Stay* and the beautiful but neglected *If You Could See Me Now*. ***Solo Monk*** (Columbia) gives The Incredible One a splendid showcase in which to display his one-of-a-kind wares. A man of all jazz schools and of none, Thelonious runs the gamut from *Dinah* to *Ruby, My Dear* to *These Foolish Things*. With ***Ineffable / The Unique Jazz Piano of Friedrich Gulda*** (Columbia), the classical/jazz pianist indicates that he has feet firmly planted on both sides of the music world. Whether soloing or in the context of his trio (Al Heath, drums; Bob Cranshaw, bass), Gulda shows an inventive grasp of the jazz idiom, an

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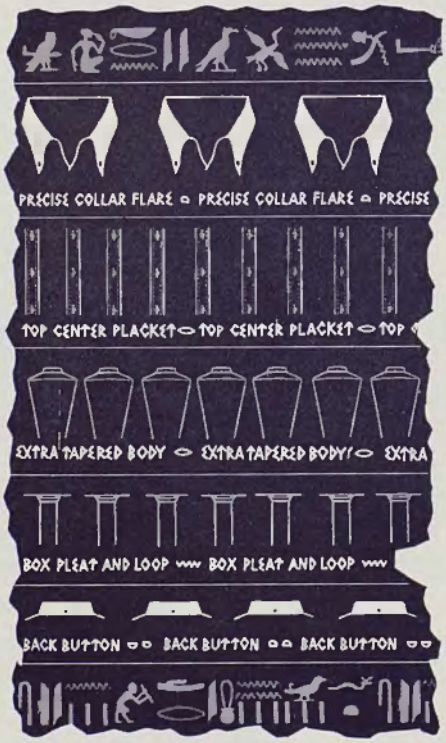

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idiom to which his classical training has supplied an awesome amount of technique. ***Denny Zeitlin / Carnival*** (Columbia) illustrates how a young doctor can take enough time off from his studies and his practice to become a first-rate jazz pianist. Aided by bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Jerry Granelli, Dr. Denny's bag is a continuously absorbing one as he performs with adventurous skill on standard and original alike.

MOVIES

The Cincinnati Kid could be subtitled "Son of the Hustler." It substitutes stud poker for pool, Steve McQueen for Paul Newman, and New Orleans for New York (back in the Thirties—for no reasonable reason); but it's the same basic theme: the green-covered table as the Game of Life. The threads of the yarn, too, are off the same skein: The Kid is good, his reputation rolls out ahead of him, and finally he gets his chance to go up against The Man, the kingpin of his kind, in a battle of giants. But it's not just the game, of course: It Means Something. Well, it means a lot less here than it did in *The Hustler*, because the C. Kid has no character. He's just a poker-playing puppet, his relation to his girl has no reality, the film's build-up is padded and portentous, and the pay-off is puny. Steve does his best with the role as written, but at best he's McQueen high; Newman was aces. Tuesday Weld is cute as the gambler's girl; Ann-Margret, as a sex siren, is like a kid in her mother's clothes. Rip Torn is a mean Dixie menace, and Edward G. Robinson smokes a cool cigar as the Prince of Poker. Director Norman Jewison does his bright best with a four-flushing screenplay by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Terry Southern, from Richard Jessup's novel.

•

It only *seems* as if Jean-Luc Godard makes a movie a month. ***Alphaville*** is the young French director's most recent release, and its original title clues us as to subject and style: Godard says he wanted to call it *Tarzan vs. IBM*. It's about a French detective named Lemmy Caution (a sort of Mike Hammer) who arrives in a city of the future on a distant planet—an automated world, full of astringent architecture and ghoulish government—and, of course, a beautiful girl. She, like the rest of the residents, doesn't know the word "love," only her duty to the electronic state. It begins like a private-eye parody, but it soon gets serious; and the paradox of Godard, the movie magician, is that the more serious he gets, the less cinematic and the more gabby. The most telling touch is that the city of the future is Paris *today*. It's all shot on the freeways, the blazing boulevards, the chromy lobbies, which look scary in Godard's neon-new light. Lemmy is Eddie Constantine, American-born star of French pop films—a sort of pock-marked, corner-pocket Bogart. Anna Karina, Godard's lukewarm ex-flame, is the girl who discovers Soul. Like most of Godard's goodies, *Alphaville* is a vehicle that starts strongly, then runs out of one kind of gas and into another.

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The Nanny would be a modest thriller except that they got Bette Davis for the lead, and whatever qualities she brings to a movie, good or otherwise, modesty isn't one of them. A British version of a novel by Evelyn Piper, it lacks logic but has some suspense and some good acting to hoist it out of the humdrum. Miss Davis is the old family retainer who reared the lady of the house and her sister, and is now in charge of the lady's ten-year-old son. Seems that two years ago his baby sister was accidentally drowned in the bathtub, and the boy is believed to have been responsible. But he knows better, and soon so do we; the puzzle is how the kid is going to convince his parents that he's *right* about the nanny. William Dix, as the beleaguered boy, is affectingly stubborn and stubbornly affecting. Wendy Craig is suitably sodden as the weepingly ineffective mum, and, as her sister, Jill Bennett, luminary of the London stage and insufficiently seen in pictures, has a heart-attack scene that is sensational. Director Seth Holt has a firm hold on Jimmy Sangster's script, or would if there were more to hold firmly.

•

To Die in Madrid is one of the best war documentaries ever made. Frederic Rossif, French film maker (and pal of Picasso), spent years combing world film files for material on the Spanish Civil War and has woven the results into a fine-textured, beautiful, terrible account, narrated by Sir John Gielgud and Irene Worth, of the conflict that consumed the attention of the Western world from 1936 to 1939. A dress rehearsal for Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin, for Spain it was agony: 1,000,000 deaths—and by no means all of them soldiers. Old people, women, children, priests, nuns were slaughtered by *both* sides, in a violent struggle that seemed almost self-consciously a turning point of our times. Rossif does not plead a case; his film is about Spain, about slaughter, about suffering and bravery. The defense of the Alcázar is a monument of Rebel courage, as the defense of Madrid is of Loyalist courage. All through—under the gnarled olive trees, the shattered villages—runs the blood of brothers. The point is not that the issues were unimportant. Quite the contrary. They were so important they made men murder like maniacs. And after a generation, all the corpses look alike.

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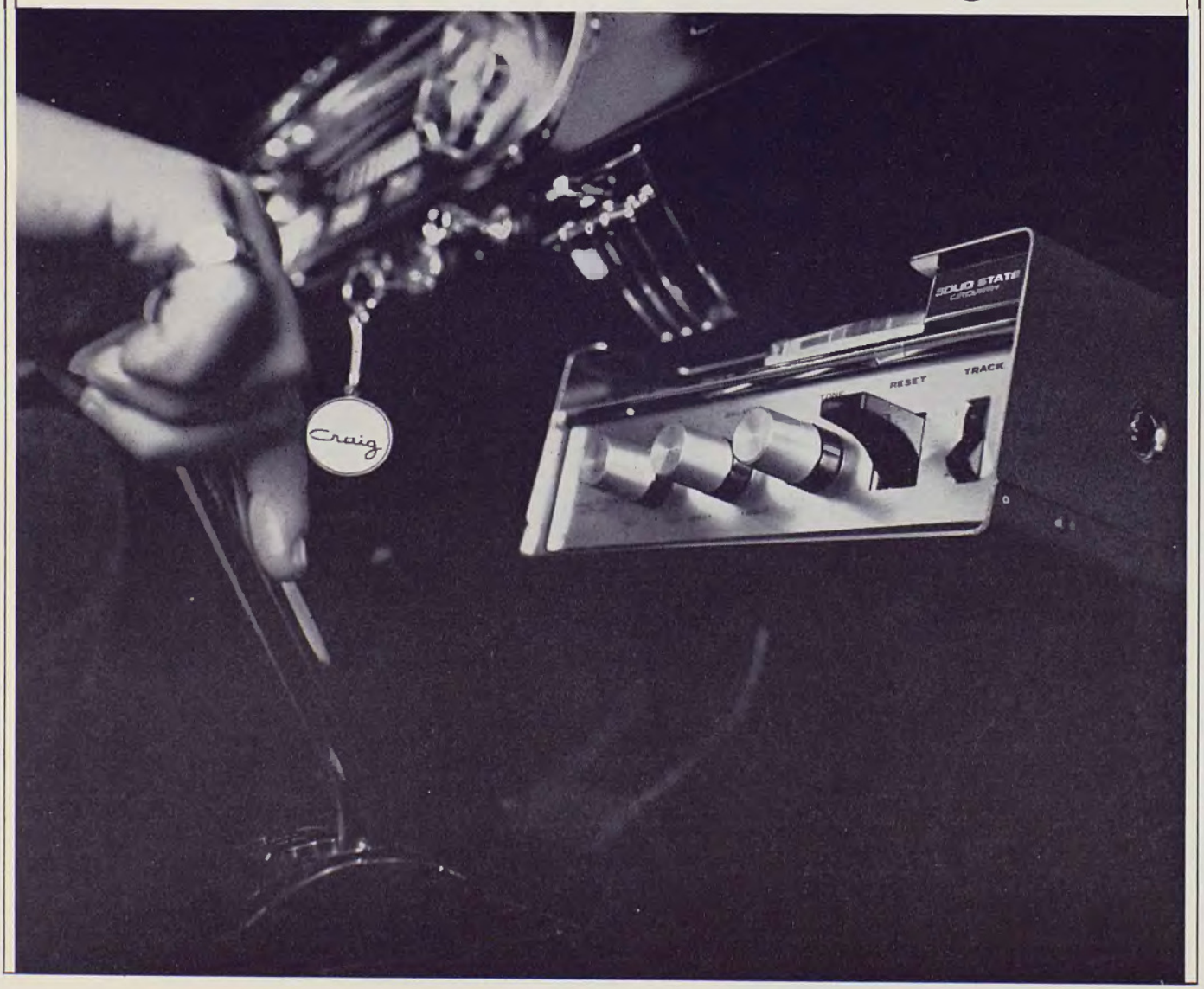

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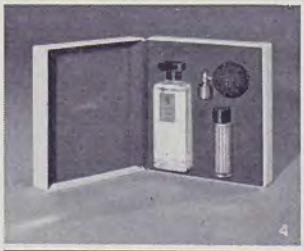
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

What does a guy do when his girl is as affectionate as he can desire in private, but acts as if touching him in public will poison her? I'm the guy, incidentally.—K. L., Kansas City, Kansas.

Be thankful that the situation isn't reversed.

About two months ago I started to read James Bond novels. In Mr. Fleming's first thriller, *Casino Royale*, Bond, while talking to Felix Leiter, ordered a drink that interested me very much. Bond asked for what he calls a dry martini, and then added, "Three measures of Gordon's, one of vodka, half a measure of Kina Lillet." What the devil is Kina Lillet?—T. R., Riverside, California.

It's a good French dry vermouth made by Lillet Frères of Podensac, France. If you can't find it, any high-quality dry vermouth is a suitable substitute.

My roommate and I have been plagued with the same problem throughout our tenure at a fine Midwestern university. Despite our desire to participate, he and I are mere spectators in the sexual fun and games that play an important role in most college men's lives. Actually, we feel that we are at least average in looks, good conversationalists, and both dress well. But every girl we date treats us like her kid brother. The guys we discuss this with just cannot believe that we are still virgins. Some of the girls we date are sexually experienced, but, nevertheless, they thwart our every effort to make out. Any advice, short of marriage, will be appreciated.—E. J. and J. L., Girard, Ohio.

You might send for a pair of those Avis "We Try Harder" pins—because Hertz isn't going to put you in the driver's seat, and neither will anyone else. Stop announcing to the world in general that you're sexually inexperienced. It should be obvious that cultivating this image on campus isn't going to help the situation any—unless you happen to meet a coed who specializes in charity cases; and if the guys you've been discussing this with were as open about it as you two, you might have found your situation isn't as unique as you assume. The best way of gaining both social and sexual experience is to date a number of different girls—concentrating on the development of total relationships, not just sexual ones. Sex, you'll discover, will come naturally enough in time, if you don't focus all of your attention on it. Incidentally, regarding your joint authorship of this letter, you'll discover that in matters of amour, one head is generally better than two.

I've heard the term "heel-and-toe" used in connection with sports-car racing. Just what does it mean?—D. G., Johnson City, New York.

"Heel-and-toe" action is a braking/acceleration technique used by racing drivers when cornering. The toes of the right foot control the brake pedal while the heel handles the accelerator (or vice versa, depending on which is more comfortable). When the driver is ready to decelerate, his right toes leave the accelerator and begin braking while the heel eases up on the accelerator. As soon as speed has been reduced sufficiently for a change into a lower gear, the left foot engages the clutch and the driver shifts into neutral. With the clutch pedal depressed and the gearshift in neutral, the driver again applies heel pressure to the accelerator to increase the rpms. Now the driver shifts into a lower gear and releases the clutch pedal. These steps take less time than it took you to read this.

My girl has an eye-catching figure, with especially provocative legs. However, though she's a 24-year-old grad student, she insists on wearing bobby sox with all but the most formal attire, and the effect these have on her general appearance and sex appeal is disastrous. No other girls on campus do their legs such a serious injustice, but this doesn't seem to bother her. She thinks her sox make her look like a cute little girl, though she really looks more like a mature woman *trying*, quite unsuccessfully, to remain in her teens. Perhaps my annoyance over a minor fault is unwarranted, but I'd like to get her off the bobby-sox kick if I could. Any suggestions?—S. C., Madison, Wisconsin.

The most positive approach would be to gift her with a stock of nylon stockings and hope that she'll put them to use. Otherwise, you'll have to learn to live with your girl's sox-appeal—and be grateful she doesn't favor boots.

Can you tell me what chemical used in the various indoor tanning preparations currently on the market produces the desired skin-darkening effect, and whether any adverse effects can result from continued use of such products?—J. B., Alameda, California.

Tanning products utilize a derivative of tannic acid, the chemical used to tan leather. They are considered harmless to the normal skin and have been approved by the Food and Drug Administration; but if you have reason to suspect your own epidermis might be a special case,

check with a dermatologist before buying your supply of year-round sunshine.

I'm a successful bachelor, so to speak, with the opposite sex. Recently I was director of a local beauty pageant and met a lovely contestant, with whom I subsequently had an affair. A few months of torrid bliss ensued, but now she's got her hooks out, and it suddenly occurs to me that this is *not* the girl with whom I'd like to spend the rest of my life. I've tried introducing her to other friends, and I've tried every kind of hint—subtle and obvious—but there's marriage in her eyes. What's the best advice on how to end this affair?—J. G. C., Los Angeles, California.

James T. Aubrey, Jr. (former head of CBS-TV) is credited in a recent Life *article with this formula for ending an affair: "Always do it in the daytime, because at night your heart takes over. Take her to lunch, to a very chic place like Le Pavillon or The Colony, where she will see famous people and where it is against all the rules to cry or scream or throw crockery. Buy her a big drink, and then tell her that the train has reached Chicago and you're getting off at Chicago. Tell her you're not the marrying kind, but she deserves a home and kids and candlelight. Tell her she's the most wonderful woman you've ever known. Then buy her a great lunch, and let her absorb the news as she eats. Afterward, you can walk out into the sunshine a free man. It never fails." It's sound advice, and should work equally well at Scandia, Perino's or Chasen's in Los Angeles.*

How can I, a 25-year-old bachelor, solve this problem: Occasionally (if I have not made other plans) I date a good friend's wife. This friend is a musician and usually plays jobs on weekend nights; so, rather than leave his wife at home with nothing to do but clean house and watch the kid, he has given approval to my offer to take her on the town. I assure you there is no potential marital problem here, since they are happily married, and his wife and I are just "good friends," that's all; and we enjoy a pleasant evening together. Two questions: Does PLAYBOY see anything wrong with such an arrangement? Who pays for my date's share of the evening's entertainment—her husband or me?—A. B., New Orleans, Louisiana.

We don't see anything wrong with the arrangement as long as you remain, in your words, "just good friends"; you must be aware, however, of a certain chemistry that arises between healthy members of the opposite sex which can undo the best of intentions concerning "platonic friendship." Consider, then, that you're risking the loss of a friend, the demise of a marriage, or both. You must have other numbers in your little black book; why not give them a break? As to paying—you're taking her out; you pick up the tabs.

I am in my 20s and am considering marriage to a girl who makes roughly twice my salary. We are compatible in all respects, but some of my friends and family say it will never work out. Am I too optimistic?—K. S., Tallahassee, Florida.

We don't think so. At your tender age, your earning potential is not yet determined. Provided you're armed with a good education and the ability to learn, there's no reason to doubt that you'll soon overtake and pass your girlfriend in the earnings department. As long as you're compatible in all other respects, there's no reason why you shouldn't consider marriage.

One of your readers asked in the August *Advisor* about an "Anglo-Saxon drink called mead." You replied that "it is no longer manufactured, for the simple reason that it tastes awful." Frankly, I think your answer was perhaps a little fallacious, because, while there are meads made in England that are rather on the bitter side, Denmark produces a fabulous mead that is really delightful. As a matter of fact, I'm having a bottle sent to you so that you can taste it and then print your apologies!—C. M., Freeport, New York.

Danish sample quaffed, objection sustained, apologies rendered. Obviously, we erred in stating that mead is no longer being manufactured; it is available at a limited number of wine and liquor shops in the U. S. We still think English mead tastes terrible, but in fairness to its devotees, here's an articulate defense from a reader in Plymouth, England: "Mead is delicious! The flavor is not unlike a medium sherry, but there's a body to it that I've never found in any other than the very sweetest. Also, of course, there's that hint of honey to leave an intriguing aftertaste on the tongue. It has other advantages, too. For instance, it's a minimum 25 percent proof (usually it's nearer 30 percent), which makes it just about the most lethal mild-looking drink I know. It works like a charm on girlfriends! This may be why it has the reputation of being an aphrodisiac, and used to be given to honeymooners on their wedding night."

I've been in the Service for about 16 months now. I have discussed the problem of fidelity with several married men and would like your opinion on it. Most of my married buddies feel that while being stationed overseas and separated from their wives, it's perfectly all right to indulge in extramarital relations. At the same time, my friends all vow they'd divorce their wives if they ever caught them fooling around. I think these men are right, because women have a more sacred obligation, whereas a man is a more impulsive creature and finds it harder to control his emotions. Don't you agree?—P. F., Tokyo, Japan.

No, we don't. When a husband and wife are separated for any extended period of time, many of the restraints against adultery are obviously weakened; remaining chaste under such circumstances isn't apt to be easy for either partner in a marriage. But we can't conceive of any rational justification for the conveniently one-sided viewpoint expressed by your married buddies, who consider it "perfectly all right to indulge in extramarital relations," but "vow they'd divorce their wives if they ever caught them" doing the same.

It is true that the differences in social restraints placed upon the married male and female, and the increased chances of illicit sex for the serviceman separated from family, friends and familiar environment, make it more likely that a husband will be unfaithful than his wife. But how can we justify the infidelity of one sex and not the other, unless we intend to perpetuate the depersonalizing concept of the female as chattel, chaste and unchaste?

We don't think a woman has any more "sacred obligation" to a marriage relationship than a man. And the notion that man is, by nature, more sexually impulsive, and less able to control his emotions, is disputed by modern science, which informs us that whatever differences exist between the sexes in sexual responsiveness and desire are more dependent on environmental conditioning than anything else; and are slight, indeed, when compared with the differences that exist from individual to individual, within either sex.

In "Premarital Sexual Standards in America," eminent sociologist Ira Reiss writes, "There is much scientific evidence which indicates the female sex drive (that which is inborn) is not by nature significantly less than the male's sex drive. It seems clear that, if so trained, women would have as much desire for sexual intercourse as men do, and that whatever innate differences exist are quite capable of modification. Even with the present unequal training, there are many women highly desirous of sexual activity."

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THE RESORT of royalty, Cascais, Portugal, is an excellent gateway for an early spring tour of Europe. An easy drive from its airport (and to the casino at Estoril), Cascais is a cluster of pastel villas gleaming in the sun with florid vines wreathing stone walls. Although the town was once known only to an expatriate group of Americans, the fishing boats in her sunny harbor have been joined recently by the yachts of kings and former kings. You'll likely find visitors and resident royalty at Fim do Mundo, one of Portugal's great seaport restaurants, watching the nightly auction at the nearby fish market after dinner. In the glare of spotlights, drawing iridescence from dolphin and eel and sardine, shouting bidders vie for the rectangular baskets and boxes brought in by the fishing boats with rakishly upcurving bows and sterns.

The largest hotel in Portugal, less than a year old, faces the ocean at the edge of Cascais—the palatial Estoril-Sol, a magnificent edifice of stained-glass windows and fine tapestries. And on the beach, where there's a varied assortment of bikinied sunbathers, stands the Hotel Baia, famous throughout Portugal for its personalized attention. A short distance up the coast is the Do Guincho, a 17th Century fortress converted into a delightful inn. At any of these places, sample the fish prepared in a variety of wine sauces, desserts engineered to resemble castles, as well as fresh local fruit, cheese and wines that will turn any meal into a gourmet's delight.

On the other side of the Iberian Peninsula, hoteliers themselves consistently accord laurels to their Spanish confreres, who offer service unsurpassed, whether you're staying in a modernized palace or a conventional hotel. Ranking high on a high-ranking list is the Rocamar Hotel along Spain's Costa Brava. Standing on a cliff half a mile outside Cadaqués, it's constructed so that every room has a balcony with an ocean view. The stroll into town is just enough to build up a thirst that will be well quenched at Meliton's bar, run by a jovial entrepreneur eager to gossip about the jet set. Cadaqués is two miles away from another Mediterranean hideaway, Port-Lligat, where Salvador Dali makes the scene when he isn't at New York's St. Regis.

The place consists of five lovely old buildings at the base of a shallow bay protected by small volcanic islands. The drop-away from these islands is sharp, making this a great skindiving spot—though you'll have to bring your own gear. From Port Lligat, you can hire a fishing boat to cruise along the coast, one of the best water routes leading to Cape Creus, a fascinatingly nightmarish place of barren volcanic rock split by thousands of deep, deserted inlets.

In Ajaccio, Corsica, a folk-music center, originally catering exclusively to teenagers, has grown into one of Europe's "in" spots. The Casa Corsa is now thronged by *cognoscenti*, who come to listen to a fresh and fascinating group called A Sirinata Ajaccina. Two recently opened beach-front hotels—Cala di Sole and Dolce Vita—are set across the bay from Ajaccio in typically Corsican beauty spots. The nearby airport is just one hour and 40 minutes now from Paris by nonstop jet. From here, make the run by rental car to Bonifacio, between scenic coast and rugged mountains, through the tangle of fragrant gorse that covers much of Corsica.

Another novel gateway to Europe—especially so if you arrive before March first and plan a stopover en route to an Alpine ski spot—is Amsterdam, whose "Day on the House" program makes any traveler feel like visiting royalty. Ask your travel agent for vouchers, issued with the purpose of introducing you gratis to many of the Dutch capital's delights—lunch, for example, at a *broodjeswinkel*, a sandwich shop offering a fantastic selection of meat, fish and cheese. After sundown, you're treated to a gourmet dinner at a fine restaurant, followed by complimentary seats to a concert of the world-famous Concertgebouw Orchestra. Then, utilizing your guest membership in one of Holland's glamorous private clubs, you'll have ample opportunity to repay your Dutch treat.

By day, after visits to the Rijksmuseum and Rembrandt's house, followed by a canal-boat cruise, you may want to drive to the affluent city of Hilversum, which houses one of the country's most luxurious hotels, the Kasteel de Hooge Vuursche. A handsome, modernized old castle beside a lovely forest, its meals are more than memorable. Dinner in the plush, dimly lit grill might start with *perdreaux sur canapé*, go on to *curry de volaille* (which gives every evidence of the long Dutch involvement with their former territory, Indonesia) and end, on a high note, with ice-cream cake drowned in the rich eggnog known as advokaat.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

THE CHALLENGE OF CHANGE

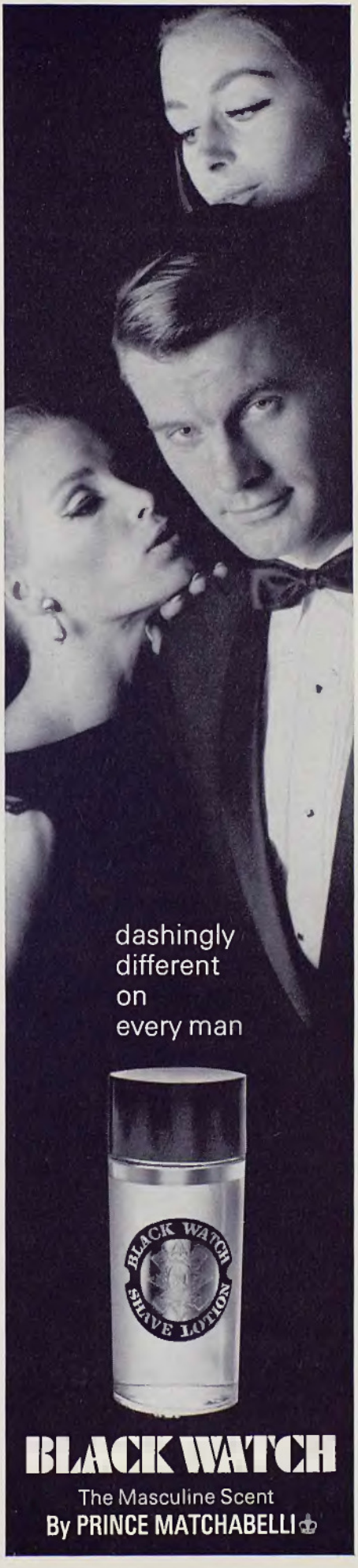
I think your readers will be interested in this excerpt from a recent address, entitled "Magazines and the Challenge of Change," presented by Theodore Peterson, Dean of the College of Journalism and Communications at the University of Illinois, at the annual management conference of the Magazine Publishers Association. Dean Peterson said:

> . . . By now the population explosion is so far beyond need of documentation that speakers simply try to outdo one another in dramatizing its dimensions. . . . The tremendous number of young people cannot but help to give magazine editors and publishers some uncertain moments. One of the difficulties probably will be in communicating with them, for the older generation has always had a hard time achieving rapport with the younger one. It is not just a matter of speaking the same language, although that is part of it; it is a matter of different experiences, beliefs and values . . .
>
> I have noticed a vaguely similar gulf between generations in the magazine business. Most magazine people with whom I have spoken on the subject seem to regard PLAYBOY as no more than a fancily packaged sex magazine—a sort of Fanny Hill out of Johannes Gutenberg that would more properly belong on the racks of those sleazy shops around 42nd Street than on respectable coffee tables, if only it were not so obscenely profitable. I suspect that some advertisers who could use it to move their products effectively and economically clamp their hands over their wallets when they see it coming lest their wives accuse them of financing the corruption of America's youth.
>
> Now, I do not regard PLAYBOY as the greatest contribution to American letters since Christopher Latham Sholes invented the typewriter. On the other hand, I do think that those who damn it most vociferously either have not read it recently or have not tried to understand it. I confess that the magazine fascinates me as a social document, for I think that it speaks for one part of a new generation. In both length and turgidity, Hugh Hefner's statement of *The Playboy Philosophy* seems already to have exceeded the collected works of Immanuel Kant, but its high readership continues, I think, because a good many young people find in it a public articulation of what they really believe. In substantiation of that point, let me invoke a brace of clergymen. Here is the Reverend John R. Graham of Denver, who told his congregation: "Man has been conditioned to deny his feelings; he has been taught to restrain himself when it comes to pleasure; he has been conditioned to believe that work is an end in itself. It seems to me that PLAYBOY's significance rests in the fact that it has dared to question this life-denying philosophy and, at the same time, suggest that zest and gusto and enjoyment are proper descriptions for man's life today. . . . What is expressed in *The Playboy Philosophy* is a direct clash of past values with the 20th Century world." Here is the minister to students at the Wesley Foundation at Indiana University: "The position . . . is more authentically Christian than much that is heard from pulpits today." And here, for good measure, is the dean of students at San Francisco Theological Seminary: "Whatever its intention and bias, it deserves consideration, and it is far more responsible journalism on the subject than some of the material seen in occasional ecclesiastical journals . . ."
>
> David M. Shoemaker
> New York, New York

YAF REPUDIATION

Your October issue contains a letter titled "Subversive PLAYBOY" from John Foster of Los Angeles. Mr. Foster claims that his chapter of Young Americans for Freedom is about to launch a vigorous campaign to reveal PLAYBOY's true identity to the American people. PLAYBOY is, says Mr. Foster, only part of the Great Communist Conspiracy.

In checking our membership files, we



find that Mr. Foster is not now, nor has he ever been, a member of YAF. Furthermore, we do not wish to claim him as ours.

Perhaps Mr. Foster is not aware of the nature of the organization to which he claims to belong. After a poll of our office, we find that *every* male member of our staff reads PLAYBOY every month, and we enjoy it. But maybe we, the leaders of YAF, have also been duped, and are "the young and innocent . . . the weak and depraved."

Alfred S. Regnery
College Director
Young Americans for Freedom
Washington, D. C.

Since almost all of the national staff of Young Americans for Freedom regularly reads and enjoys PLAYBOY, we were rather disturbed to read the letter from Mr. John Foster in the October *Playboy Forum*. On searching our files, we have found no record of Mr. Foster's ever having been a member of our organization.

YAF is the largest and most respected young conservative organization in the United States. Our members are very active in working for the goals of conservative principles. Our largest percentage of membership comes from the college campus, but we have over 100 high school and community chapters. The growing conservative intellectual strength on college campuses can only encourage a great dialog on the position, growth and future of our society.

Although my philosophy and PLAYBOY's would differ greatly, I welcome its open-minded approach to the issues of today.

Frederick E. Wallin
National Membership Director
Young Americans for Freedom
Washington, D. C.

LETTER FROM JOHN FOSTER OCTOBER PLAYBOY JUST BROUGHT TO MY ATTENTION. HE HAS NO RIGHT TO ASSOCIATE HIS KOOKERY WITH YOUNG AMERICANS FOR FREEDOM. HE IS NOT A MEMBER. HIS PREPOSTEROUS CHARGES AGAINST PLAYBOY ARE EXPRESSLY REPUDIATED=

TOM CHARLES HUSTON
NATIONAL CHAIRMAN
YOUNG AMERICANS FOR FREEDOM
BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

FOSTER'S RED HERRING

In the *Forum* for October 1965 there appears a letter from John Foster, a high school history teacher, who states that he felt shock and indignation upon investigating PLAYBOY.

I, too, am a high school history teacher and I, too, am shocked. But there the similarity between me and Mr. Foster ends, for I am shocked not by PLAYBOY or its philosophy, but by Mr. Foster and his thinking.

I find it truly frightening that a man entrusted with teaching history to young people should have so little knowledge and understanding of communism that he would link *The Playboy Philosophy* to it. PLAYBOY, with its defense of individualism, its opposition to censorship, its emphasis on freedom and its support of capitalism could hardly be further from the theories and practices of communism.

Mr. Foster has, I believe, fallen into the familiar habit of extremists, both left and right—that of lumping together all things of which they disapprove. Mr. Foster dislikes PLAYBOY and its philosophy. He also dislikes communism (though he might be hard pressed to explain or define it). Therefore, in his mind PLAYBOY must be a part of the "Great Communist Conspiracy." Little matter to him that the two are inconceivable as partners.

I am not concerned here with Mr. Foster's views on morality, or with PLAYBOY's, though I have opinions on both. It is, however, worth noting that the hints he gives place him in rather strange company, for the Communists, though so disdainful of conventional morality in most areas, are notably prudish in the areas of censorship and sex. They are, in that sense, the true puritans of today's world.

Mr. Foster, I'm sure, considers himself a loyal and patriotic American. Yet he would, I think, feel right at home with the Russian or Chinese Communists, for they, too, favor a stifling conformity, intolerance of diversity and dissenting opinion, and a dogmatic approach to all problems. They, too, ignore inconsistencies, as Mr. Foster does when he speaks in one paragraph of PLAYBOY's subverting "even the brightest of our young minds" and then in the next one states that PLAYBOY's following consists mainly of the "weaker members of society."

Perhaps before calling others blind dupes of Moscow, Mr. Foster should examine his own thinking more closely and ask himself who really furthers the cause of communism—those who, like PLAYBOY, seek to expand the areas of freedom or those who, like himself, seek to contract them.

(Name and address withheld by request)

PEDAGOGICAL PESSIMISM

I wish I could concur with PLAYBOY's optimism (October *Forum*) concerning the liberality of our public-school teachers. I'm afraid the views expressed by teachers Foster and Borum are more typical than you would like to believe. It's a fact that school texts, school rules and even teacher-education institutions are aimed at furthering the American middle-class standards. Witness the frequent news stories concerning conflicts with students over hair styles and "acceptable" standards of dress. It seems to me that this censorship is often definitely antisexual.

Max Rafferty, our state superintendent of schools here in California, could hardly be termed a liberal. His books are not only antisexual, they are antilife as well!

I find that my colleagues are usually more upset by a four-letter word or a PLAYBOY foldout in the classroom than they are about the shy, withdrawn child who fails to establish any satisfactory human relationships. I once heard a teacher say that she was glad *Combat* appeared on TV opposite Red Skelton, because then her children could watch a "good" program instead of Red Skelton's "filth." Sadly enough, this, in my experience, is a typical attitude.

In a study by Sophie Ritholz, reported in her book *Children's Behavior*, teachers were asked to rank 40 behavior problems according to their seriousness. Most of the teachers ranked such things as petting, masturbation and vulgarity at or near the top, while problems such as withdrawal and introversion were placed near the bottom of the list. Encouragingly, the original study was made in 1927, and, when repeated in 1945, a slight improvement in teachers' attitudes was noted. I suspect that the same survey in 1965 would show continued improvement—however, teachers, as a whole, would still fall far short of the enlightenment the mental hygienists would like to find.

As a case in point, how many school districts have a fully implemented sex-education program in the elementary schools? Of those who have a program at any level, how many deal with the really important issues, such as sexual attitudes or birth control? How many dare to even define masturbation? I think it's time teachers remembered that their profession has traditionally been one of leadership.

Sadly enough, I fear that by signing my name to this letter I will afford many people the opportunity to cry indignantly that I am not "morally fit" to teach their children. However, I proudly sign it in the hope that I will also hear from those who feel that teachers must actively help our society to find the sexual enlightenment and freedom it so sorely needs.

Daryle Alwine
Highland Elementary School
Vallejo, California

LIBERTARIAN CONSERVATISM

I am a member of the elite group of libertarian conservatives and objectivists who are maligned by the right as well as the left; your lead-off letter in the October *Forum* leads me to suspect that you are prejudiced against the conservative movement in this country. Unfortunately, the conservative movement has attracted the kooks, the racists

and the Communist-under-every-bedders (calling archcapitalist Hefner a Communist is incredible). And, unfortunately, the majority of the rank-and-file in the conservative movement are reactionary conservatives—those smug, self-righteous lead weights on the *status quo*.

It is my sincerest hope that the antics of the fringe element (who get much more than their fair share of publicity) and the fusty ideas of the rest don't blind you to the primary aim of the conservative movement, which is similar to that of the liberal movement of a century ago: freedom from coercion—a philosophy of maximum freedom for the individual, which, in the view of libertarian conservatives and objectivists at least, must include sexual freedom.

Stephen Blinn
University of California
Berkeley, California

CONSERVATISM AND CHRISTIANITY

As a capitalist and conservative, I must take strong issue with the views expressed by John Foster in the October *Forum*.

Not all members of the Right Wing believe in the "Great Communist Conspiracy." It is true that communism is dedicated to ruling the world, but a conspiracy it is *not*. They shout it from the rooftops.

"The Christian morality that made America great," as Foster puts it, did not make America great. Christian morality made the Dark Ages dark. Capitalism made America great, capitalism and the selfish efforts of many great men.

Mr. Foster says PLAYBOY subverts young minds. But Christianity does not bother to subvert—it intimidates.

Mr. Foster is just the kind of "conservative" that causes all persons of remotely similar viewpoints to be branded lunatics. I appreciate the humor of PLAYBOY's publishing Mr. Foster's letter, but because I am, through some quirk of history, often linked with such as he, I am obliged to defend myself and many others whose views are similar to my own.

Ronald C. Smith
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

***HEIL* HEFNER**

Old John Foster has it all wrong when he accuses PLAYBOY of being part of the "Great Communist Conspiracy" (October *Forum*). I have you guys spotted for what you *really* are: a bunch of Neo-Fascists. First of all, consider the initials H. H. . . . suggestive, aren't they? Who else but Heinrich Himmler? And, further, look hard at the full name: Hugh Hefner. Who ever heard of a *real* American with such a funny-sounding Nazi-type name? Hugh is probably some anagram for "Dolf"—get it? Short for Adolf. And "Hefner"—well, just change a couple of

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letters . . . It is *close* to Hitler, isn't it? Think about that.

Now let's look at the so-called "Bunnies." That has a familiar ring. But it used to be Bundnies . . . Obviously, the same gang of goose-stepping storm troopers. Oh, I know they look like women, but just change the "Bunny" costume ever so little, and what do you have: an authentic Brownshirt, complete with swastika arm band . . .

And look at where "Hefner" has his so-called "Clubs" . . . right near our military bases and population centers, that's where! Why does he need a "Club" in Chicago? Well, how much of our vital iron ore passes through the Great Lakes? And the others, well: New York (our major shipping center); Phoenix (Luke Field); Los Angeles (center of the aircraft industry), etc. . . . By now it is clear: "Hefner" has his storm-troop centers all over the country, and everywhere close to the vital innards of America.

How many "Keymen" has "Hefner"? He claims over 400,000 . . . think of that! A monstrous private army of fascist fanatics massed in these United States. No wonder "Hefner" says: "Today PLAYBOY; tomorrow the world!"

Last of all: Consider the Playboy Rabbit symbol. Change its ears around a bit, and what do you have: a swastika, that's what! Or look at the Playmates: Aren't they all fanatic Aryan Amazons? Even the chocolate ones?

Citizens, these people are trying to take us over. Already they are sending rays through the walls to turn my bones into jelly—for that reason, I can barely finish this warning . . .

Bill Dudley
Las Vegas, Nevada

SATAN'S HELPER

Your immoral *Philosophy* has built an empire for you. Satan must be well pleased with your work for him. There have been others in history with your beliefs, but God's word cannot be tampered with. You would do well to read all of both the Old and the New Testaments. There are limitations and responsibilities that go with freedom, and God has given us the Ten Commandments to draw the line, for He has also given us a free will.

Why not try to make this life on earth pleasant and wholesome without this accent on sex? The sex saturation of today shows in faces, dress, gait, entertainment, commercials, conversations and in the hospitals, mental institutions, venereal-disease statistics, police records and divorce courts. Sex is not to be played with, but respected, putting God's word first. When sexual intercourse is indulged in outside of wedlock, the guilt complex naturally springs up in marriage, causing conflict and, sooner or later, divorce. This has been proved throughout the ages. This condition brings about the

association of sex with guilt. When both individuals have refrained from premarital coitus, the sex act in marriage should be beautiful, not ugly. Illicit sex with mutual agreement too often does not remain private nor silent. Even the most sophisticated and financially well off are not immune to the consequences. The sexual hypocrisy in society is no excuse for leniency toward illicit sex behavior, no matter how much love might be present. The sensual desires are fulfilled in a selfish way.

Your *Playboy Philosophy* is sick and Godless! You should be ashamed to even mention God or Christ in your editorials when you do not use the Bible fully. The family unit is the backbone of a country that is before our eyes sadly breaking up for several reasons, one due to the *Philosophy* you publish. A really intelligent person can fight off illicit desires without harm by being busy with the many good things in life. Otherwise, get married and be true to the wedded life.

Mrs. Birger Stahl
Waukegan, Illinois

SINFUL PLEASURE

Surely you must know, way down deep, that your magazine is in direct opposition to the teachings of the Christian religion. Jesus said that everyone who looks at a woman lustfully has already committed adultery with her in his heart. How many men have looked at the women in PLAYBOY and lusted after them? Surely you must know this.

At one time the pleasures of this world, that you praise, drew me far away from my God. Thanks only to His mercy, I am His again. But what of all the other Christians who may be drawn away by sinful pleasures? Yes, perhaps they should have had a stronger faith, but the world can have a very attractive façade when it's presented in such a skillfully produced magazine as yours.

I'm not saying for a moment that PLAYBOY is the ruination of mankind. What I am saying is that it's so hard to stay true to your faith in the face of all sorts of temptations. Your publication is only one of these temptations.

What I am asking you to do is take a long look at what Christianity really has to offer. I know you can point to a lot of ills and contradictions in the Church structure. But please remember that this structure is made up of men, who can be stubborn and wrong.

Hefner is one of the most influential men of our time. How he would shine in the work of our Father! One man like him could accomplish more than 10,000 men like me. Remember how Saul of Tarsus fought with a passion against the early Christians and then God reversed his thinking and he became one of the outstanding evangelists of all time. Hefner is in the unique position of being

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able to make the same sort of monumental contribution.

Apparently you believe one thing and I believe another. If I am wrong, at least I will have tried to lead a good life, so what have I lost? If you are wrong . . . what have you lost?

Dick Hafer
Silver Spring, Maryland

The idea that pleasure is by definition sinful and wrong is not only illogical but, from a purely Christian viewpoint, it is heretical. It is the abuse of pleasure (like the abuse of any other aspect of living) that is wrong. To ask us to refrain from printing pictures of beautiful women on the grounds that someone might look at them with "sinful lust" is about as logical as asking us to refrain from featuring food and drink articles because someone might be influenced toward gluttony or alcoholism.

We appreciate your feeling that Hefner could be another Saul of Tarsus, but if he does have any widespread influence on the thinking of his fellow men, we hope it will be toward undoing some of the mischief done by the Church's perversion of Saul's teachings after he became Paul. Beginning in the Middle Ages, the Church took a few passages from Paul's writings and, forgetting the conditions, cultural influences and basic purposes which influenced those writings, used them to build a sick dogma of antisexualism that has wreaked more havoc and human suffering than the mind can comprehend.

If you are wrong, and you've tried to lead your version of a good life and you're happy with it, it seems to us you haven't lost anything. If we are wrong under the same circumstances, the same applies to us. But if being "right" involves the avoidance of all earthly pleasures in the hope that there will be pie in the sky, we'll take our pie here.

PAROCHIAL PRAISE

As a minister of the United Church of Christ, I appreciate your existential approach to life, your stand for racial justice and freedom of thought. The average minister's sermons would be more relevant if PLAYBOY were required reading.

The Reverend William E. Smart
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

NARCOTICS AND THE LAW

Hefner should discuss narcotics addiction in a future installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*. Such a discussion might be especially effective, since there are presently some tentative little voices beginning to speak up about it, voices that could be strengthened by the support of PLAYBOY. I can think of no public medium more likely than PLAYBOY to be a strong and outspoken pulpit for the cause of sanity in dealing with the narcotics problem.

Narcotics—marijuana, heroin and the various other drugs that lead to and become habit-forming (and ultimately fatal)—are probably the number-one enemy of American youth today. Alcoholism, prostitution, even gang warfare all fade into second place in the face of this one enemy, drug addiction.

Why? Because the law makes it possible. Because the law creates conditions favorable to the spread of addiction. Because the law creates a multimillion-dollar market for the pusher.

If narcotics were available to the addict through the local pharmacist, legally and no questions asked, what would happen?

1. The pusher would go out of business, because his product would be worth only what it cost in the drugstore, no more. Also, there would be no special thrill attached to using narcotics, no excitement of having and using something exotic and illegal.

2. The addict, able to get his fix through a pharmacist, would be protected from the dangers inherent in the use of adulterated drugs and dirty needles.

3. The addict, being able to obtain narcotics at a price within the range of human reason, would not be forced into prostitution, armed robbery and murder that are now necessary to him or her in order to raise $500 or $600 a week for drugs.

4. Ultimately, drug addiction would become almost extinct. With the profit motive removed, the pushers would not be so anxious to recruit new addicts. Thousands of young people would be spared addiction simply because no one would draw them into it.

All this, of course, has been said before. But it's time to quit talking about it and start doing something; namely, organizing a fight against the absurdity of a law that creates drug addiction, prostitution, murder, gang warfare and slow death for thousands of unfortunate youths. Perhaps this is already being done—if so, I haven't heard about it, nor has anyone I know. Which means that it's probably still only a gentle squeak on the doorsill of the courts, instead of a roar in the chambers.

No one else is going to fight this fight. The churches are too afraid of offending someone or of rocking the boat to pitch into this one, and most of them still believe that the drug problem can be solved by outlawing drugs. The various do-good groups that could support this fight are going to be *against* it from the start, on the grounds that (1) anyone who would even think of fighting our good American antidrug laws must be a dirty Communist, and (2) us ticky-tacky people gotta act like all the other ticky-tacky people expect us to: Sing ho! for God, America and the *status quo*.

A few voices in the wind are not enough

to move the leaves on the tree of law. That takes lots of money and lots of publicity—and PLAYBOY can provide at least the latter.

The Reverend Arthur M. Hale
Panama City, Florida

We share your concern, and forthcoming installments of "The Playboy Philosophy" will be devoted to a realistic analysis of narcotics and the law.

PERILS OF THE PILL

The Playboy Philosophy is dangerous because it is passing on several pieces of misinformation that can only harm the cause it seeks to serve. For example, birth-control pills are cited as the panacea for the problem of unwanted pregnancies both inside and outside of marriage. For several reasons, this is just not true. Pills, unlike other contraceptive devices, contain medicine which, taken internally, upsets the woman's hormone balance. There is no real knowledge about the long-term effect of this medicine and there are still serious doubts as to its safety. Unlike other devices, pills must be taken whether or not there is any likelihood of sexual relations on any particular night. Anyone who has had to remember to do a certain thing such as this every day knows how easy it is to forget to do it or to get off schedule. Another danger of the pills is that omission or cessation of dosage makes the woman much more fertile, due to the rebound effect of the drugs. There are also unpleasant side effects—some women find these so bad that they cannot take the pills.

Charleen Dimmick
New Orleans, Louisiana

We get the impression—from all the medical misinformation being passed around—that many people are interested in discouraging the use of birth-control pills for other than medical reasons. It's always a bit galling when a scientific discovery threatens a long-cherished religious or moral notion.

The truth is that the birth-control pill, rather than upsetting hormonal balance, closely imitates the action of natural hormones as they affect women during pregnancy. The pills have been thoroughly tested, and the Food and Drug Administration is in constant touch with all new findings and research on the subject. It is estimated that between 5,000,000 and 7,000,000 women in this country use oral contraceptives. Women in special research studies have been taking the pill for longer than ten years without ill results. As for side effects, Dr. John Rock, a Catholic scientist and pioneer in the development of the pill, wrote in the Journal of the American Medical Association*: "The most common side effects of the pill are those which normally accompany the first few weeks of a normal pregnancy, but they are never as severe as those*

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commonly seen in pregnancy. Not more than two percent of all women cannot take any authorized brand [of pill]; among these few there is reason to think that a guilt-aroused neurosis causes the bothersome symptoms—not the pill." The schedule of pill taking is not a difficult one to keep. Dr. Diva Chinnatamby discovered during research studies in Ceylon that even women of very low income and educational levels were capable of sticking to the regimen competently.

Omission of a day's dosage is unlikely to result in pregnancy. Slightly increased fertility may occur during the first three months following cessation of pill medication. In the words of Dr. Rock: "I would beg irresponsible, and uninformed or poorly informed zealots, however well-intentioned, to cease their presumptuous intimidation of conscientious parents by wishful speculation supported by quotations from unscientific sources, or from long-outdated and later corrected statements of a few reputable gynecologists."

Most of the scare talk about the pills is just a new kind of old wives' tale, and we suggest you take it as just that.

LIBERALIZED ABORTION

The woman who wrote the letter in the October *Forum* in support of legalizing abortions will be glad to know that now there is a national organization through which she and others of similar opinion can work. The Association for the Study of Abortion, Inc., has its offices at 250 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019. Printed information is available upon request; but, briefly, the main objectives of the organization at present are:

1. To ascertain and evaluate the attitudes of lay and professional groups toward the existing abortion practices.

2. To assess the effect of the present abortion practices upon the physical, mental and social well-being of the individual and the society as a whole.

3. To inform the lay and professional public of the results of these findings.

4. To improve understanding of the abortion problem through public meetings and the use of mass media.

There is a similar group on the West Coast. The Society for Humane Abortion, whose mailing address is P.O. Box 1862, San Francisco, California 94101, favors liberalizing abortion laws to permit abortion for women wishing to terminate pregnancy if:

1. There would be grave impairment of the physical or mental health of the pregnant woman.

2. Pregnancy resulted from failure of birth-control devices or through ignorance of their use.

3. Pregnancy resulted from rape or incest.

4. The child would probably be born with a serious physical or mental defect.

5. There exists some other compelling reason . . . physical, psychological, mental, spiritual or economic.

Mrs. Alan Teck
New York, New York

HOMOSEXUAL RIGHTS

I wonder if, when you outraged citizens begin to act to change our unjust sex laws, you will be as objective and just as you profess to be.

Many of you say that you are shocked that any individual might be publicly persecuted for engaging in private expressions of love. Some of you openly admit to having participated in such activities as oral-genital lovemaking and insist that such is the business of only those adults who are participating.

Now, may I ask, since you are defending the belief that any two consenting adults should be able to privately engage in any form of lovemaking without being considered criminals, will you apply this belief equally to homosexuals? Will you accept the fact that two men or two women should also have this privilege? Can you apply these "rights" to yourselves and not to homosexuals?

To the unnamed reader from Charleston who jokingly suggested in the September *Forum* that the "Charleston Police Department start an immediate methodical check of all the city's bedrooms" . . . have you any idea how close this is to the homosexual's experience with the police?

By all means, move to change those antiquated laws. Demand the privilege of privacy. Abolish the persecution of persons who express their love as they choose. But, in doing so, keep in mind those millions of Americans who, because they are among "those people" who express *their* love as they choose, are forced to withhold their names from any expression of that fact, as I must.

President, Chicago Chapter
Daughters of Bilitis
Chicago, Illinois

Hefner said in Part XVI of "The Playboy Philosophy": "We confess to a strong personal prejudice in favor of the boy-girl variety of sex, but our belief in a free, rational and humane society demands a tolerance of those whose sexual inclinations are different from our own —so long as their activity is limited to consenting adults in private and does not involve either minors or the use of any kind of coercion."

INVASION OF POSTAL PRIVACY

PLAYBOY should warn its readers of the possible dangers of private correspondence in sexual matters. Though few people are aware of these dangers, under current U. S. law some writings that may be openly and legally published *may not* be exchanged in private correspondence between individuals.

My own experience will perhaps be enlightening: A little less than a year ago, I found two postal inspectors at my door. Under circumstances that I still do not know, several letters of mine had been seized at the home of a friend. I had recently returned from Europe and I had written a number of letters discussing the differences I observed between American and European sexual attitudes and practices. The letters were between men and the language was, in places, raw and explicit.

I admitted that I had written the letters in question—which were produced for my examination. I was then placed under arrest on a charge of depositing obscene matter in the U. S. mails.

An obscenity charge is not a pleasant thing. It conjures up visions of postcard peddlers and seducers of children. For a time, I hesitated to consult my own attorney, feeling that he might tell me that he could not or would not become involved in a case of this kind. I will be forever grateful for the fact that he was outraged not at me but at the post-office action. He pointed out to me that any words or expressions I might have used were undoubtedly included in many books that are widely published and freely sold at bookshops and through the mails—and, surely, that which is allowed in print for general sale could not be considered criminal in private correspondence between mature adults. This seemed logical beyond question—and I spent several months in the calm belief that the law could not be so illogical.

The attorney and I were in for a series of brutal shocks. I think I was possibly better prepared for them than he was. I had heard the post-office inspectors talk, and he had not. The inspectors emphasized that the presence of any *one* of the common four-letter Anglo-Saxon words in a letter, in whatever context, was proof of the obscenity of that letter and could be considered grounds for prosecution.

I was charged with violation of U. S. Code, Title 18, Section 1461—of having "knowingly" deposited materials "declared . . . to be" obscene in the U. S. mails. I would object to the word "knowingly," for I did not then know that what is acceptable for passage through the mails in published form is objectionable in a private communication. If I had published the material, I might have been protected by the "work considered as a whole" yardstick, since the letters ranged from aesthetics to theology, from Mozart to current events.

My attorney and I had thought that a judicial hearing might be preferable to a jury trial in a matter so surcharged with prejudice and feeling as "obscenity." We had little opportunity to reflect on our error. The judge fully accepted the post-office standard and ruled out any evidence of any kind bearing upon what was permissible in other circumstances,

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or pertaining to the kind, intent or nature of the correspondence. The trial was over in 20 minutes. I was given a one-year sentence and placed on probation. We filed notice of appeal, but after my attorney had examined the very few precedents in the little-known area of private correspondence, he felt that we would have little chance unless we were prepared to appeal our case all the way to the U. S. Supreme Court. The enormous costs involved were beyond my resources (even though my employers and many friends had volunteered to assist), and we dropped the case.

An aftermath of this case is that a number of my friends, whose addresses or letters were seized at my home, have had "visits" by post-office inspectors. Since our letters had never gotten on the subject of sex, all except one escaped with no worse consequences than an "official visit." That one, however, is a tragedy far beyond anything else that occurred. He was in a teaching and counseling position in a Western state. No charges could be brought against him under post-office regulations, but the "official visit," details of which were leaked to the newspapers by the post-office inspectors, was grounds for the ultimate punishment of anyone in public life—loss of job "under suspicion."

The postal inspectors who arrested me and who were quite talkative during our trip to the police station told me that 90 percent of their activity was devoted to investigating private correspondence, and that every raid netted them from three to ten good leads. A Government witness revealed at my trial that my mail had been "covered" for more than a year before my arrest, because I had been in correspondence with an unnamed suspected person.

Later, a further aspect of this hidden iceberg came to view. On February 23, 1965, Henry B. Montague, chief postal inspector, admitted before a Congressional hearing in Washington that as many as 750 persons a day were kept under mail surveillance. He significantly made no reference to sexual matters, but said that the list "contained names of persons under investigation for internal security and in connection with organized crime."

What it boils down to is this: The post office has been challenged in the field of *publication* rights and the challengers have won. This apparently has not happened in the area of private correspondence, so ordinary citizens are denied freedoms granted to publishers.

The actual criterion for determining obscenity in private letters is still, as the postal inspectors told me, the presence of *one* forbidden word. This confounds reason and logic—but it exists.

I believe, with Justices Black and Douglas, that the right of free speech is

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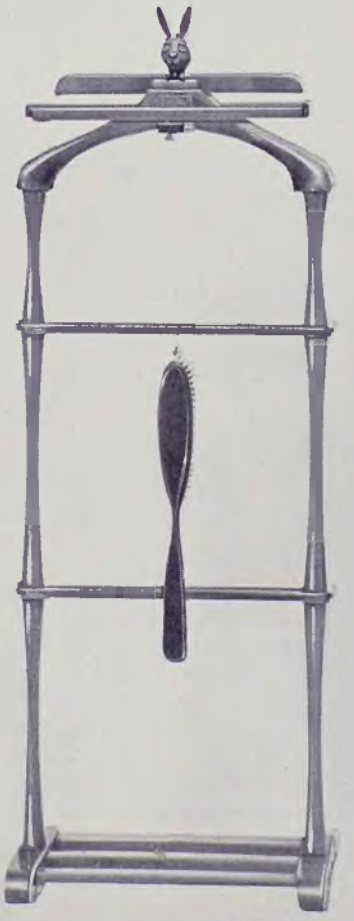

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an absolute. But this right, at present, does not extend to private correspondence.

Just think of the love letters that could lead to a prison term!

(Name and address withheld by request)

This letter is a frightening testimonial to the suppressive, pseudolegal methods presently being employed against common citizens by certain persons in positions of power within the U. S. Postal Department. The idea of applying one standard of what constitutes legal obscenity to publicly printed periodicals and books, and a different, more restrictive standard to private correspondence, beggars credulity. Indeed, there would seem to be serious question as to whether or not the constitutionally protected right of privacy would prohibit the Government from any prosecution of citizens for alleged obscenity in personal communications.

The question was raised in the Federal courts in 1963, but the result was inconclusive. A man in Connecticut was convicted for writing a letter to the wife of a friend, in which he discussed more frankly than fastidiously personal matters relating to sex. The case was appealed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals (U. S. vs. Darnell), where the conviction was upheld, but the majority clearly was uneasy about its decision. "This is a result which we cannot view with satisfaction," they said, ". . . particularly when it involves merely use of coarse language for which the writer could have substituted more refined phraseology had he been so minded." But, they went on to say, "It is not appropriate for a constitutionally 'inferior' Federal court to set itself against legislation so strongly buttressed as this now is, however distasteful enforcement may be in a particular instance."

The dissenting opinion of Judge Leonard P. Moore was even more forcefully stated:

> *Within the framework of this rather simple state of facts, I find disturbing consequences. . . . The purpose of the letter is informational; the primary subject matter, homosexuality. The general character and tone of the letter is not elevated by the use of two words, quite Chaucerian in character, which are employed to describe rather specifically the areas of these anatomical preferences. Probably had the defendant added parenthetically "in the words of Chaucer," all would have been well, but probably neither writer nor addressee had taken a course in Chaucer. Had . . . the defendant employed the physiological or anatomical terms to be found in Gray's "Anatomy," he undoubtedly would not have found himself in the toils*

(continued on page 208)

Playboy Club News

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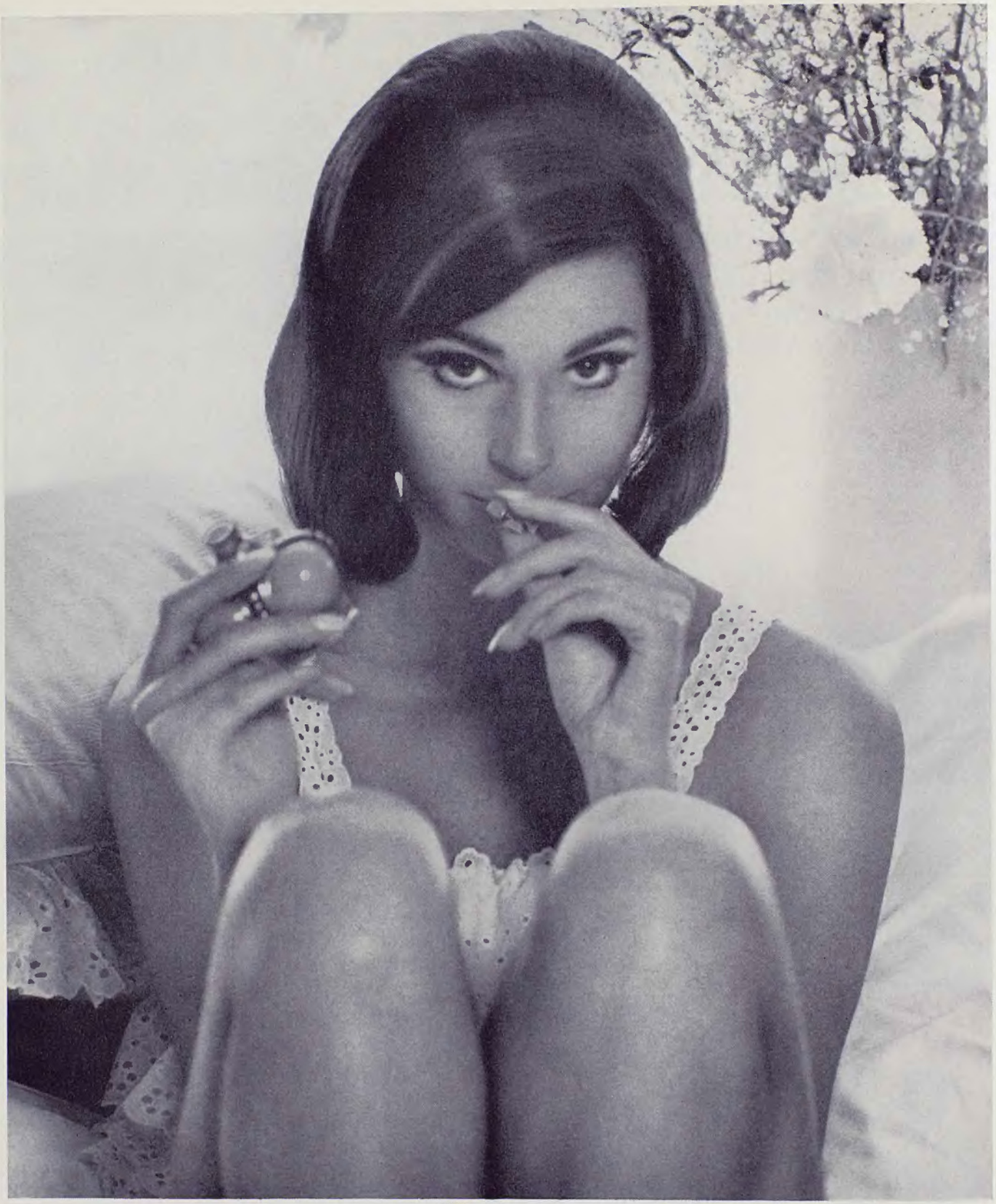

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PRINCESS GRACE

a candid conversation with the regal consort of monaco's prince rainier

Ten years ago, in an MGM picture called "The Swan," Alec Guinness played the courtly prince of a fairy-tale kingdom who marries a beautiful commoner. Five days after its premiere, the movie's improbable cliché of the story line was re-enacted in real life: Guinness' costar, a cool, blue-eyed blonde named Grace Kelly, gave up her flourishing film career to become the consort of the absolute monarch of the principality of Monaco, a Graustarkian 390-acre realm half the size of New York's Central Park. Perched scenically on the Côte d'Azur between Nice and the Italian Riviera, bypassed by the tide of world events during most of its eight-century history, tiny Monaco—with its opulent Casino, emerald harbor and white beaches—had become in recent decades an elegantly antiquated playground for the diminishing ranks of international café society. But when Prince Rainier III announced his storybook betrothal to a regnant queen of Hollywood, the diminutive dominion found itself basking suddenly in the unfamiliar glare of world-wide publicity. Its huge palace, once described by Alfred Hitchcock as "a run-down post office," was redecorated for the royal wedding; the pitted streets of Monte Carlo were patched and festooned with bunting; and hundreds of newsmen, photographers, TV camera crews and rubbernecking tourists descended on Monaco to watch, along with the principality's 27,000 inhabitants, as the sole surviving scion of the ancient House of Grimaldi, a holder of 139 titles, bestowed a new one on his 26-year-old bride from Philadelphia: Her Most Serene Highness Princess Grace of Monaco.

It was to be her most demanding role—but one for which she might almost be said to have been typecast, by nature as well as by MGM. Though not a blueblood—her Irish father, despite a self-made $18,000,000 fortune, had begun his contracting career as a lowly bricklayer—she was born with a patrician profile and a demure demeanor that gentle rearing and genteel schooling refined into a well-bred bearing as finely honed as any Main Line debutante's. Refusing to content herself, like so many of her finishing-school-mates, with the postgraduate role of social butterfly, she set out for New York at 17—determined to "find herself"—and signed up for a two-year curriculum at the prestigious American Academy of Dramatic Arts, earning her tuition money with part-time photographic modeling for fashion and cosmetic ads.

Before long she was appearing regularly, if only in walk-ons and bit parts, in live TV dramas—making little money and less impact on the reviewers, but gaining invaluable experience for the bigger and better roles she coveted. They were soon to come. Longing to taste the special excitement of performing before a live audience—but mostly to remain solvent during the rerun season—she deserted the tube, and the Great White Way, for a cross-country stint on the summer-stock circuit. Graduating to supporting parts, Grace Kelly began to be mentioned, and sometimes even applauded, by the critics. Then, just before she turned 20, came an early birthday present: a featured role on Broadway opposite Raymond Massey in Strindberg's "The Father." Heartbreakingly, for her, the play folded after only two months; but Grace didn't have long to grieve, for her performance had been seen and appreciated by a man who, though he didn't know it then, was about to rechart the entire course of her life in ways that a Hollywood hack would have dismissed as too wildly improbable a plot line even for a children's fairy tale. The man was an executive for 20th Century-Fox with a firm, if less than thrilling, offer of a very minor speaking part in a B suspense picture called "Fourteen Hours." Though she wasn't enchanted by the thought of abandoning the intellectual ferment of theatrical Manhattan for the so-called creative Sahara of Southern California, she decided to accept the role; she could always act and run, she reasoned. She went to Hollywood and made the movie in 1951—but like so many other screenophobic New York stagefolk lured west for a single film, she found herself staying on, and on—at first just for one more picture, a meatier part, this one as the long-suffering Quaker wife of Gary

"One has to choose in life. When I was acting, I wasn't a very happy person. It isn't much fun to have success and no one to share it with. Now I have a very full and happy life. Much too full."

"I don't think birth control is something one can say arbitrarily should or shouldn't be practiced. As adult human beings, we should be able to decide such a personal thing for ourselves."

"I miss a lot about the United States. I miss a certain American attitude toward things. I get homesick for the American approach, which is more direct and a little easier, perhaps."

Cooper in "High Noon." When this classic Western turned out to be not only a box-office smash but also a resounding critical success, Grace was transfigured almost overnight into a burgeoning movie star, and before you could say "hot property," the 22-year-old Irish bricklayer's daughter was signed to a fat seven-year contract with MGM.

After one last futile fling at the Broadway stage—in a turkey ironically entitled "To Be Continued," which wasn't—she returned to Hollywood determined to establish her credentials as a screen actress. She did so in her next film, wining an Oscar nomination in 1953 for her subtly modulated performance in "Mogambo" as the provocative hypotenuse of a triangle between a predatory white hunter (Clark Gable) and her ineffectual husband on an African safari. Next came a pair of Alfred Hitchcock thrillers, both in 1954: "Dial M for Murder," in which she played the intended victim of a homicidal husband (Ray Milland); and "Rear Window," in which she flirted with death yet again, this time at the hands of a psychotic wife-dismemberer, as James Stewart's intrepid girlfriend and partner in crime detection. "The charismatic combination of freshness, ladylike virtue and underlying sex appeal which she exudes with such style and self-assurance," as one critic described it, had already become her trademark for millions of movie fans.

In her very next film, however, as if to confound their expectations—and those of reviewers who had become fond of saying about her things like, "Though Miss Kelly has little to do but look lovely, she does it with aristocratic aplomb"—she played the dowdy, downbeat title role in "The Country Girl." Her depressingly believable performance won her an Academy Award as the best actress of 1954. Not content to rest on her well-earned laurels and wait for a good script, she made a fourth picture that year: "Green Fire," a steamy jungle potboiler that added little luster to her stardom. In it, reverting to stereotype as a coolly beautiful but headstrong Brazilian coffee-plantation owner, she fought to transcend the banality of the scenario no less valiantly than to tame the wilderness—unfortunately with less success. In "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," she fared only slightly better as the demure, dutiful, quietly courageous wife of a Korea jet pilot (William Holden) who was shot down over enemy lines. "High Society," her first and only musical comedy, found her cast as a two-dimensional socialite type opposite Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra. Though her best lines were in her profile, she displayed an engaging comic flair that spurred producers to begin offering her light-comedy roles as well as straight dramatic parts.

But she never got the chance to consider either, for later that same year, on a trip to Europe, stopping off in Monaco on a picture-taking publicity session for Paris Match, *she was taken to the palace and introduced, as a diplomatic courtesy, to Prince Rainier. Despite gushing fan-magazine reports to the contrary, no romantic sparks flew at this first brief meeting, though they liked each other well enough to date two or three times before her return to Hollywood. On a state visit to the U.S. a few months later, however, the Prince was a house guest at the Kelly home in Philadelphia, and a few weeks after that their engagement was announced. Then came "The Swan," her swan song for the screen, and finally the klieg-lit carnival of the royal wedding.*

In the decade since that historic day, both Hollywood and Philadelphia have been left far behind. She took naturally and happily to the role of wife and mother—bearing her husband three children, including an all-important heir, seven-year-old Prince Albert. But her adjustment has been slow and difficult to the elaborate protocol and politesse of princesshood, to the myriad diplomatic burdens and social constraints of her official role as consort, to the parochial atmosphere and attitudes of an old-fashioned European town after a lifetime in the cosmopolitan U.S., and to the impossibility of living like an ordinary citizen, or even like an ordinary ex–movie star. But after ten years in the role—almost interrupted in 1962 by a brief flirtation with the idea of returning to films for a one-shot as the star of Hitchcock's "Marnie," a scheme vetoed at the last minute by her husband—friends say she seems, at 36, to have come to terms with her past and present, to have accepted finally the burdens and sacrifices of her new life, to have acquired a new poise, a quiet self-assurance which enables her not only to meet but to relish her royal responsibilities.

Among them is the task of winnowing through the hundreds of interview requests with which she's inundated from all over the world. Her crowded schedule of state duties and Monegasque charity work permits her to accept only a handful of them in the course of a year. PLAYBOY*'s is one of the few to which she has consented in recent months. Through her appointments secretary, we were advised that Princess Grace would expect us to call on her at the palace in the late afternoon on a date about one month hence—her earliest uncommitted time—when she would be able to spare us the hours between tea and cocktails. Arriving at the appointed time, we were ushered into a lavish, high-ceilinged drawing room where we found the Princess—behind horn-rimmed glasses—poring over her correspondence at an antique escritoire. Looking up as we entered, she removed her horn rims, smiled impersonally, rose from her chair, greeted us and invited us to take a seat. After a few minutes of polite amenities, her veneer of diplomatic reserve began to dissolve when we discovered that we shared mutual friends in the New York theater. Ice duly broken, we turned on the tape machine and began the interview.*

PLAYBOY: What are your duties and obligations as Monaco's Princess?

PRINCESS GRACE: My first duty is as wife and mother to my children. I also have many official duties: I'm president of the Monegasque Red Cross, and the principality is so small that I am really involved in most of the social and charitable work here as far as children and old people are concerned. I'm also honorary president of the girl scouts, and I'm building a new nursery for children. I'm also interested in promoting handwork by artisans, particularly local crafts such as ceramics, pottery and hand weaving. Recently I opened a foundation which will try to promote handicraft. I want to give our artisans the opportunity to show their work.

PLAYBOY: Would you describe a day at the palace?

PRINCESS GRACE: Every day is so different. I rise fairly early. Often I'll spend the whole day in the office, see my mail, entertain visitors in the afternoon. Monday mornings I'm concerned with problems of the household, with what receptions are being held that week. We have lunch with our children as often as possible. Three afternoons a week I receive people who have requested audiences for one reason or another. I'm also busy with plans for the celebration of this year's centenary of Monte Carlo, which was created by Prince Charles, my husband's great-great-grandfather.

PLAYBOY: What is the origin of Prince Rainier's family tree?

PRINCESS GRACE: The House of Monaco is that of the Grimaldi family, whose history is linked with the principality. It came into being in Genoa, where the first member of historical note, Otto Canella, was born around the 11th Century. The descendants of Otto took as their family name the first name of Otto's youngest son, Grimaldo, who distinguished himself as ambassador to Frederick Barbarossa and Manuel Comnenus, emperor of Byzantium. At the end of the 13th Century, the struggles between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, political factions in Genoa, forced the Grimaldis into exile, and they took refuge in Provence. François Grimaldi, disguised in a monk's robe, succeeded in infiltrating a group of his partisans into the fortress of Monaco, which they took by surprise. Thus did the Grimaldi family retake possession of the place in which they were to found a dynasty. The coat of arms of this line of princes—two monks brandishing swords—perpetuates the

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memory of this event. During the last hundred years, the rulers have been Prince Charles III, Albert I and Louis II. The destiny of the principality has been in the hands of Prince Rainier III, my husband, since 1949.

PLAYBOY: Who introduced you to your husband? Was there a matchmaker of any sort?

PRINCESS GRACE: Pierre Galante of the French magazine *Paris Match* was the one who introduced me to the Prince.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in the institution of matchmaking?

PRINCESS GRACE: It depends on the individual. I believe in the timing of people meeting; if I had met the Prince ten years before I met him, it would not have had the same effect. When we met we were both ready to get married. It just happened that way.

PLAYBOY: Your marriage has been described as a "fairy-tale romance." Has it ever seemed that way to you?

PRINCESS GRACE: I've never seen anything fairy-talish about it, no.

PLAYBOY: What was the most unusual gift you received for your wedding?

PRINCESS GRACE: We received everything from a hundred chickens to a lion and a bear. The chickens are gone, but the lion and the bear are still here in the Prince's zoo.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel any animosity toward those royal families who didn't attend the wedding?

PRINCESS GRACE: It made no difference to me. I didn't know them before.

PLAYBOY: With which of the European royal families are you friendly?

PRINCESS GRACE: We're very friendly with the queen of Spain, who is the godmother of our little boy. We're also friendly with the Greek and Rumanian royal families.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to get used to royal life in Monaco?

PRINCESS GRACE: Well, it was quite a change; I had always lived in big cities. I had also spent nearly ten years acting; it was quite a change from an actor's life to civilian life, so to speak. But the biggest change was being married. This was the biggest adjustment. There were so many changes to be made all at once.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss the United States?

PRINCESS GRACE: I miss a lot about the United States. Most of all, I miss my family.

PLAYBOY: Has your relationship with your family changed since you became a princess?

PRINCESS GRACE: They probably tease me a little bit more than they used to. But other than that, nothing has changed. We're always teasing one another, mostly my sisters and brother. But I don't get to see them often enough. I also miss lots of my friends back in the U. S. And I miss a certain American attitude toward things. I enjoy my life here very much, but there is quite a different outlook and a different approach to life in Europe. At times I get homesick for the American approach, which is more direct, a little easier, perhaps.

PLAYBOY: Since you aren't a native-born Monegasque, are you regarded by any of your subjects as a foreigner or an outsider?

PRINCESS GRACE: Oh yes, certainly, very much so. People were terribly sweet and wonderful to me when I arrived, and greeted me most warmly and affectionately, but there are certain people who still consider me a foreigner. When I go to New York, headwaiters will speak French to me, and when I'm in Europe, they will speak English.

PLAYBOY: Are you fluent in French?

PRINCESS GRACE: I'm still working at it.

PLAYBOY: As a girl born in Philadelphia who has lived in New York and Hollywood, don't you find Monaco at times a bit too small and parochial?

PRINCESS GRACE: It does seem small, yes. It *is* a very small town and, like all small towns, there is often a small-town attitude; one is not as free as in a big town. In my position here, everyone knows what I do at every moment.

PLAYBOY: Does this make you uncomfortable?

PRINCESS GRACE: It's been a little difficult for me to get used to. But I can come and go about Monaco more or less as I like, without inconvenience—except in the summertime, when a great many tourists and visitors come here. If I take a walk, I'll have 50 or 100 of them trailing me, taking pictures and asking for autographs.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever wished you could be just plain Grace Kelly again?

PRINCESS GRACE: I have no interest in going back. My life now is too full. I was very "plain" back in Philadelphia; I don't think I'd like to go back to that again. Before my marriage, I was very much a 20th Century modern young woman. I was very independent, which I enjoyed very much. But too much independence for a woman I don't think brings so much happiness.

PLAYBOY: If your daughter wanted to be a movie star, would you object?

PRINCESS GRACE: I think so, yes—although her father would object to it before I could. It isn't the life one would choose for one's daughter. I know my mother didn't choose it for me. When I was in the theater, I longed only to be on the stage. I got into films afterward.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever regret giving up your film career?

PRINCESS GRACE: No, I was only sorry to stop just when I was beginning to learn what it was all about. But acting is a wonderful career and I do miss it at times. But my life now is much fuller in every sense.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss Hollywood?

PRINCESS GRACE: No, I don't. I'd like to see some of my friends there, but as a city, I don't miss it at all.

PLAYBOY: Do you still receive fan mail from the U. S.?

PRINCESS GRACE: Yes, I get quite a bit. I get many requests for pictures, autographs, and so forth and I fulfill them as best I can.

PLAYBOY: Do you still get movie offers?

PRINCESS GRACE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever tempted to accept any of them?

PRINCESS GRACE: Well, I love acting, and certainly I would love to continue. But one has to choose in life. When I was acting, I wasn't a very happy person. It isn't much fun to have success and no one to share it with. Right now I have a very full and happy life. Much *too* full and much too busy. I don't have time for all the things I would like to do.

PLAYBOY: Would your husband oppose your resuming an acting career?

PRINCESS GRACE: Yes, because, first of all, it would be very difficult. I wouldn't have the time. I have three children. I have the Red Cross and many other activities. I just would never be able to get three months together to be able to do a picture.

PLAYBOY: Even if it were shot in Monaco?

PRINCESS GRACE: How can I be Princess in the palace and run down to the set and make a film in Monaco? It's not possible.

PLAYBOY: Do your children know that their mother was a famous movie star?

PRINCESS GRACE: They've seen some of my pictures. They were very pleased and excited about it. They saw *High Noon* and *To Catch a Thief*.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan to have any more children?

PRINCESS GRACE: I don't know. I have three now, which is quite a nice number. It would be nice to have more, but I don't know.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about birth control?

PRINCESS GRACE: As a Catholic, I have mixed viewpoints about it. Certainly *something* will have to be done about it. It's a problem that needs studying, and is being studied by the Catholic Church, very wisely. But I don't think it's something one can say arbitrarily should or shouldn't be practiced; it should be left to people to decide for themselves. As adult human beings, we should be able to decide such a personal thing for ourselves.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that birth-control information should be made available to the general public?

PRINCESS GRACE: Definitely.

PLAYBOY: Do you favor the use of birth-control pills?

PRINCESS GRACE: Well, the pill does not exist in France, because it is a Catholic

country; these problems are hardly even discussed. But I know from English people and my American friends that the pill is being used increasingly by people who can *afford* to have children. The big problem is for the ignorant masses of people who *can't* afford to. This is the problem.

PLAYBOY: Do you foresee a change in Vatican policy toward birth control?

PRINCESS GRACE: I don't know, but I hope something will be done—for the benefit of the many who really need it.

PLAYBOY: Have you met Pope Paul?

PRINCESS GRACE: No, but I met Pope John. He was a charming man, a wonderful, warm human being, full of goodness.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that Pope Paul continues the spirit of liberal reform and brotherhood enunciated by John in his *Pacem in Terris*?

PRINCESS GRACE: Yes, I do. I thought the Pope's visit to New York a thrilling and wonderful gesture; I hope and pray that mankind can heed his demand for peace. And I certainly feel that he champions both freedom of religion and tolerance of other faiths.

PLAYBOY: Do you know General de Gaulle?

PRINCESS GRACE: I've met the general on several occasions. He is a great man. I admire him very much.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about De Gaulle's hostility toward the United States?

PRINCESS GRACE: I am naturally saddened by General de Gaulle's attitude toward the U. S. and the strong feeling of anti-Americanism that exists in France.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for it?

PRINCESS GRACE: These misunderstandings happen because of so many little things, sometimes insignificant ones. For the most part, Frenchmen who have been to the U. S. *like* Americans; but these are few, alas. Most Frenchmen know Americans only from those they see in Europe; and many people, when they travel, behave differently than they do when they're at home. But this pertains to everyone, not only to Americans. As a matter of fact, I find the behavior of other nationalities far more tiresome abroad than that of American tourists. I think Americans are misunderstood. For example, in America one tries to save time. You cut your telephone conversations short because time is short and you think you're doing someone a favor if you save him time. The French don't understand this. The more time you can give them, the more you can talk to them, the more flattering it is. Americans are perhaps a little more direct and abrupt, and the French mistake this for rudeness.

PLAYBOY: Apart from his attitude toward America, do you think De Gaulle has been a good president?

PRINCESS GRACE: Yes, I think De Gaulle has done a great deal for France and for the Frenchman; and I do not think

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there can be a more difficult people to govern. Everyone in France is deeply concerned as to what will happen after De Gaulle. It is a tremendous problem. For one thing, Europeans are reluctant to give responsibility to young men; and for another, the Communists in France are much too well organized to suit me.

PLAYBOY: Do you know President Johnson?

PRINCESS GRACE: I've met him briefly.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of him?

PRINCESS GRACE: He's a very warm person with a very outgoing personality, and I think he's a very capable executive. But I don't always agree with American foreign policy, so it's difficult for me to comment too much.

PLAYBOY: What in particular don't you agree with?

PRINCESS GRACE: Vietnam. The U.S. has made some bad errors there, to my way of thinking. I think the Americans were very fooled by Madame Nhu. The newspapers made her out to be a wicked "Dragon Lady," which maybe she was. But was she any worse than those who have followed? And the fact that the Buddhists were infiltrated with Communists did not seem to have an effect on the American attitude toward them. And the American role in the *coup d'état* there was shocking. So many mistakes have been committed. How does one go back and undo them?

PLAYBOY: If you were in the United States today, would you have joined the students, professors and others who are advocating that the U.S. pull out of Vietnam?

PRINCESS GRACE: I would have to know more about their motives. What can the Americans actually do in Vietnam? At this point, they can't just pull out and go away.

PLAYBOY: Then you think that the U.S. has a right to be there?

PRINCESS GRACE: Well, *someone* has to be there.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the American policy of escalation in Vietnam is justified? Will it help bring the Vietcong to the conference table?

PRINCESS GRACE: I don't know. Things are in such a bad way now that I don't know how a satisfactory solution can be found. I leave that to bigger brains than mine.

PLAYBOY: Your neighbor France favors the admission of Red China to the UN. Do you?

PRINCESS GRACE: I feel it is difficult to ignore a nation of 700,000,000 people; yet one cannot admit them on their terms. I am only bewildered as to why Red China would like to be accepted into an organization dedicated to peace when they want war so badly.

PLAYBOY: Are you in favor of Western trade relations with Red China—or with any other Communist countries?

PRINCESS GRACE: No.

PLAYBOY: The U.S. has been criticized at various times for its support of dictatorial regimes—such as that of Franco Spain—simply because they are anti-Communist. What are your feelings?

PRINCESS GRACE: Some countries at certain times *need* dictatorships. As for Franco, I feel he has done a lot for Spain and its people.

PLAYBOY: Are you deeply and personally interested in international politics?

PRINCESS GRACE: Yes and no. I sort of get disgusted. I can go along only so far. People do such foolish things and then I lose interest.

PLAYBOY: Then let's turn to Monegasque affairs. What are the facts behind your husband's much-publicized conflict with Aristotle Onassis?

PRINCESS GRACE: My husband thinks that Onassis does not do enough for the development of Monte Carlo.

PLAYBOY: You mean that he doesn't invest enough in Monaco?

PRINCESS GRACE: That's right. I don't think that Mr. Onassis' investment in the Société des Bains de Mer of Monte Carlo is of very great importance to his over-all empire. He has so many more and bigger investments than Monte Carlo. I feel that his ownership of the majority of shares, and therefore a controlling interest, in the Casino of Monte Carlo has been more for his own amusement than a serious business affair. It's hard for someone to remain deeply concerned with something that was once fun but now gives him problems.

PLAYBOY: We understand Onassis also opposes Prince Rainier's plan to "popularize" Monte Carlo to attract the tourist trade. What do these plans involve?

PRINCESS GRACE: There are interesting plans to *modernize* certain parts of the principality, but Monte Carlo should never and could never be another St.-Tropez; the two places are too different and each one has its particular charm. Monte Carlo must remain elegant and a little old-fashioned. Everyone is not of my opinion, unfortunately. We often have to fight to try to keep many people who are eager for a fast dollar from cheapening the tone of Monte Carlo. It is a hard fight.

PLAYBOY: Are you on speaking terms with Onassis?

PRINCESS GRACE: Yes. I haven't seen him in several months, though.

PLAYBOY: Is it mostly a business feud, then?

PRINCESS GRACE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Maria Callas is a mutual friend of yours and Onassis'. What do you think of her as a singer and a person?

PRINCESS GRACE: I think she is a very great artist, and as a person I find her to be a nice, warm, and very honest, forthright person. She says what she thinks and what she feels, which is a quality I admire very much.

PLAYBOY: Do you do the same?

PRINCESS GRACE: Not quite as openly, perhaps.

PLAYBOY: You mean for diplomatic reasons?

PRINCESS GRACE: No, it's a question of temperament, I think.

PLAYBOY: Don't you ever get your "Irish" up?

PRINCESS GRACE: Oh, yes, that comes out by itself.

PLAYBOY: You said some time ago, "We have lost the joy of creation, and people have no challenges." What did you mean by that?

PRINCESS GRACE: I said that as far as modern-day life is concerned. For a woman today, there aren't as many challenges to one's creative instincts as before. I mean, everything is made too easy. It has to be, because modern woman has so much to do; she has to be not only a wife, mother, cook and housekeeper, but many things. And I think that the American woman does it better than most anyone else, though it's happening all over the world now—all over Europe, too. But we live at such a rapid pace that there isn't enough time to enjoy the everyday pleasures.

PLAYBOY: You have described yourself as a pessimist. Are you really?

PRINCESS GRACE: Yes, I guess it's kind of an inverted optimism. Because I am pessimistic, I always expect the worst. When it doesn't happen, I have a nice surprise.

PLAYBOY: Are you happy, then?

PRINCESS GRACE: Well, I don't expect to be; I don't look for happiness. So perhaps I am very content in life, in a way.

PLAYBOY: How would you define happiness?

PRINCESS GRACE: I suppose being at peace with yourself, not anxiously seeking for something, not being frantic about not having something.

PLAYBOY: Are you at peace with yourself?

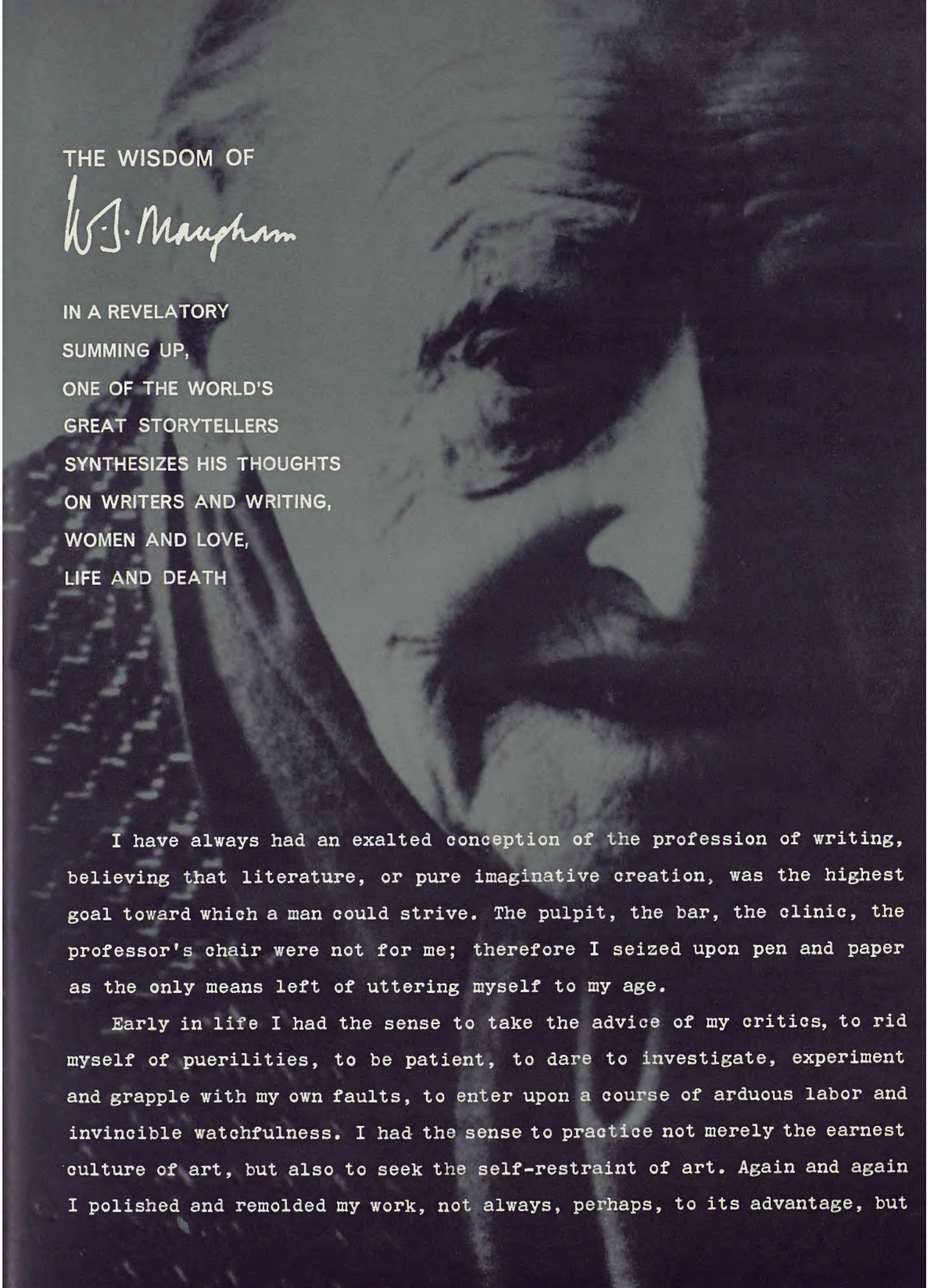
PRINCESS GRACE: Well, I understand myself. But I argue with myself all the time, so I guess I'm not really at peace.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt the need of a psychiatrist?

PRINCESS GRACE: Well, for the moment I seem to be getting along all right. So far, so good.

PLAYBOY: Since you haven't found peace of mind, what do you think will help you achieve it?

PRINCESS GRACE: Well, I have many unfulfilled ambitions in life. If, God willing, I can keep my health and strength and manage to pull myself out of bed in the morning, some of them may be realized.



THE WISDOM OF W. Somerset Maugham

IN A REVELATORY
SUMMING UP,
ONE OF THE WORLD'S
GREAT STORYTELLERS
SYNTHESIZES HIS THOUGHTS
ON WRITERS AND WRITING,
WOMEN AND LOVE,
LIFE AND DEATH

I have always had an exalted conception of the profession of writing, believing that literature, or pure imaginative creation, was the highest goal toward which a man could strive. The pulpit, the bar, the clinic, the professor's chair were not for me; therefore I seized upon pen and paper as the only means left of uttering myself to my age.

Early in life I had the sense to take the advice of my critics, to rid myself of puerilities, to be patient, to dare to investigate, experiment and grapple with my own faults, to enter upon a course of arduous labor and invincible watchfulness. I had the sense to practice not merely the earnest culture of art, but also to seek the self-restraint of art. Again and again I polished and remolded my work, not always, perhaps, to its advantage, but

always with the intent of making it more perfect, more complete and concise in literary workmanship. In all my work I have tried as well to touch many classes of readers and many varieties of mind. I can be severely simple and chastely sensuous, classic and grotesque, subtle and passionate, passing with perfect mastery from love to dialectics, from the wail of a somber pessimism to the exaltation and rapture of a triumphant lover. I can even be humorous, too. It is probably in this diversity of gifts that the secret of my wide popularity is to be found. Yet my rise to international fame was comparatively slow. I never obtruded myself as a novelist nor made bids for critical appreciation. Those who were most deeply interested in literature and who came to know me early and well scarcely thought of me as a writer. But I gradually endeared myself to the readers who read my work and saw my plays, and by almost imperceptible degrees I came to be generally recognized as a worthy member of the literary profession.

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MY SERENE EQUIPOISE of faculty and my supreme artistic sense have enabled me to succeed equally in fiction, drama and essay. I see everything through the medium of an intense and searching imagination. All my personal sensations are magnified into the same gigantic proportions, now lurid, now grotesque, by the same atmosphere of imagination through which they are perceived. My sensitiveness is extreme, even terrible. I possess a rugged independence of nature, native pride, a sense of the elemental in human life, a power of poignant realism, a rare depth and delicacy of sentiment.

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I AM A WRITER not only by choice and cultivation, but always and uncontrollably by high compulsion. And I write more for my own pleasure than with the artistic restraint and carefulness which the sense of public praise and criticism impose. Yet I have approached life not with the hot and hasty zeal of the impressionist, but with the cool eye of the consummate artist. Every sketch of life which I have written, whether of the commonplace or the extraordinary, is finished with skill and has the crowning merit of absolute fidelity, accuracy and truth. I have been keenly alive to the intellectual and social movements of my time, and have endeavored to reflect them. I also have been an observant student of life, as all true writers must be, and have constructed a huge gallery of human portraits, representing many types, and arranged with artistic instinct and consummate skill. A true novelist is a master of portraiture. My mind is one of the most fertile of minds; not so much in the matter of industrious production as in the much rarer function of begetting great seminal ideas, which reproduce themselves over the entire area of modern literature. Coherence marks these ideas, for the main principles of my philosophy are so simple and so definite, that from my earliest writings to my last there is perfect unity. I have tried to enlarge the potentialities of language, articulation and expression, as every literary artist does, and in precision, splendor and suggestiveness of phrase I have attempted to stand unapproached. I am fastidious to what seems to some men an absolutely absurd degree over the honor of my independence. I act with implicit obedience on my intuition. I have the prophet's stern simplicity of habit. And I am impelled to utterance by an imperious instinct for truth.

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MY ONLY PASSION is a passion for truth, and to speak this with the least possible of those literary flourishes which capture popularity is my meat and drink. Into his writing a writer must put his subtlest and deepest thought, with delicate attention to phrase and perfect adherence to the laws of construction; but he must put a higher value on the thought than the method or manner of its expression. With me the sense is more than the sound, the substance is more than the form, the moral significance is more than the rhetorical adornment. I am not indifferent to the art and music of words, but I habitually treat them as of secondary importance. Many authors fail in any large degree to charm the ear of that wide public who care less for the thought that is uttered than for the manner of its utterance. While some authors prove themselves greater artists, others prove themselves the greater minds. A great mind brings to the work of the writer a keen and subtle intellect, a penetrating insight, the experience of a citizen of the world, and in all things the original force of a powerful individuality. If he does not know how to deliver his message to the popular ear, he will entirely fail to obtain popularity. The successful will tell you that "success is the unfailing reward of merit." The world too readily believes the platitude. The test of popularity is at all times an imperfect test, and in many cases is wholly inadequate and unsatisfactory as an index of one's true position in the literature of our day. The influence of a writer is often out of all proportion to his popularity, and is by no means to be measured by the number of his readers, or the poverty or copiousness of public praise. Some of our highly successful writers today have succeeded in winning the affections of a large audience with their abundant humor and that indefinable charm of personality, but with very little in the way of substance besides a mild social philosophy. Thus while popularity is in itself a testimony to the possession of certain serviceable qualities, or a certain happy combination of qualities, it fails wholly as a just measurement of the real formative force which a writer may be able to exercise upon his time, and still more hopelessly as an indication of the position such a writer may take up in the unknown judgments of posterity. A man may catch the ear of the public, and win its empty plaudits, without touching in more than an infinitesimal degree the public conscience or the public thought. But to the first minds of the age, the men who lead and govern the world of thought, great writers have been and are a potent and inspiring force. They have disseminated ideas; they have pervaded the literature of our time with their influence.

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BUT I AM no more intoxicated by the wine of other men's truth than I am caught by the glitter of falsehood and sham. I follow no master, and acknowledge none. My angle of vision on all questions is my own, and what I have seen I have expressed in a fashion which decorous literary persons of the old order would have felt to be dazzlingly perverse, startling, eruptive, and even outrageous. The deeper waves of intellectual life have more often than not owed their origin to men who have quarreled with their age, and received from their contemporaries little but the thorn crown of derision—men wandering in the bitterness of exile like Dante, or starving in the scholar's garret like Spinoza. Is it so bad to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood. Most truly great writers, to whom has been committed the creative genius which opens new wells of thought and new methods of utterance, have had need to steel themselves against the indifference of their time, and to learn how to say, "None of these things bother me." They have appealed from the contemptuous ignorance of their contemporaries to the certain praises of posterity, and not in vain. Where such men find readers they make disciples, and each heart upon which the fire of their genius falls becomes consecrated to their service.

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MANY GREAT WRITERS have had the blissful unconsciousness of genius, while other great writers have had the bitter consciousness of a want of genius. The four notes of genius are originality, fertility, coherence and articulation. It is so rare a gift that we must take it on its own terms, and we cannot afford to quarrel with the conditions it may impose upon us. It speaks its own language, and is indifferent alike to the

reproach or desire of those whom it addresses. Few writers of our time have manifested great fecundity of genius, versatility of style, or capacity of industry. And fewer writers have ever had a firm faith in themselves, and have trusted fully to the secure awards of time.

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LITERATURE, like other phenomena, seems to follow some law of rhythm. Great writers appear in groups and a period of great achievement is followed by a period of lesser achievement or even barrenness. The drift of the age, too, away from idealistic philosophy, toward a materialistic science and industrialism and commercialism, tends to check artistic creation and assist this rhythmic ebb. As we look back upon the past century, we see great writers receding from the eminence which they once held into a position of historical importance. And we see other writers coming gradually into a wider acceptance, though still very far from holding a secure place among modern writers of the first order. Few of our contemporary writers have been writers primarily, and only a few of them have left any such volume of work as we are accustomed to associate with the names of great authors of the past. In quality, too, our modern literature is often like a thin wine, without body. Many things are lacking in it. Worst of all, perhaps, it lacks the feeling for artistic repose. Much of it is a great chaos. There are too many printed pages with phrases jostling each other in hopeless confusion. Doubtless the impression made is that of ceaseless movement and endless diversity, of tumultuousness and multitudinousness. It is made at a great cost of time and nerves to the reader, and with little cost to the writer. It is like the cunning painter who knows how to put vast crowds into his canvas without painting all the individuals. One of the foremost changes that has come over literature today has been the rise of what is commonly known as realism, the attempt to draw nearer to the conditions of real life. Vagueness of scene, abnormal characters, mysterious happenings have been abandoned in favor of familiar and even commonplace scenes and events. The interest of plot, with its elements of surprise and terror, has been subordinated to the interest attaching to the development of character in the midst of the actual problems of existence. In short, romanticism, or the unrestrained play of fancy, has given way to simple fidelity to fact. Concomitant with this development of the novel of character, of social problems, and of realistic scenes, there has been a marked tendency to specialize or localize. Every profession and occupation, from the priest's to the ward politician's, from the banker's to the burglar's, has been thoroughly exploited by the industrious novelist. Every section of the country, too, has found or seems destined to find, its local historian in the guise of a writer of fiction.

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I OFTEN THINK of that irritating class of people who take refuge behind the phrase "I do not know what is good or bad, but I know what I like." The phrase is a confession of either mental incapacity or of mental slothfulness. It means either "I am too stupid to think out the reason why this pleases me," or "I am too lazy to think." It is a moral duty for one to know why one likes or dislikes a thing. I do not mean that we can go to the ultimate analysis of the reasons why beauty delights and ugliness pains. I do mean that the possession of reason lays on a man a moral obligation to use it; and that so far as his individual reason can go, it is his duty to examine the grounds of his feelings. How is a man to have the courage of his dislikes if he does not know upon what they rest? It is the duty of every rational creature to have opinions. In order to have opinions it is necessary to estimate belief and feeling. In order to estimate it is needful to have standards. Literary criticism is a *written* estimate, but without definite standards there can be no measurement of work. There is no estimating the truth or falsity of anything unless there is first some idea of truth; the merit or the worthwhileness of a thing cannot be measured unless there be some ideal by which it may be judged. Until one has personal standards by which to measure life he cannot be said to have any moral identity; until he has standards by which to estimate ideas, he has no intellectual identity; until he has definite and defined standards by which to criticize literature it is hardly possible to consider that he has literary identity or that he is entitled to lay claim to any literary opinion as his own. There is unfortunately no market where standards are to be bought.

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THE GENERAL PUBLIC is neither willing nor able to enjoy genuine literary criticism, and the publishers do not give it to them. Criticism as it is today practiced as a matter of literary work, is apt to mean the writing of perfunctory book reviews, reviews of plays and motion pictures and concerts, all to entertain the reader or to provoke him to buy. There are a great many persons, moreover, who either have no time to read, or no mind to read the books of the day, yet who wish to appear to have opinions in regard to them. It is for this class that the great bulk of book reviews are written. The publisher of a newspaper or magazine is aware that by furnishing what will with the unthinking pass for opinions he can on the one hand please unintelligent subscribers and on the other gratify the book publishers from whom come advertisements. There are very many reviewers who are too honest to say a thing which they do not believe, yet who are aware that if they said all that they think they would not be able to hold their jobs for a day.

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I HAVE ALWAYS been conscious of the thought that the life of the recluse alone is favorable to literature, and that the life of action in the great centers of civilization is fatal to works of imagination. For many years I was a solitary worker, writing almost for my own pleasure, and although my writings breathe the air and silence of seclusion, I have no touch of the recluse about me. I am the child of cities, not of solitudes. It is life which fascinates me, not scenery. It is life everywhere that moves me to writing. In the crowd of men, in the tangled motives of men, in the constant dramas and tragedies bred by the passion and instincts of the human heart, I have found the food upon which my mind has thrived.

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MY NOVELS and short stories which deal with character and conduct deal with character and conduct more or less imperfect. In all such cases the blemish is laid bare with unerring accuracy. There are no glossing words to cover moral lapses, no spun purple of fine phrases to hide the hideousness of spiritual leprosy. But I describe such lives not to display their corruption, but to discover some seed of true life which may yet be hidden in them. Few lives are so evil but that some golden threads are woven in the coarse fabric; some impulses are left which, if followed, may be the clue to the uncertainties of life. The poor impulse, the one obscure, true instinct, which vibrates under a smothered or sinful nature, may be the starting point toward ideal goodness. I have shown in my novels that beneath the rough husk of lives which seem wasted, there lies hidden the true seed of a life which will one day bloom consummate in beauty. I have loved equally to take up some apparently successful life and pierce it with caustic humor, and point out its essential emptiness with a keen and stern irony—but softened by the pathos of a humanhearted pity, for every man has his faults, his failings, peculiarities, eccentricities. Every one of us finds himself irked by such failings of others, and, if we were to resent them all, life would be intolerable. If for every outburst of hasty temper and for every rudeness that wounds us in our daily path, we were to demand an apology, require an explanation, or resent it by retaliation, life would be impossible. It is wise to speak as little of the injuries you have received as of the good deeds you have done. We never show our weakness so plainly as when we exhibit impatience for the weakness of others. Social life consists in that gilded tact

which avoids contact with the sharp angularities of character, which does not seek to adjust or cure them all, but covers them as if it did not see.

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THE GIFT OF HUMOR, the sturdy fiber of his mind, his intellectual honesty, his independence, his power of contemplation, his sufficiency—not the coarse sufficiency of the vulgar egoist, but the habitual sufficiency of a well-poised and self-reliant nature—these are the distinguishing characteristics of a great writer. It is also the function of a great writer to be a seer. The faculty which pierces to the unseen, and works in constant delicate contact with the invisible, is a faculty absolutely necessary to the equipment of a true writer. He sees farther, deeper and higher than ordinary men, and interprets for the common man what he dimly feels but does not fully apprehend. Regarding them broadly, good writers are contributors, each in his way, to our national life and character—coworkers toward the one end of upbuilding a modern world of political unity and of continuous moral and intellectual growth.

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A WRITER SHOULD have the faculty of being receptive and assimilative, and should at all times assist in the spread of culture through the subtle influence of his art by not being technical, obscure, scholastic or dry. Great literature, even while it instructs, entertains by its appeal to the imagination. The force and picturesqueness of a good novelist's style go well with the independence of his opinions, and it is easy to see behind them the earnestness of the man. What the sincere novelist does is practically say to his reader, "Here is a portion of life as it seems to me it is or might be. I tell you the whole of its reality or its possibility as far as I can perceive it. What it means, what is the lesson to be drawn from it, you must discover for yourself. In the first place the emotions which I have felt in writing the tale cannot be directly expressed. I have endeavored to suggest them, and that is all that can be done by means of language. In the second place, the moral of life will be vital only to him who draws it for himself." The moral purpose which shows itself as such defeats its own object. The lesson which is elaborated for us belongs in the sermon, and sermons are apt to be of effect so transient that it is necessary to have a fresh one at least once a week. Whatever a reader is led to do for himself is more real and more vital than anything which can be done for him. Mankind will give little heed to any record of intellectual conceptions of life, while they will be moved and led by a reflection of life—in other words, by those tales which are the embodiment of human emotions and human passions. To be told what some man thinks that life should mean to us may interest but is not likely to move us deeply or to change us. But to be *shown*, vitally and vividly, what life has meant to any human being can hardly fail to reach our emotions and to affect the whole mental being. Life can teach more than any man can teach.

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A GREAT WRITER does not captivate his readers with casual brilliance, but he subdues them with a sense of infinite tranquility and refreshment. He satisfies the heart, he inspires and stimulates the thought. He ennobles and invigorates us. He advances with us as we pass into those shadows which lie about the doorways of mortality. His voice never falters in its encouragement and hope. He becomes to us more than a writer—he is our guide, philosopher and friend. We read him not once but many times, and as life advances we find that he is one of the few friends we need not cast aside.

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A GREAT WRITER exhibits variety, and this variety springs from the multiplicity of subjects in which he is interested. Nothing in the drama of human life seems to escape him. Its minutest byplay rivets his attention not less than its master passions. He writes, in fact, like a citizen of the world, with a shrewd, hard, piercing intelligence, which goes straight to the heart of things, touching them off with gentle cynicism, or laying them bare with the lightning flash of inspired insight. He is essentially dramatic, and he habitually loses himself in the individuality of the person he represents, his main question being, "Now, what did this man think, and why did he act that way?"

• • •

THERE IS NOTHING in all literary art more enticing to a novelist than the vivisection of character. A good novelist's characters are so actual, so individual, so human, that it is impossible not to feel that if one of them were pricked, real, warm human blood would flow. They exist so vividly for the author that they exist vividly for the reader and convince in spite of all the author's mannerisms. The relation of an author to his characters has been well put by Trollope, who said, "The novelist must live with his characters in the full reality of established intimacy. . . . He must learn to hate them and to love them. He must argue with them, quarrel with them, forgive them, and even submit to them."

• • •

SINCERITY is the mainspring of the writer's energy, and the burden of his message is truth. The true artist, while not ignoring the facts or ugliness, will feel his passion going out perpetually toward the fairest forms and richest aspects of things. Like all truly great artists, he must recognize the dignity and responsibility of art. Writing is as serious as life, and is to be approached with reverent purpose. Where we have morally degraded literature which is artificial and mechanical, destitute of high imagination and feeling, wrong in its ideals and misguided in its methods—it is simply because of a fault or deficiency in the writer. What is that fault? It is lack of truth and nobility of moral temper. The greatest writers have not always been good or religious men, but they have been noble-minded men. Their more perfect vision of beauty is the natural result of their profounder love of truth. The great authors were men of a noble moral temper; they saw the higher aspects of truth, and for that reason they also reached a peculiarly noble ideal of beauty. Bad literature, therefore, means either a bad age or an ignobly minded writer; or it may mean both—an age that is itself too gross to attain any high vision of truth, or to desire it, and a writer who is the product of his age, and acts in conformity with it.

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THE RESTLESS SPIRIT of our age is responsible for much. Its influence is so widespread and penetrating that it is not easy to escape it. It is in books, in newspapers, in magazines, in motion pictures and theater, in works of art, in social clubs—in short, it is everywhere. It would not be easy to describe our age in a single epithet, for it is many-sided, but whatever else it be, it is certainly sensational. Spend a day in any big city, with eyes open to observe what is passing around, and this point will impress itself. The effect of everything is to produce a certain unrest, a feverish excitement, in which there is no room for the quiet thought, the communings with self. And these are but symptoms. They reveal the nervous spirit of the age, and that spirit is unfriendly to the growth of the more solid elements of character. Excitement leaves no time for thought and reading, and is as unfriendly to the culture of the mind as of the heart.

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TO PRODUCE A GREAT PICTURE, it is necessary not merely for the artist to prepare his canvas, but to prepare himself. If a picture is not great, it is because the artist lacks moral and spiritual fiber; and no knowledge of technique, or laborious dexterity of hand, can cover this deficiency. Beauty of a mechanical or tumultuous kind there may be, but never the highest form of beauty without the noblest passion for truth. This principle can be applied to the general aspects of literature, and it is equally penetrative and infallible.

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IF TRUTH IS BEAUTY, then falsehood is ugliness; and wherever there exist things that are repulsive and disgusting, it is because of some outrage on truth. If there be a notorious violation of beauty

in literature, it is because there has been a notorious contempt for truth. What truth? The truth that man lives not by bread alone; that the soul has claims as well as the stomach; that to make money is in itself the ignoblest of pursuits; and that where money is made by the sacrifice of men, it is more wicked than war, because more deliberately cruel. It is because the world has grown in wealth, but not in character, that we have side by side the prodigality of the rich and the want of the poor; and having regard to the first alone, persuade ourselves that we live in an era of unexampled prosperity, and are blind to the realities of unexampled corruption and materialism. Everywhere through my work may be seen a protest against the commercialism and materialism, the greed and insincerity that seem to me to be the curses of our modern civilization, and to put literature, music, and all the means of aesthetic enjoyment beyond our reach. We have yet to learn the art of wise and noble living.

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THE VISION OF LIFE which shapes itself to a novelist is the vision of a world in which the intellectual is ever in peril of being throttled by the sordid. If I am an optimist, it is not because I am an idealist. The most striking thing about my optimism is that it thrives in the full knowledge of the baseness and evil of the world. I have sought to know the world in *all* its aspects, all its strange and vague contradictions; I have sought rather than shunned its sad and seamy side. Yet my knowledge of the world has never degenerated into worldliness. I have consistently *attacked* the darker and more tangled problems of human conduct. My sympathies go out irresistibly toward any sort of life, however strangely mistaken or at variance with custom, which has real, throbbing, energetic vitality in it. To me there is an overwhelming fascination in misunderstood men, and the more tangled and intricate is the problem of character and action, the more eagerly do I approach it. This tendency has led me through many of the darker labyrinths of human motive, and occasionally the riddle has not been worth the prolonged application I have devoted to it.

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THE HISTORY OF LOVE would be the history of humanity; it would be a beautiful book to write. Love has always furnished the impulse to fiction and has often been its staple. It would be difficult to find any novelist, dramatist or poet who has nothing to say of love. The divine warmth of the heart has liberated the faculties of the intellect and has given inspiration and insight to the soul. Even when the warmth has been sensuous rather than divine, it has nonetheless had some effect in the liberation of the mind. Some great poets display their

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highest genius in their love lyrics. Some of the Elizabethan writers are famous only by a single stanza, or a single poem, which expresses the passion of the human heart with such felicity, such delicate skill, such fire and tenderness, that the world cannot forget their phrases. A great writer has mastered the difficult secret of how to write voluptuously and yet retain the bloom of a delicate and almost virginal purity. He knows how to be passionate, but his passion never passes into that sensuous extravagance which is the sign of weakness. There is always a gravity and earnestness about it which preserves him from an excess which becomes ridiculous. A writer's view of love, and thus, of womanhood, affords a key to the character of his mind and the quality of his genius.

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LOVE IS MORE than wisdom, and in every line that a great author writes there beats a kindly human heart. Just as love is the most terrible of the passions, it is also the most generous. It is the only one which includes in its dreams the happiness of someone else. We all need sympathy, human kindness, cheer, fellowship, the thousand little things of human love, as we go along the dusty road of life. These small coins of affection are the brighteners of every life that is blessed by a rich friendship. It is the unceasing ministry that the heart hungers for as its daily bread—not the great and large favors, but a gentle affectionateness in a woman which shall bring cheer, inspiration, comfort, uplifting hope, and strength to one's soul every time one looks into her face. A man never knows how to live until a woman has lived with him.

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YET AN INHABITANT from another world, suddenly entering our planet, might not unreasonably suppose woman to be a new and most surprising creation, so greatly is she discussed in this age. We hear of the modern girl, the new woman, the advanced woman, the glamorous woman, the political woman, the intellectual woman, the deadlock in the attitude between mothers and daughters, and the relationship of the sexes. In every particular of woman's life there are undoubted and most marked changes. What these changes will produce ultimately, and to what extent they will be beneficial, time only can decide. But change is here present with us, it is useless to ignore it, and the question must be faced.

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SUCH VAST and fundamental changes in the whole outlook of woman's life and career could never have arisen if the want had not been general, and widespread change had not become a crying necessity. There are still some who deplore this development, who speak as if the new woman had suddenly sprung into being, and that the only result is the loss of all proper feminine feeling—whatever that rather vague definition may imply. But as a matter of fact, the new woman is the natural and necessary outcome of growth and civilization.

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ALTHOUGH THE NEW woman is inevitable, it should never be lost sight of that amid all the unrest and changing conditions, the great underlying principle of womanhood, the fundamental basis of her life and every action, far from being changed in the sense of loss, is rather deepened and intensified by the new factors which are developing her deepest and truest feelings. To properly comprehend the nature of a woman, we must search into the ruling motive of her life, and inquire what is the mainspring of nearly all her actions. There is little doubt that *love* is the actuating impulse of woman's life. It is hardly possible to conceive of a woman passing through her term of existence without manifesting love in some form. Love is as truly a necessity of her nature as the fighting combative instinct is of man's. We see the ruling tendencies displayed from earliest childhood, when little girls play together with their arms round one another's necks, while boys in the playgrounds wrestle and knock one another down. A woman lives in the world of her own heart. If she has interests, they center there. The heart of a woman never grows old; when it has ceased to love, it has ceased to live. But a man has his interests outside his affections. He is compelled to deny himself, to let the sweetest things go by.

• • •

ALL THROUGH a woman's life she is ready to give love and devotion to someone—a mother, husband, child, lover. If the legitimate sources be denied, is there not something pathetic in the affection we often see lavished upon an unresponsive cat, or dog, or bird? We laugh contemptuously at the old maid's pet, but with a little deeper reflection the profoundest sympathy might be felt. It tells such a pitiful tale of love, which imperatively demands an outlet, but which no human being wants. If, then, we admit love to be the actuating impulse of a woman's life, is it not the sentiment, or rather the force which, above all others, needs to be regulated and developed, on the lines which might and could elevate womankind—instead of being allowed to run riot, or grow to waste like an unhealthy weed? Men making use of woman's intense power of love for their own nefarious purposes weaken and coerce her whole moral nature.

• • •

TEMPORARY CHAOS is a very natural result of women first beginning to feel their power. The inherited ideas from the training of centuries of subjugation still press heavily. Women are uncertain of their ground. They feel the old conditions to be impossible, but while shaking off the yoke of men, they have scarcely yet realized that the sexes must rise or fall together. Truer views are beginning to dawn upon our vision, and deep-thinking men are fully as anxious as the most advanced woman that the relations between the sexes should be adjusted. And that woman's prevailing characteristic, instead of being allowed to work unrestrainedly to the detriment of both sexes, should develop along its legitimate lines by being held in control and influenced by the cultivation of the reasoning faculties, which alone can balance this all-dominant emotion. It will, of course, be very long before women are accustomed to the new light in which they behold themselves. And as unfamiliarity always lends a certain glamor, we may expect to find woman's vision in many cases a good deal dazzled. But with habit, and greater familiarity with the new position, this phase will pass away.

• • •

LIFE has many sweet and pleasant uses, but nothing in life is of value in itself but for what it leads to. I eagerly applaud any life that flings itself away in endeavors after the distant and unattainable, and am at all times merciful toward failure. Art is simply an aspiration; when the artist is satisfied with his work, then he has renounced all that made his art true and worthy. The mere visible results of art are worthless in themselves, and the passion of accumulating them an ignoble passion, if it has no higher purposes.

• • •

IF I HAVE BEEN A SAGE, I have been a sage for youth. Youth is our perennial idealist, and young readers feel in my books precisely the ideas that keep courage and nobility alive in the world. Even if the time should come when I shall be no longer actually needed, it seems impossible that I should be entirely forgotten. Looking back upon my work in my old age, I am disposed to regard it very modestly and to admit frankly some of its shortcomings. In my youth I had accepted the challenge of writing and literature to idealize them; in my age I see the magnitude of the attempt and wonder at my audacity.

• • •

I HAVE LEARNED the great lesson of living not for things temporal, but for things eternal. I have set myself above all to be true to my own self, and I have retained the daring of being absolutely faithful to the voice of this supreme conviction.

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THE LAST ACT fiction by Roald Dahl

the longer retribution waited, the more terrible it would have to be, for his pride had been wounded long ago and the hurt still festered in his soul

ANNA WAS IN THE KITCHEN washing a head of Boston lettuce for the family supper when the doorbell rang. The bell itself was on the wall directly above the sink, and it never failed to make her jump if it rang when she happened to be near. For this reason, neither her husband nor any of the children ever used it. It seemed to ring extra loud this time, and Anna jumped extra high.

When she opened the door, two policemen were standing outside. They looked at her out of pale waxen faces, and she looked back at them, waiting for them to say something.

She kept looking at them, but they didn't speak or move. They stood so still and so rigid that they were like two wax figures somebody had put on her doorstep as a joke. Each of them was holding his helmet in front of him in his two hands.

"What is it?" Anna said.

They were both young, and they were wearing leather gauntlets up to their elbows. She could see their enormous motorcycles propped up along the edge of the sidewalk behind them, and dead leaves were falling around the motorcycles and blowing along the sidewalk and the whole of the street was brilliant in the yellow light of a clear gusty September evening. The taller of the two policemen shifted uneasily on his feet. Then he said quietly, "Are you Mrs. Cooper, ma'am?"

"Yes, I am."

The other said, "Mrs. Edmund J. Cooper?"

"Yes." And then slowly it began to dawn upon her that these men, neither of whom seemed anxious to explain his presence, would not be behaving as they were unless they had some distasteful duty to perform.

"Mrs. Cooper," she heard one of them saying, and from the way he said it, as gently and softly as if he were comforting a sick child, she knew at once that he was going to tell her something terrible. A great wave of panic came over her, and she said, "What's happened?"

"We have to inform you, Mrs. Cooper . . ."

The policeman paused, and the woman, watching him, felt as though her whole body were shrinking and shrinking and shrinking inside its skin.

". . . that your husband was involved in an accident on the Hudson River Parkway at approximately five forty-five this evening, and died in the ambulance . . ."

The policeman who was speaking produced the crocodile wallet she had given Ed on their twentieth wedding anniversary, two years back, and as she reached out to take it, she found herself wondering whether it might not still be warm from having been close to her husband's chest only a short while ago.

"If there's anything we can do," the policeman was saying, "like calling up somebody to come over . . . some friend or relative maybe . . ."

Anna heard his voice drifting away, then fading out altogether, and it must have been about then that she began to scream. Soon she became hysterical, and the two policemen had their hands full trying to control her until the doctor arrived some forty minutes later and injected something into her arm.

She was no better, though, when she woke up the following morning. Neither her doctor nor her children were able to reason with her in any way at all, and had she not been kept under almost constant sedation for the next few days, she would undoubtedly have taken her own life. In the brief lucid periods between drug takings, she acted as though she were demented, calling out her husband's name and telling him that she was coming to join him as soon as she possibly could. It was terrible to listen to her. But in defense of her behavior, it should be said at once that this was no ordinary husband she had lost.

Anna Greenwood had married Ed Cooper when they were both eighteen, and over the time they were together, they grew to be closer and more dependent upon one another than it is possible to describe in words. Every year that went by, their love became more intense and overwhelming, and toward the end, it had reached such a ridiculous peak that it was almost impossible for them to endure the daily separation caused by Ed's departure for the office in the morning. When he returned at night he would rush through the house to seek her out, and she, who had heard the noise of the front door slamming, would drop everything and rush simultaneously in his direction, meeting him head on, recklessly, at full speed, perhaps halfway up the stairs, or on the landing, or between the kitchen and the hall; and as they came together, he would take her in his arms and hug her and kiss her for minutes on end as though she were yesterday's bride. It was so utterly unbelievably wonderful that one is very nearly able to understand why she should have had no

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILL RENAUD

desire and no heart to continue living in a world where her husband did not exist anymore.

Her three children, Angela (20), Mary (19) and Billy (17½), stayed around her constantly right from the start of the catastrophe. They adored their mother, and they certainly had no intention of letting her commit suicide if they could help it. They worked hard and with loving desperation to convince her that life could still be worth living, and it was due entirely to them that she managed in the end to come out of the nightmare and climb back slowly into the ordinary world.

Four months after the disaster, she was pronounced "moderately safe" by the doctors, and she was able to return, albeit rather listlessly, to the old routine of running the house and doing the shopping and cooking the meals for her grown-up children.

But then what happened?

Before the snows of that winter had melted away, Angela married a young man from Rhode Island and went off to live in the suburbs of Providence.

A few months later, Mary married a fair-haired giant from a town called Slayton, in Minnesota, and away she flew for ever and ever and ever. And although Anna's heart was now beginning to break all over again into tiny pieces, she was proud to think that neither of the two girls had the slightest inkling of what was happening to her. ("Oh, Mummy, isn't it wonderful!" "Yes, my darling, I think it's the most beautiful wedding there's ever been! I'm even more excited than you are!" etc. etc.)

And then, to put the lid on everything, her beloved Billy, who had just turned eighteen, went off to begin his first year at Yale.

So all at once, Anna found herself living in a completely empty house.

It is an awful feeling, after twenty-three years of boisterous, busy, magical family life, to come down alone to breakfast in the mornings, to sit there in silence with a cup of coffee and a piece of toast, and to wonder what you are going to do with the day that lies ahead. The room you are sitting in, which has heard so much laughter, and seen so many birthdays, so many Christmas trees, so many presents being opened, is quiet now and feels curiously cold. The air is heated and the temperature itself is normal, but the place still makes you shiver. The clock has stopped because you were never the one who wound it in the first place. A chair stands crooked on its legs, and you sit staring at it, wondering why you hadn't noticed it before. And when you glance up again, you have a sudden panicky feeling that all the four walls of the room have begun creeping in upon you very very slowly when you weren't looking.

In the beginning, she would carry her coffee cup over to the telephone and start calling up friends. But all her friends had husbands and children, and although they were always as nice and warm and cheerful as they could possibly be, they simply could not spare the time to sit and chat with a desolate lady from across the way first thing in the morning. So then she started calling up her married daughters instead.

They, also, were sweet and kind to her at all times, but Anna detected, very soon, a subtle change in their attitudes toward her. She was no longer number one in their lives. They had husbands now, and were concentrating everything upon them. Gently but firmly, they were moving their mother into the background. It was quite a shock. But she knew they were right. They were absolutely right. She was no longer entitled to impinge upon their lives or to make them feel guilty for neglecting her.

She saw Dr. Jacobs regularly, but he wasn't really any help. He tried to get her to talk and she did her best, and sometimes he made little speeches to her full of oblique remarks about sex and sublimation. Anna never properly understood what he was driving at, but the burden of his song appeared to be that she should get herself another man.

She took to wandering around the house and fingering things that used to belong to Ed. She would pick up one of his shoes and put her hand into it and feel the little dents that the ball of his foot and his toes had made upon the sole. She found a sock with a hole in it, and the pleasure it gave her to darn that sock was indescribable. Occasionally, she took out a shirt, a tie and a suit, and laid them on the bed, all ready for him to wear, and once, one rainy Sunday morning, she made an Irish stew . . .

It was hopeless to go on.

So how many pills would she need to make absolutely sure of it this time? She went upstairs to her secret store and counted them. There were only nine. Was that enough? She doubted that it was. Oh, hell. The one thing she was not prepared to face all over again was failure—the rush to the hospital, the stomach pump, the seventh floor of the Payne Whitney Pavilion, the psychiatrists, the humiliation, the misery of it all . . .

In that case, it would have to be the razor blade. But the trouble with the razor blade was that it had to be done properly. Many people failed miserably when they tried to use the razor blade on the wrist. In fact, nearly all of them failed. They didn't cut deep enough. There was a big artery down there somewhere that simply had to be reached. Veins were no good. Veins made plenty of mess, but they never quite managed to do the trick. Then again, the razor blade was not an easy thing to hold, not if one had to make a firm incision, pressing it right home all the way, deep deep down. But *she* wouldn't fail. The ones that failed were the ones that actually *wanted* to fail. She wanted to succeed.

She went to the cupboard in the bathroom, searching for blades. There weren't any. Ed's razor was still there, and so was hers. But there was no blade in either of them, and no little packet lying alongside. That was understandable. Such things had been removed from the house on an earlier occasion. But there was no problem. Anyone could buy a packet of razor blades.

She returned to the kitchen and took the calendar down from the wall. She chose September 23rd, which was Ed's birthday, and wrote r b (for razor blades) against the date. She did this on September 9th, which gave her exactly two weeks' grace to put her affairs in order. There was much to be done—old bills to be paid, a new will to be written, the house to be tidied up, Billy's college fees to be taken care of for the next four years, letters to the children, to her own parents, to Ed's mother, and so on and so forth.

Yet, busy as she was, she found that those two weeks, those fourteen long days, were going far too slowly for her liking. She wanted to use the blade, and eagerly every morning, she counted the days that were left. She was like a child counting the days before Christmas. For wherever it was that Ed Cooper had gone when he died, even if it were only to the grave, she was impatient to join him.

It was in the middle of this two-week period that her friend Elizabeth Paoletti came calling on her at eight-thirty one morning. Anna was making coffee in the kitchen at the time, and she jumped when the bell rang and jumped again when it gave a second long blast.

Liz came sweeping in through the front door, talking nonstop as usual. "Anna, my darling woman, I need your help! Everyone's down with flu at the office. You've *got* to come! Don't argue with me! I know you can type and I know you haven't got a damn thing in the world to do all day except mope. Just grab your hat and purse and let's get going. Hurry up, girl, hurry up! I'm late as it is!"

Anna said, "Go away, Liz. Leave me alone."

"The cab is waiting," Liz said.

"Please," Anna said, "don't try to bully me now. I'm not coming."

"You are coming," Liz said. "Pull yourself together. Your days of glorious martyrdom are over."

Anna continued to resist, but Liz wore her down, and in the end she agreed to go along just for a few hours.

Elizabeth Paoletti was in charge of an adoption society, one of the best in the city. Nine of the staff were down with flu. Only two were left, excluding

"Oooo, you're early! Wait till I take my stocking off."

herself. "You don't know a thing about the work," she said in the cab, "but you're just going to have to help us all you can . . ."

The office was bedlam. The telephones alone nearly drove Anna mad. She kept running from one cubicle to the next, taking messages that she did not understand. And there were girls in the waiting room, young girls with ashen stony faces, and it became part of her duty to type their answers on an official form.

"The father's name?"

"Don't know."

"You've no idea?"

"What's the father's name got to do with it?"

"My dear, if the father is known, then his consent has to be obtained as well as yours before the child can be offered for adoption."

"The father isn't known, don't worry."

"You're quite sure about that?"

"Jesus, I told you, didn't I?"

At lunchtime, somebody brought her a sandwich, but there was no time to eat it. At nine o'clock that night, exhausted and famished and considerably shaken by some of the knowledge she had acquired, Anna staggered home, took a stiff drink, fried up some eggs and bacon, and went to bed.

"I'll call for you at eight o'clock tomorrow morning," Liz had said. "And for God's sake be ready." Anna was ready. And from then on she was hooked.

It was as simple as that.

All she'd needed right from the beginning was a good hard job of work to do, and plenty of problems to solve—other people's problems instead of her own.

The work was arduous and often quite shattering emotionally, but Anna was absorbed by every moment of it, and within about—we are skipping right forward now—within about a year and a half, she began to feel moderately happy once again. She was finding it more and more difficult to picture her husband vividly, to see him precisely as he was when he ran up the stairs to meet her, or when he sat across from her at supper in the evenings. The exact sound of his voice was becoming less easy to recall, and even the face itself, unless she glanced at a photograph, was no longer sharply etched in the memory. She still thought about him constantly, but she discovered that she could do so now without bursting into tears, and when she looked back upon the way in which she had behaved a while ago, she felt slightly embarrassed. She started taking a mild interest in her clothes and in her hair, she returned to using lipstick and to shaving the hair from her legs. She enjoyed her food, and when people smiled at her, she smiled right back at them and meant it. In other words, she was back in the swim once again. She was pleased to be alive.

It was at this point that Anna had to go down to Dallas on office business.

Liz's office did not normally operate beyond state lines, but in this instance, a couple who had adopted a baby through the agency had subsequently moved away from New York and gone to live in Texas. Now, five months after the move, the wife had written to say that she no longer wanted to keep the child. Her husband, she announced, had died of a heart attack soon after they'd arrived in Texas. She herself had remarried almost at once, and her new husband "found it impossible to adjust to an adopted baby . . ."

Now this was a serious situation, and quite apart from the welfare of the child itself, there were all manner of legal obligations involved.

Anna flew down to Dallas in a plane that left New York very early, and she arrived before breakfast. After checking in at her hotel, she spent the next eight hours with the persons concerned in the affair, and by the time she had done all that could be done that day, it was around four-thirty in the afternoon and she was utterly exhausted. She took a cab back to the hotel, and went up to her room. She called Liz on the phone to report the situation, then she undressed and soaked herself for a long time in a warm bath. Afterwards, she wrapped up in a towel and lay on the bed, smoking a cigarette.

Her efforts on behalf of the child had so far come to nothing. There had been two lawyers there who had treated her with absolute contempt. How she hated them. She detested their arrogance and their softly spoken hints that nothing she might do would make the slightest difference to their client. One of them kept his feet up on the table all the way through the discussion, and both of them had rolls of fat on their bellies, and the fat spilled out into their shirts like liquid and hung in huge folds over their belted trouser tops.

Anna had visited Texas many times before in her life, but until now she had never gone there alone. Her visits had always been with Ed, keeping him company on business trips; and during those trips, he and she had often spoken about the Texans in general and about how difficult it was to like them. One could ignore their coarseness and their vulgarity. It wasn't that. But there was, it seemed, a quality of ruthlessness still surviving among these people, something quite brutal, harsh, inexorable, that it was impossible to forgive. They had no bowels of compassion, no pity, no tenderness. The only so-called virtue they possessed—and this they paraded ostentatiously and endlessly to strangers—was a kind of professional benevolence. It was plastered all over them. Their voices, their smiles, were rich and syrupy with it. But it left Anna cold. It left her quite, quite cold inside.

"Why do they love acting so tough?" she used to ask.

"Because they're children," Ed would answer. "They're dangerous children who go about trying to imitate their grandfathers. Their grandfathers *were* pioneers. These people aren't."

It seemed that they lived, these present-day Texans, by a sort of egotistic will, push and be pushed. Everybody was pushing. Everybody was being pushed. And it was all very fine for a stranger in their midst to step aside and announce firmly, "I will *not* push, and I will *not* be pushed." That was impossible. It was especially impossible in Dallas. Of all the cities in the state, Dallas was the one that had always disturbed Anna the most. It was such a godless city, she thought, such a rapacious, gripped, iron, godless city. It was a place that had run amuck with its money, and no amount of gloss and phony culture and syrupy talk could hide the fact that the great golden fruit was rotten inside.

Anna lay on the bed with her bath towel around her. She was alone in Dallas this time. There was no Ed with her now to envelope her in his incredible strength and love; and perhaps it was because of this that she began, all of a sudden, to feel slightly uneasy. She lit a second cigarette and waited for the uneasiness to pass. It didn't pass, it got worse. A hard little knot of fear was gathering itself in the top of her stomach, and there it stayed, growing bigger every minute. It was an unpleasant feeling, the kind one might experience if one were alone in the house at night and heard, or thought one heard, a footstep in the next room.

In this place there were a million footsteps, and she could hear them all.

She got off the bed and went over to the window, still wrapped in her towel. Her room was on the twenty-second floor, and the window was open. The great city lay pale and milky-yellow in the evening sunshine. The street below was solid with automobiles. The sidewalk was filled with people. Everybody was hustling home from work, pushing and being pushed. She felt the need of a friend. She wanted very badly to have someone to talk to at this moment. She would have liked a house to go to, a house with a family--a wife and husband and children and rooms full of toys, and the husband and wife would fling their arms around her at the front door and cry out, "Anna! How marvelous to see you! How long can you stay? A week, a month, a year?"

All of a sudden, as so often happens in situations like this, her memory went *click*, and she said aloud, "Conrad Kreuger! Good heavens above! *He* lives in

(continued on page 215)

THOSE GILDED GALAS

nostalgia

By LUCIUS BEEBE

an unabashed edwardian looks back fondly on
three of those panoplied parties whose splendor graced the turn of the century

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE SUYEOKA

IN ALL TIMES AND PLACES—excepting possibly the calorie-conscious America of the moment, where the renunciation of the good life in the midst of its overwhelming abundance is a national fetish—feasting, preferably associated with appropriate pageantry, has been a hallmark of civilized conduct. Its expression has varied from the legendary feastings of Trimalchio as recorded by Petronius down to the orgiastic gastronomy of the Lord Mayor's banquets in 19th Century London. It achieved its finest flowering in the United States just before and immediately after the turn of the 20th Century, when the financial resources of the well-to-do were matched by the national affluence. How you ate was who you were, and the attendant entertainment was as often as not an index of who you would like to be. No better evidence of this circumstance can be evoked than the three parties that are the subject of this essay.

A by-product of the moneyed times of the bon ton along Fifth Avenue and on Murray Hill was the licentious revelry that was supposed to exist on both a large and private scale among the 400. Belshazzar's Feast, the Last Days of Pompeii (a favorite site for depravity in a generation that had yet to learn about Capri and Tiberius) and the events in Nero's gardens where Christian slaves furnished illumination comparable to the Welsbach gas mantle, were favored allusions from the best pulpits in Manhattan and then-fashionable Brooklyn. Colonel Albert Mann's *Town Topics* conveyed in asterisks the suggestion of perfumed love nests in midtown hotels and the practically universal popularity, in private dining rooms at Sherry's and Bustanoby's, of vast meat pies from whose inner economy dancing girls emerged at bachelor dinners.

At the other end of the scale, *The Police Gazette* delighted a pool-room clientele from Bangor to San

Diego with chronicles of high-life debauches specifically illustrated with wood engravings depicting the very things *Town Topics* only hinted at. In its pages everyone wore full evening dress and often monocles; silk hats served as ice buckets for cooling champagne and chorus girls in flesh tights did cakewalks on tables while wearing opera hats and whirling the canes of their escorts like drum majorettes at a Dallas football game. That the socially elect with whom the *Gazette* populated these Byzantine hoedowns turned out on close scrutiny to be named McGlory, O'Hoolihan and Krausmeyer was of no consequence. They wore dress suits, didn't they?

Generally speaking, the moneyed aristocrats of the period were well along in years and fairly incapable of surviving a single evening's entertainment among the senators in *Quo Vadis?* Only a most elastic imagination was able to envision portly Mrs. William Backhouse Astor being ridden home at dawn in a wheelbarrow, or George Gould pursuing his guests at Georgian Court with champagne magnums in the manner of fire hoses. When entertainments among the elect diverged from the conventional, they were apt to be eccentric rather than of Dionysiac dimensions, as witness the widely advertised dinner party arranged at Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's Newport villa by Harry Lehr, at which a monkey was guest of honor, and the Horseback Dinner arranged by C. K. G. Billings at Sherry's, at which the guests ate in the saddle and combined at once the grotesque with the uncomfortable. To be sure, there was a testimonial at the Lotos Club in honor of Harrison Gray Fisk, editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*, in which all the guests were photographed with their brows encircled with wreaths of vine leaves, but their effect superposed upon pince-nez eyeglasses, shawl-collar

dinner jackets and ample beards and mustaches suggested Bloomsbury rather than Petronius.

One thing many of the most innocuous entertainments had to recommend them to the attention of posterity: Most of them, especially if given at one of the town's luxury restaurants or hotels, were both elaborate and costly; and a few were of such sensationally expensive dimensions as to attract unfavorable attention in the public prints.

It was a time that saw the emergence of what later came to be known as café society, in which conservative ladies and gentlemen of impeccable character who seldom had hitherto dined in public, save on massive occasions of civic or cultural circumstance, began appearing in ever-increasing numbers at resorts favored by well-to-do playboys, champagne salesmen, expense-account business executives with out-of-town customers, playwrights, newspapermen and the upper echelons of the musical-comedy stage and the race track. Resorts came into being to accommodate the varying degrees of taste and reticence of these cosmopolites: the restaurants of the Waldorf and Fifth Avenue Hotel, Sherry's and Delmonico's for the ultraconservative; Rector's, Bustanoby's, Shanley's and Woodmanston for gilded youth, wine salesmen, professional bridge players, Texans and the associates of Diamond Jim Brady.

Some of the lobster palaces boasted ballrooms; almost all had upstairs suites and private dining rooms whose symbol became a hot bird and a cold bottle served by a graying waiter in sideburns who knocked discreetly before appearing with the Lynnhavens. It was the private dining rooms that lit up with pleasure the eyes of editors at *Town Topics*, *The Police Gazette* and the newly emergent *American Weekly*, in which Morrill Goddard was suggesting to the readers of the Hearst papers the enchanting vistas of wickedness available to the upper classes. At the height of its vogue, 30,000,000 weekly readers of this repository of gilded folklore believed implicitly that New York's social leaders went to bed in full evening dress, brushed their teeth in vintage champagne, married their daughters without exception to shady French counts and arrayed their poodle dogs in diamond tiaras. It was a cheerful image and one in which almost everybody took innocent pleasure.

Goddard, Hearst's Sunday editor—newly revised together with his complete staff from Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World*—presented, through the magazine pages of the *Journal* (of which the *American Weekly* was a component), a panorama of high life that was calculated to confuse and even terrify its accredited participants, but it delighted readers in less exalted brackets and created a climate in which reality inevitably came in some degree to approximate what had originally been fiction. As another member of the Hearst staff, Arthur Brisbane, was fond of saying: "Repetition is reputation" and life among the *haut monde* of Newport and Manhattan, like an impressionable actor, came in a measure to live up to its billing. Butlers came to assume absurd and awkward positions of attention like drill sergeants on parade; dinners that had until now foundered their participants with seven or eight courses and their appropriate wines, now found the benumbed aristocrats at table after four mortal hours of terrapin, canvasback, mousses and soufflés relieved by water-ice intermissions; eligible young ladies larded their most casual conversations with French illiteracies they imagined gave them elevated *ton*, and French maids until recently named Marie or Josephine all suddenly appeared to have been christened Fifine.

In another context, its own press 40 years later demonstrably conditioned the public and private lives of Hollywood stars who might naturally have been otherwise inclined into a kaleidoscope of sports cars, swimming-pool orgies and marital infidelities. The dedicated student of American mores not only in the lower and presumably impressionable ranks of society, but on Bellevue Avenue and Sutton Place South, will do well to study its image as presented in the popular press—an image to which it found itself, often enough, conforming, if only not to disappoint its public.

For it was publicity, whether of a decorous or irreverent order, and whether acceptable or embarrassing to its recipients, that shaped what Wilmarth Lewis has called "the nuances of snobbery, the discrimination and cultivation of which have been the major contribution of the Anglo-Saxon peoples to civilization."

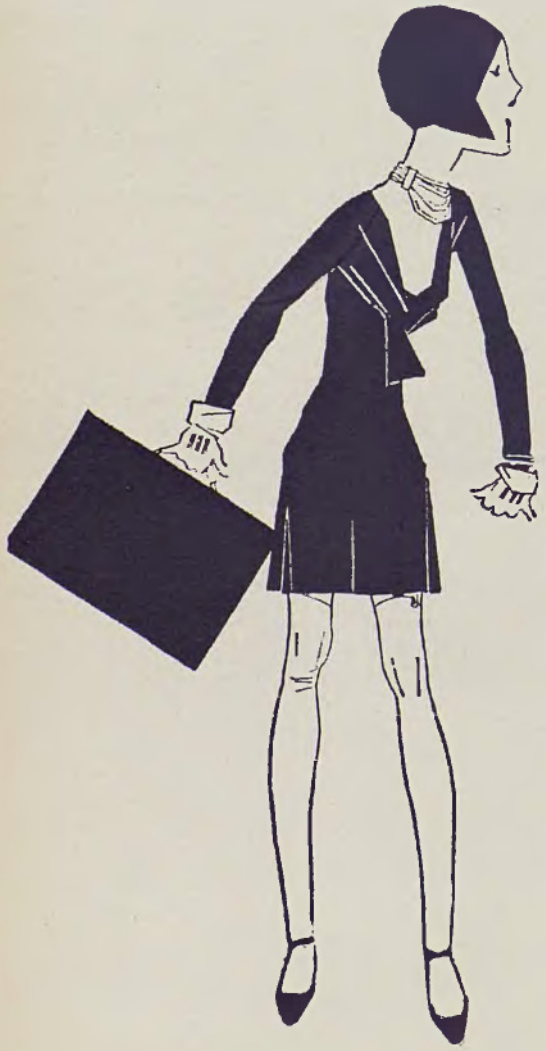
. . .

On a fine May morning in 1893, President Grover Cleveland pushed an electric button and the flags of 47 nations broke out as one, to be whipped in a brisk wind off Lake Michigan. It was the start of the World's Columbian Exposition and it also launched Mrs. Potter Palmer, wife of Chicago's pioneer merchant prince and hotelkeeper on a public career *(continued on page 100)*

JOHN HELD, JR. CREATOR OF AN ERA

the satirist laureate of the twenties, he virtually invented the flapper, and soon the sheiks and shebas were actually patterning themselves on his drawings

FROM A FRESHMAN'S LETTER HOME
"Dear Mother:—Every morning I exercise with dumbbells."



HELD'S ANGEL

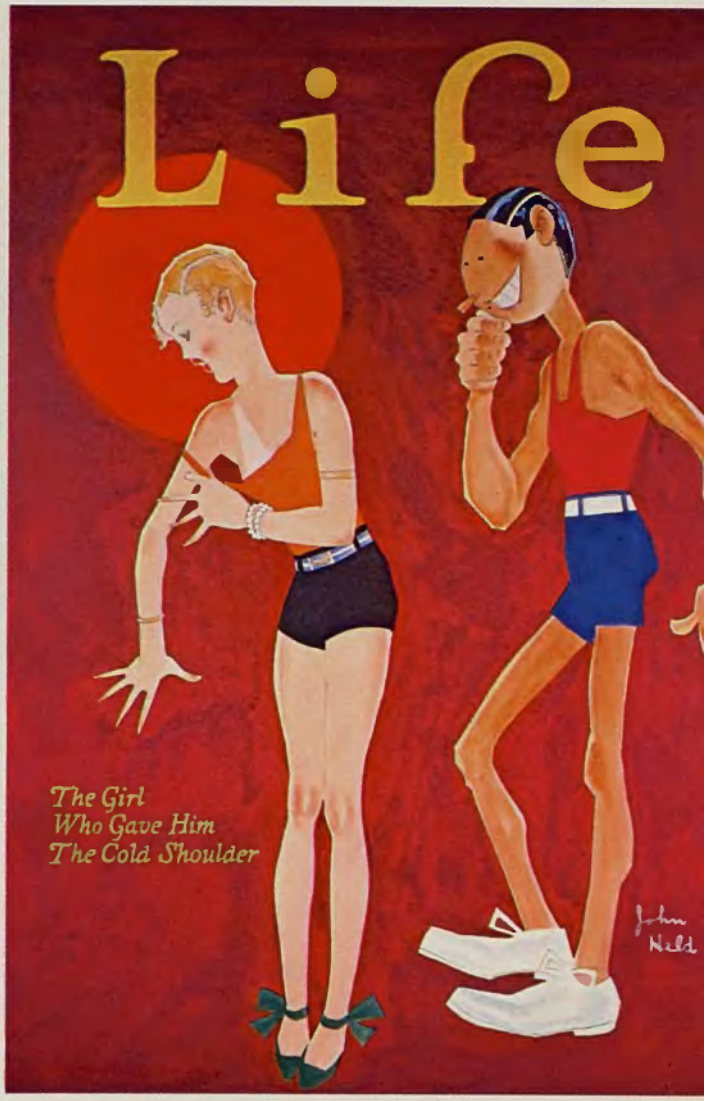
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

THEY WERE DUBBED the Roaring Twenties—a decade unmatched by any other in the annals of modern Americana as a cache of romantic folklore and unabashed, wacky nostalgia. Prohibition was the law of the land, and booze—bootleg or bathtub-brewed—had never been more popular or plentiful. The stock market spawned millionaires by the minute, and anyone who didn't buy on margin was a "sucker." Florida was having a real-estate boom; John Scopes and man's simian ancestors were on trial in Tennessee; Chaplin had reached the apogee of silent-film stardom in *The Gold Rush* and Jolson brought sound to the screen in *The Jazz Singer;* Gershwin put the finishing touches to his *Rhapsody in Blue;* Red Grange set the standard for future Saturdays' heroes by turning pro; Lucky Lindbergh linked the hemispheres and *The Great Gatsby* established F. Scott Fitzgerald's position among the literati as America's chief chronicler of the Jazz Age. But by far the most memorable symbol of that lost generation was a tassled, baby-faced, swivel-hipped, rouge-kneed, shingle-haired, flat-chested female confection called the flapper. She and her bell-bottomed boyfriend, with his ukulele, coonskin coat, slicked-down hair and pocket flask full of homemade hooch, were what really made the Jazz Age jump. And these sheiks and shebas, the prototypes of thousands of Joe Colleges and Betty Coeds to follow, were conceived—and immortalized—by the artistic imagination of one man: John Held, Jr.

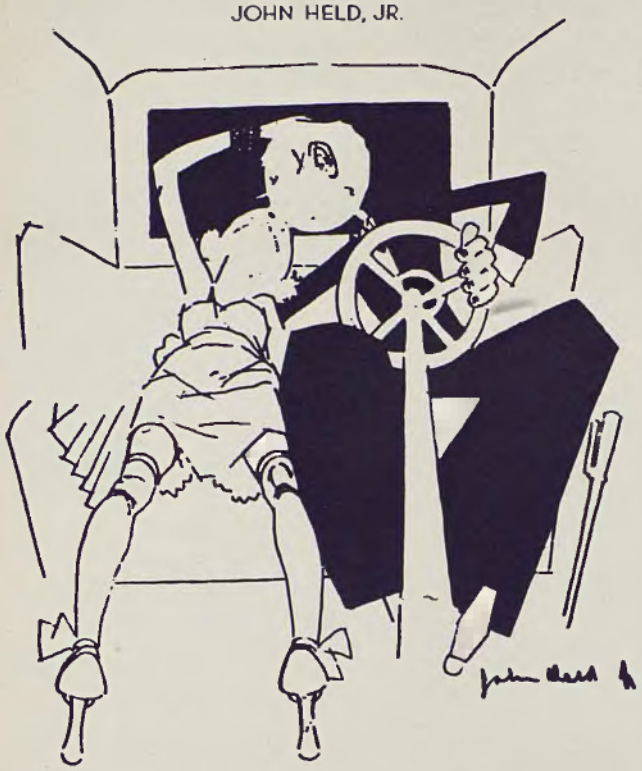
Held captured the champagne-bubble spirit of a zany generation of pleasure-bent young men and women in an era of unparalleled post-War prosperity, troubled by nothing more serious than yesterday's hangover and tonight's heavy date. Out of his India inkwell tumbled an endless stream of flirtatious flappers and their saxophone-playing, megaphone-crooning sweethearts, all of them bent on but a single purpose: making whoopee! And although Held's flappers tended to make wilder whoopee than most of the real cuties of the day, no one could deny that his satiric sketches had catalyzed an era of profound change in the traditional mores of American women. With refreshing candor, he pictured a new society of high-living females as they strutted their stuff at football games, fraternity hops, speak-

FOUR OUT OF FIVE HAVE IT

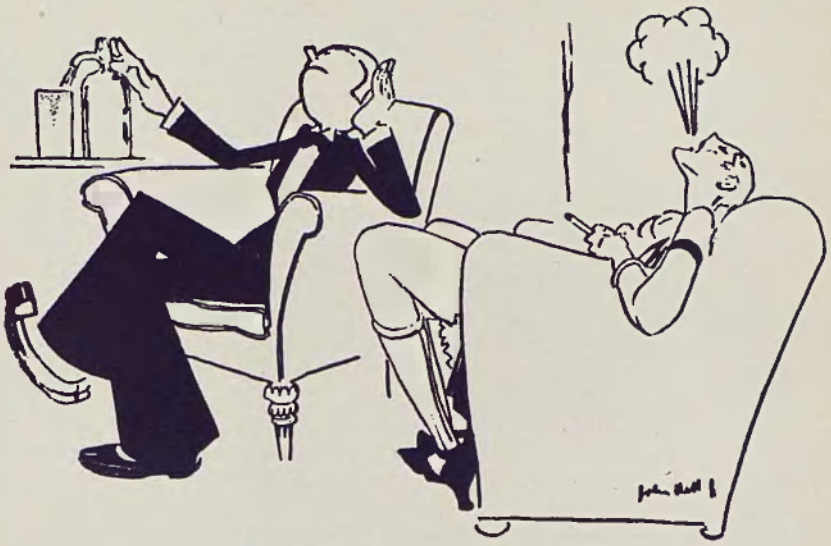
THE RACCOON CALLS ON HIS MATE



By that old back-seat engraver,
JOHN HELD, JR.



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

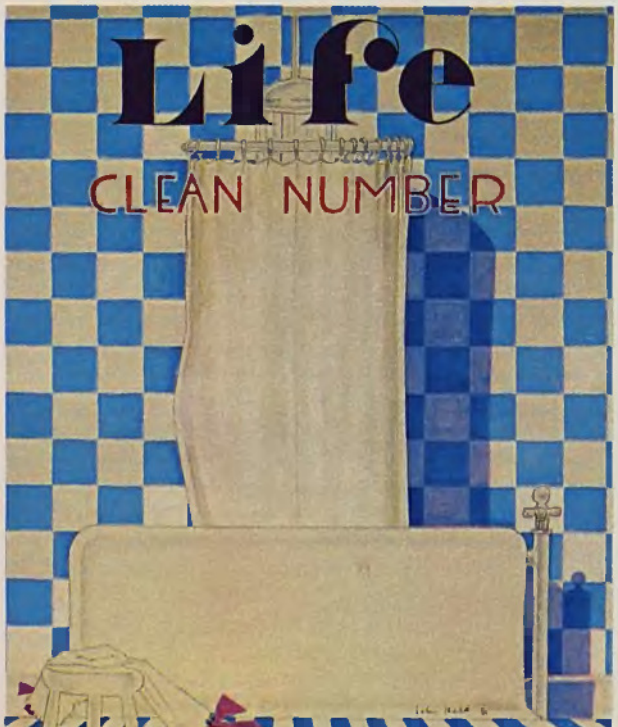


URSULA: Is my nose shiny, dearie?

LAMBERT: No, but your right knee is dusty.

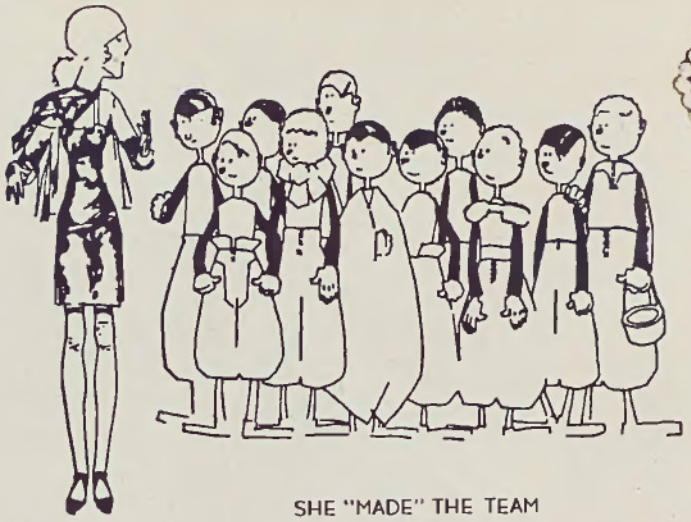
easies and spiked-tea parties, snapped their fingers and flaunted their bloomers with provocative unconcern to the beat of a black bottom or a charleston, or pursued their favorite pastime of necking in the rumble seat of some sheik's Stutz Bearcat. They became known throughout the publishing profession as Held's angels, and furnished the original working model after which an entire garter-snapping generation of happy-go-lucky coeds patterned themselves.

As irony would have it, the creator of all this wry and wonderful humor was its personal antithesis. Some 15 years older than the community of collegiate cutups he depicted, Held, who never went to college, was a quiet and elusive man who disliked crowds, noise and, above all, cocktail parties. A prodigious worker, even at the height of his success, he often spent 18 hours a day at his drawing board chronicling the capers of a student population whose *(text concluded on page 247)*

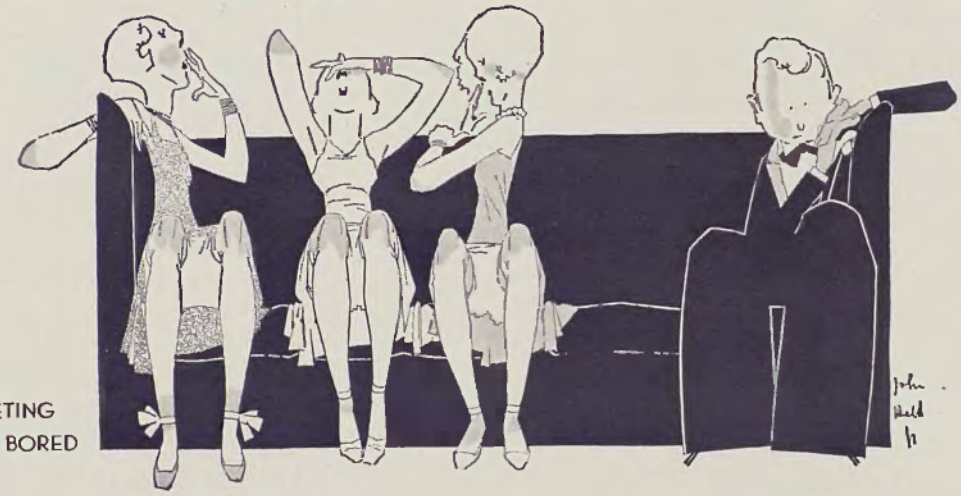


PRETTY CHEEKY

"LIFE IS LIKE THAT!"



SHE "MADE" THE TEAM



A MEETING
OF THE BORED

PULLING FOR HIM

FLAMING YOUTH

Life

TEACHING OLD DOGS NEW TRICKS

playboy serves up a bounty of holiday concoctions to delight the discrimi-

drink By THOMAS MARIO IMAGINATION IS NOW in season. This is the time when cold cocktails and highballs defer to brimming punch bowls, to festive nogs, grogs and gloggs. The fact that the earth is about to complete its annual revolution around the sun should be a practical reminder to hosts that the year-end celebration isn't just a day but a whole season. Usually, the first "*wæs hæils*" are heard about the middle of December and the "drink hails" answer them on into Twelfth-night.

A lavish-sized punch bowl is the host barman's best friend when it comes to enlivening almost any of the seasonal soirees. Even such cocktail standards as martinis and manhattans can be made to radiate a special kind of cheer when they are drawn from a chilled serving bowl. If you're planning a big brawl before a glowing fireplace on a cold holiday afternoon, the drink is eggnog by divine right. An eggnog party need not be abetted by an extensive layout of foodstuffs. A

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GORDON

nating palate: from brisk bourbon punch to a celestial champagne cocktail

thinly sliced ham or smoked turkey, or a platter of Dundee cake can be made to do very nicely.

The Bermuda punch recipe given later is in the colonial tradition and could be served equally well before an elegant pheasant dinner or informal house party featuring simple snacks.

The most glittering of all holiday spirits is, of course, champagne. It's also the most winningly versatile. It can be poured before, during or after a quiet black-tie dinner or it can survive the wildest din of New Year's Eve, and come back for more. Champagne is ideal for the bartenderless party. If you are going to be offering champagne cocktails, however, remember to keep all flavorings and fruits somewhat muted. Not dead, of course, but properly modest in the presence of the angel foam.

In checking inventories, don't forget the other members of the bubbly family. Sparkling rosés, burgundies, *asti spumante*, and the moselle and Rhenish sparklers *(continued on page 184)*

GILDED GALAS

(continued from page 90)

that was to last through a long and energetic lifetime. From then on, Mrs. Palmer was seldom out of the public prints, a circumstance well suited to her temperament. As president of the Board of Lady Managers of the Chicago fair, Mrs. Palmer would have had no considerable competition for public attention except for one other woman, separated from the millionairess by a wide gulf of both economics and social position. She was known as Little Egypt and she performed what was tactfully called a *danse du ventre* in the Midway to the music of a Zulu band.

All hell promptly broke out over Little Egypt. Women's clubs protested the demoralizing influence of her (by the standards of the time) practically naked performance. A later generation would have thought her dressed for skiing at Sun Valley. Anthony Comstock, a professional snouter of voluptuary attitudes who disapproved of almost everything, including men's athletic supporters, made an issue of it. Under great pressure from social purity groups, Mrs. Palmer, as the responsible official, was forced to suppress Little Egypt and her *danse du ventre*, but the accompanying publicity did nothing to enlarge the image of her worldliness or tolerance. On the other hand, it made Little Egypt a national celebrity. Although she would have been the first to deny it, and with gestures, Mrs. Potter Palmer might be considered personally to have pushed Little Egypt, nude except for a pair of black-lace stockings and high-heeled slippers, onto a tabletop in a private room at Sherry's restaurant in New York four years later, as the central figure of what was always afterward to be remembered as "The Awful Seeley Dinner."

Nobody who lived in New York in the Nineties is apt ever to forget it. Other explosions of high-proof folly, the Bradley-Martin Ball, James Hazen Hyde's costume fete, scores of Mamie Fish's infantile caprices, achieved widespread celebrity without qualifying adjectives. Only the Seeley Dinner will be remembered forever, with the crowning panache of the inseparable word "awful."

Readers of the papers in those days were as familiar with the names and profiles of Little Egypt and Captain "Whiskers" Chapman of the Tenderloin Squad as are modern readers with the names and faces of the actors in the latest and most erotic *cause célèbre*. Probably no event in the social history of New York, not even the extravagant Bradley-Martin Ball of Waldorf fame, ever achieved the dark renown of this memorable entertainment. The whirlwind of publicity and virtuous indignation that followed the exposure of unsuspected depravity in the highest circles shook the social fabric to its foundations, and such was the impression made upon the public mind by this unprecedented event that to this day it is remembered as The Awful Seeley Dinner. Unlike many other notorious social events in New York history, there were no anticipatory details to the Seeley Dinner; it exploded upon the public consciousness in all its awful glory.

Herbert Barnum Seeley, a grandson of P. T. Barnum, who had inherited a large share of the showman's $4,000,000 estate, had for some time been a figure in the ranks of the bright young men of the town. He had departed from West Point without a commission after two years and was a member of several of the best clubs, including the Larchmont Yacht Club and the Lotos. His brother, Clinton Seeley, was engaged to be married December 30, 1896, to Miss Florence Tuttle, one of Gotham's most eligible young ladies, and it was in anticipation of this happy event that Herbert Seeley undertook to give him an ushers' dinner on the night of December 19. The natural choice of restaurants at this time was Delmonico's, and it was here that the dinner was first scheduled to take place; but at the last minute the scene was shifted to Sherry's, where the party eventually took place in an upstairs suite. A pretty time the Seeleys had later, explaining exactly what had happened during its progress. The guests, of whom there were 20, were mostly from the socially elect and numbered among them the Seeley family physician —included, no doubt, as was delicately remarked later, "in case anyone was overcome with indigestion or nervous shock."

After the exposé had got well under way and the customary denunciations of high life had commenced, the Reverend Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst declared from his pulpit that "the public should know just what went on at this dinner," and so far as the press and the police were concerned, a very substantial effort was made in this direction.

What actually took place was as follows: Captain George Chapman of the Tenderloin Squad, generally known as "Old Whiskers Chapman," and famous for his eccentric practice of carrying an umbrella rather than a night stick, acting on a tip received earlier in the day and accompanied by detectives Walters and Craddall, descended, Assyrianlike, upon the festivities shortly before midnight. "I had reason to believe," the captain declared, "that there might be a display of immodest dancing at Mr. Seeley's party." As the raiding party entered Sherry's, displaying their badges in order to overcome any prejudice that might be aroused by their lack of evening attire, a doorman left his post and ran upstairs. "This to my mind was most suspicious," said Chapman.

The raiders marched boldly upstairs to the scene of activity, prepared to deal with any licentious revelry that might be in progress. They even spurned the pressing invitation extended by M. Flaurand, Sherry's genteel manager, to stop in the downstairs bar for a couple of quick ones. In their haste to discharge their duties, however, they mistook the door and burst valiantly into a dressing room reserved for the young ladies who were to sing and dance at intervals during the dinner. The screaming and uproar that ensued brought the dinner guests to the scene, and it was then that a Mr. Hamilton attempted the defenestration of Captain Chapman. "One of the gentlemen was so indignant that he was on the point of throwing the captain out the window," said Mr. Sherry later. This project, however, was thwarted, and after the mutual exchange of insults inseparable from an encounter between citizens and the *gendarmerie*, Captain Chapman withdrew his forces, convinced that his premature entry had rendered negligible the chances of detecting anyone engaged in immodest dancing.

This brief episode was the basis for the protracted clamor that followed, and if the Seeleys had been content to let it pass without further notice, the public would have been deprived of a great deal of edification; but they were not, and on Monday morning, Chief of Police Peter Conlin received a barrage of indignant protests over the conduct of his subordinate. The elder Seeley protested; the Seeley brothers protested; Mr. Sherry protested; Flaurand protested; Duchemin, the vaudeville agent who had staged the entertainment at dinner, protested; and the newspapers, with all the enthusiasm of crusaders, protested, denounced and inveighed against the ungentlemanly intrusion of Captain Chapman and his attendant sleuths.

Outraged virtue and the defenders of civil liberty, not to mention the opponents of the Administration, banded together to make a swift end of "Old Whiskers Chapman." Chief Conlin promised a speedy trial and the execution of justice as soon as specific complaints were filed and signed. Things had come to a pretty pass when a gentleman, and a member of the Union League at that, couldn't give a private party in a private room without the gendarmes bouncing in and waving umbrellas at him.

The forces of morality and reform also took advantage of the occasion to denounce the degeneracy of the times and declare that the purple ways of high society could end in nothing good. Pompeii, it would appear, was at this period the classic example of license and depravity, for the Reverend A. H. Lewis likened "reports we have heard of

(continued on page 186)

THE MANchild

fiction By JAMES BALDWIN

in the village nearby, the church bells tolled reassuringly, but over their home loomed a foreboding cloud of disaster

THE CITY IS LIKE AN EXPERIENCED WHORE, night comes and goes in her, she is indifferent to his approach and is left unchanged at his departure—but for the countryside, it is a different matter. There night watches his opportunity, bides his time, is patient with the silly, upbraiding sun. He knows that she must go, even though her farewells at the western threshold are interminable. The countryside seems to shudder as the door at last closes behind the sun, leaving her alone with that lover who will never be denied. At this moment the countryside seems like a girl who cannot bear the idea of possession, who cannot live without being possessed. Night has been visiting the countryside these many ages, but she has never ceased to thrill at his approach. Only the city has found a way of dealing with the night, and this way is indifference; which is, perhaps, why night is so cruel in the city and so voluptuous in the fields. Yes, the sun goes down. One watches her, slow-moving, changing, superbly preparing for her mighty exit, at the very edge of the world. Having scolded, tortured and nourished the fields all day,

she now gives her parting warning—which the fields, already anticipating night's long touch, seem not to heed. Then, abruptly, in the middle, as it were, of a sentence, the sun is gone. Gone—dropped in an instant below the farthest hill, the last field, the most distant tree. Gone; and where she was is a long, long silence. Then, night, coming on, lets fall his warrior's mantle, gray and blue and black, and hangs up on the walls of the world his overwhelming trophies; and falls on the countryside, his lover forever, in love and lust and endless whispering.

Night is like that in the country and in the small villages set here and there like hives, where lights go out in his honor, where windows are barred and all but the most mysteriously driven footfall stilled. Night is like that for the people who live there, who drive their cows home, put their children to bed, for *the sandman is coming!* and turn, turn, turn, together or alone throughout the tumultuous darkness, whose power it has not occurred to them to challenge.

All children feel this power, and are frightened by it; they have, but only yesterday, come shrieking out of darkness. Old men feel this power and, with what rage or terror or gladness no one knows, prepare themselves to keep the appointment made so long ago by the absolutely faithful true lover of all the world. For children, who, alone among the living, do not know that the night has made an appointment with them, too, the night is simply the kingdom of evil, of crimes unnamed, unnamable, of spirits roaming the earth for vengeance, taking the shapes of trees, of rocks, taking the sounds of birds, of crickets, sometimes taking the shapes and sounds of men.

As the sun began preparing for her exit, and he sensed the waiting night, Eric, blond and eight years old and dirty and tired, started homeward across the fields. Eric lived with his father, who was a farmer and the son of a farmer, and his mother, who had been captured by his father on some far-off, unblessed, unbelievable night, who had never since burst her chains. She did not know that she was chained any more than she knew that she lived in terror of the night. One child was in the churchyard, it would have been Eric's little sister and her name would have been Sophie; for a long time, then, his mother had been very sick and pale. It was said that she would never, really, be better, that she would never again be as she had been. Then, not long ago, there had begun to be a pounding in his mother's belly. Eric had sometimes been able to hear it when he lay against her breast. His father had been pleased. *I did that,* said his father, big, laughing, dreadful and red, and Eric knew how it was done, he had seen the horses and the blind and dreadful bulls. But then, again, his mother had been sick, she had had to be sent away, and when she came back the pounding was not there anymore, nothing was there anymore. His father laughed less, something in his mother's face seemed to have gone to sleep forever.

• • •

Eric hurried, for the sun was almost gone and he was afraid the night would catch him in the fields. And his mother would be angry. She did not really like him to go wandering off by himself. She would have forbidden it completely and kept Eric under her eye all day, but in this she was overruled: Eric's father liked to think of Eric as being curious about the world and as being daring enough to explore it, with his own eyes, by himself.

His father would not be at home. He would be gone with his friend, Jamie, who was also a farmer and the son of a farmer, down to the tavern. This tavern was called The Rafters. They went each night, as his father said, imitating an Englishman he had known during a war, *to destruct The Rafters, sir.* They had been destructing The Rafters long before Eric had kicked in his mother's belly, for Eric's father and Jamie had grown up together, gone to war together, and survived together—never, apparently, while life ran, were they to be divided. They worked in the fields all day together, the fields which belonged to Eric's father. Jamie had been forced to sell his farm, and it was Eric's father who had bought it.

Jamie had a brown-and-yellow dog. This dog was almost always with him; whenever Eric thought of Jamie, he thought also of the dog. They had always been there, they had always been together: in exactly the same way, for Eric, that his mother and father had always been together, in exactly the same way that the earth and the trees and the sky were together. Jamie and his dog walked the country roads together, Jamie walking slowly in the way of country people, seeming to see nothing, head slightly bent, feet striking surely and heavily the earth, never stumbling. He walked as though he were going to walk to the other end of the world and knew it was a long way but knew that he would be there by the morning. Sometimes he talked to his dog, head bent a little more than usual and turned to one side, a slight smile playing about the edges of his granite lips; and the dog's head snapped up, perhaps he leaped upon his master, who cuffed him down lightly, with one hand. More often he was silent. His head was carried in a cloud of blue smoke from his pipe. Through this cloud, like a ship on a foggy day, loomed his dry and steady face. Set far back, at an unapproachable angle, were those eyes of his, smoky and thoughtful, eyes which seemed always to be considering the horizon. He had the kind of eyes which no one had ever looked into—except Eric, only once. Jamie had been walking these roads and across these fields, whistling for his dog in the evenings as he turned away from Eric's house, for years, in silence. He had been married once, but his wife had run away. Now he lived alone in a wooden house and Eric's mother kept his clothes clean and Jamie always ate at Eric's house.

Eric had looked into Jamie's eyes on Jamie's birthday. They had had a party for him. Eric's mother had baked a cake and filled the house with flowers. The doors and windows of the great kitchen all stood open on the yard and the kitchen table was placed outside. The ground was not muddy as it was in winter, but hard, dry and light brown. The flowers his mother so loved and so labored for flamed in their narrow borders against the stone wall of the farmhouse; and green vines covered the gray stone wall at the far end of the yard. Beyond this wall were the fields and barns and Eric could see, quite far away, the cows nearly motionless in the bright-green pasture. It was a bright, hot, silent day, the sun did not seem to be moving at all.

This was before his mother had had to be sent away. Her belly had been beginning to grow big, she had been dressed in blue and had seemed—that day, to Eric—younger than she was ever to seem again.

Though it was still early when they were called to table, Eric's father and Jamie were already tipsy and came across the fields, shoulders touching, laughing and telling each other stories. To express disapproval and also, perhaps, because she had heard their stories before and was bored, Eric's mother was quite abrupt with them, barely saying, "Happy birthday, Jamie" before she made them sit down. In the nearby village, church bells rang as they began to eat.

It was perhaps because it was Jamie's birthday that Eric was held by something in Jamie's face. Jamie, of course, was very old. He was 34 today, even older than Eric's father, who was only 32. Eric wondered how it felt to have so many years and was suddenly, secretly glad that he was only eight. For today, Jamie *looked* old. It was perhaps the one additional year that had done it, this day, before their very eyes—a metamorphosis that made Eric rather shrink at the prospect of becoming nine. The skin of Jamie's face, which had never before seemed so, seemed wet today, and that rocky mouth of his was loose; loose was the word for everything about him, the way his arms and shoulders hung, the way he sprawled at the table, rocking slightly back and forth. It was not that he was drunk. Eric had seen him much drunker. Drunk, he became rigid, as though he imagined himself in the Army again. No. He was old. It had come upon him all at once, today, on his birthday.

(continued on page 211)

sex in the stone age

humor **By Richard Armour**

with a saber-toothed smile, the author probes our prehistoric past and destroys a host of longtime myths concerning cro-magnon concupiscence

THE POPULAR CONCEPT (and a popular concept it is, especially among men) of sex in the Stone Age is of a man beating a woman over the head with a club, seizing her by the hair and dragging her off to a cave. In cartoons, which are the chief source of this concept, since there are no photographs or accounts by eyewitnesses, the woman is soft, bosomy and appealing, about a 38-23-36, while the man is hairy, snaggle-toothed and badly dressed.

How the first cartoonist got such an idea, which has been passed along by hundreds of cartoonists since, one can only surmise. Perhaps the cartoonist himself was hairy, snaggle-toothed and badly dressed, a man who had no luck whatsoever with women, and his cartoon was a bit of wish fulfillment, or at least a flight of fancy. Another possibility is that the cartoonist was an attractive and wealthy man about town who conquered women with one devastating look or with a casual display of his bank roll. The cartoon in this instance was a display of superiority, directed as much at his less fortunate friends as at men of an earlier day. Still another theory: The cartoonist may have drawn the soft, bosomy,

attractive woman and the hairy, snaggle-toothed, badly dressed man, and then realized, as he tried to complete his drawing, that the only chance such a man had with a woman was brute force.

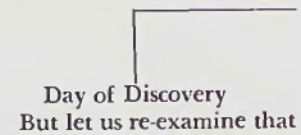
Whatever motivated this first cartoonist, he established a precedent for the cartoonists who followed him, and he fixed this picture of love life in the Stone Age in the minds of millions. But the fellow was wrong. Maliciously or unwittingly, he did men of the Stone Age a great injustice and misled countless generations of otherwise well-informed people.

Of course, the cartoonist wasn't there and was only guessing. I wasn't there either, you will say, and therefore I also am only guessing. But mine is an educated guess, applying logic and knowledge of human nature. I am not attempting to amuse at the expense of others. I wish to right a wrong, to see justice done. Our Stone Age ancestors have been maligned, and it is high time, if not a little late, to make amends. We who pride ourselves in objectivity and dispassionate inquiry should see to it that a true account of sex life in the Stone Age is included in history books henceforth, and especially in textbooks used in the schools and studied by the young and impressionable.

It may be useful to form some such organization as Fair Play for Stone Age Man, or FPSAM, to which contributions would be tax deductible. Letters to Senators and Congressmen would also help. But this is the sort of thing that starts with the individual. Each one of us must ask himself, "Am I guilty of spreading lies and misinformation about the sex life of the Stone Age man?" Each one of us must learn the facts and be convinced in his own heart and mind before attempting to influence others.

One of the essential facts, with which we may make a start, is that there *was* such a thing as sex in the Stone Age. It may have been primitive and lacking in subtlety, but it was there. No one doubts that even this early there were two sexes —indeed, the same two that we have today. And the two sexes themselves knew there were two sexes, and recognized the responsibilities and opportunities this entailed. They knew about the birds and the bees, which were far more numerous then, before the use of insecticides. Therefore they did not have to be told about them, they merely watched. And they got the idea.

Yes, our Stone Age ancestors may have been ignorant about some things, such as iron and bronze, not to mention titanium, but they knew about sex. They may even have known as much about it as we do, which is something one hates to admit about these primitive people. There were, after all, no sudden breakthroughs in sex comparable to the rapid advance in transportation after the invention of the wheel. In all likelihood, sex very early reached a plateau, and a graph of the history of sex, from the day of its discovery would look something like this:



But let us re-examine that generally accepted picture of sex in the Stone Age, when the man has clubbed the woman and is dragging her off, by the hair, to his cave. In the first place, is it credible that a man would hit a woman over the head with a club considerably larger than a baseball bat when he could have knocked her out with his fist? Of course not. And yet the cartoons repeatedly show the man not only having knocked the woman unconscious with his club but still holding the club in one hand while with the other he drags her to the place of rendezvous.

It should be apparent to anyone who has read Freud that the club was not used to hit the Stone Age woman over the head. It was employed as a phallic symbol. The woman was not hit over the head with it; she was simply shown it. What struck her was the enormity of the situation. She was overcome. She swooned. Some cartoonists have been honest enough to show the woman with a pleased smile on her face, even as she was being dragged away, and this could hardly come from a blow on the head.

Limited though his knowledge of medical science, the Stone Age man had learned a thing or two about cuts, bruises and concussions. He may not have known the Latin names for them, but he knew their effects. Why would he wish to pull all the way to the cave a woman who might on arrival be unresponsive (i.e., unconscious) or who, at any rate, would look far from attractive with a large lump on her cranium and blood running down her forehead?

There can be no doubt about it. The club was for display purposes only, and is further proof, if proof is needed, that men have been boastful, and prone to exaggerate, from earliest times.

And what of the suggestion, endlessly repeated in cartoons, that once the woman was in no position to resist (that is to say, flat on her back), she was grabbed by the hair and pulled to the nearest cave? This is ridiculous on the face of it or, in this case, on the back of it. This was the Stone Age, remember, and the ground was terribly stony. It wasn't like pulling a woman along, say, a paved road or a sidewalk. A woman pulled even a hundred yards over stony, bumpy, dusty ground would be a mess. And, though reference has been made to "the nearest cave," the nearest cave might already be occupied by a pair of Stone Age lovers, and the man might have to pull the woman a mile or more before he found a cave with a VACANCY sign or got her all the way home. The Stone Age man may have been ignorant, but he wasn't stupid. He would not wish to drag into his bed a woman with her back raw and bleeding, any more than he would a woman with an unsightly lump on her head.

A Stone Age man was no modern sedentary type. He was agile and muscular, quite capable of picking up the woman, after she had swooned at the sight of his club, and carrying her in his arms. And this, common sense tells us, is what he would have done. What if he had to set her down occasionally to rest? It would have been relaxing for both of them, and a chance to get acquainted. They may, in fact, have found a pile of fermented berries, while resting under a bush, and eaten until they were in a devil-may-care state, completely freed of their inhibitions. Then, if they found a soft, grassy plot near a stream's edge, they may never have got to the cave.

Indeed, the idea that a Stone Age man, with a woman in tow and a large club in hand, would have made a beeline for a cave is probably quite erroneous. The fact that caves have been discovered with erotic drawings of prehistoric animals on the walls should not be taken as convincing proof that caves were the equivalent of the modern bachelor apartment. Such caves may simply have been the studios of avant-garde artists whose sex lives took a peculiar turn in that they were voyeurs, but of animals rather than women. These Peeping Toms, having glimpsed a nude mastodon bathing, or watched the mating of two rather passionate saber-toothed tigers, lost no time getting back to their studios and sketching the lurid details on their walls.

With population so sparse and vegetation so dense, it is unlikely that a Stone Age man had any need to drag (or carry) a woman into his cave for the sake of privacy. Nor is it certain that privacy was considered essential, or even desirable, in those days. On the contrary, it may have been thought sneaky and perverted. The best people, or anyhow the more normal people, felt that anything worth doing was worth doing not only well but out in the open.

Perhaps this will help clear up a popular misconception and straighten out our thinking about sex in the Stone Age. The cartoonists can keep on drawing pictures of Stone Age men beating women over the heads with clubs, seizing them by the hair and dragging them into caves. But we know better. The only thing we can go along with is the bit about brandishing that huge club, and this doesn't make us laugh, it makes us smile understandingly. Men haven't changed much since the Stone Age, except that the snaggle-toothed ones now have the advantage of orthodontia, and it's easier to get off some of that hair with a stainless-steel blade than with a none-too-sharp stone.

The Playboy Mansion

Si Non Oscillas
Noli Tintinnare

a personal visit inside the palatial pad where hugh hefner resides and presides over the playboy empire

IN A FEW MONTHS, the main offices of the proliferating Playboy empire, currently occupying a complex of separate buildings on Chicago's Near North Side, will begin to move into a Michigan Avenue skyscraper that is to be the new Playboy Building. The impressive 37-story structure occupies the better part of a square block, just around the corner from the Chicago Playboy Club; it is topped by a rotating searchlight—already nicknamed the "Bunny Beacon"—the most powerful sea and air navigation light ever built, with a 2.15-billion-candle-power beam that is visible to aircraft 500 miles away, and at a distance of 33 miles is 4.79 times brighter than a full moon. But impressive as the new Playboy skyscraper is, the real heart and headquarters of the Playboy empire is actually in another building a few blocks away—an elegant, four-story edifice on North State Parkway called the Playboy Mansion—the palatial pad where Hugh M. Hefner resides and presides over every phase of his Playboy operation.

The Playboy Mansion is a grand manor, constructed in the grand manner at the start of the century, and more what you might expect to find on a country estate in Europe than on the Near North Side of Chicago. The elegant brick and stone

The first sight that greets a visitor to the Playboy Mansion is a seven-foot-tall modern bronze sculpture of contemporary woman by Abbott Pattison dominating the foyer. Throughout the Mansion Hefner juxtaposes the best of both the old and the new, with works of modern art sharing honors with medieval suits of armor, a pair of which flank the entrance to the immense main room. At right: Hefner holds an editorial meeting with the PLAYBOY *staff at one end of the 60-foot-long room. Below, from left to right: Managing Editor Jack Kessie, Picture Editor Vince Tajiri, Editor-Publisher Hefner, Editorial Director A. C. Spectorsky, Associate Art Director Reid Austin, Senior Editor Sheldon Wax, and Art Director Arthur Paul.*

exterior, and the high iron fence that surrounds it, have not changed in the half century since construction was completed, and they give no hint of the contemporary decor and doings within.

In sharp contrast to its formal façade, the swinging interior of this ultimate *Playboy Pad* has prompted such descriptive phrases as: "A bachelor's dream," "Mr. Playboy's palace," "Hef's hutch," "an adult Disneyland," and "Shangri-La '70." Quite understandably, the Mansion and the man who resides there are the subjects of a considerable amount of curiosity, conversation, speculation, exaggeration, reportage and rumor—with fact and fancy, perception and prejudice blending almost indistinguishably into one another.

Thus, in *Time* the Playboy Mansion became an adolescent aspiration:

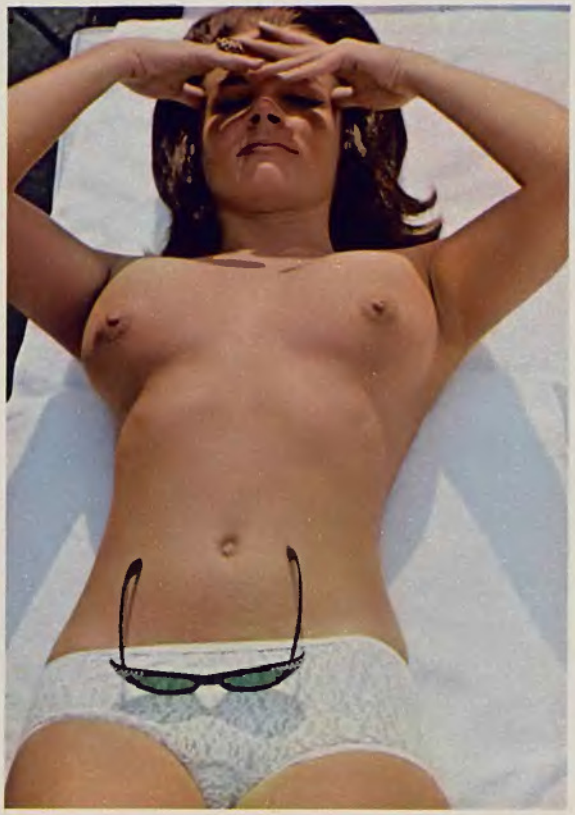
"The American boy lies, on his left side, dreaming.

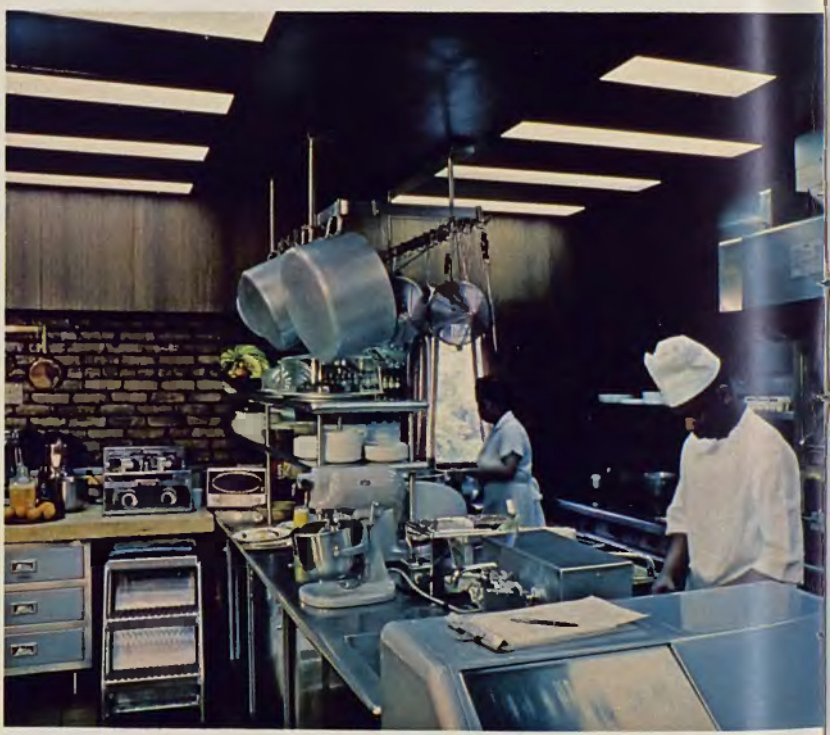
"*Someday, when I have enough money,*

Above: Ten Playboy Club Bunnies line up in the main room for Hefner's inspection of a new, improved fabric and construction for the famous Bunny costume. Below: Hefner receives weekly haircut and manicure during a meeting with Executive Assistant Dick Rosenzweig and personal secretary Bobbie Arnstein in the walnut-paneled conference room of the Mansion. Bound volumes on bookshelf contain all 12 years of PLAYBOY.

Below: An off-duty gathering of Bunnies relaxes in front of Italian-marble fireplace in the main room after dinner, entertaining one another with Chaucerian tales of their adventures at the Club the previous evening. Two dozen Chicago Club Bunnies live in the Bunny Dormitories on the upper floors of the Mansion for a nominal rental, which includes use of the swimming pool, sun deck, steam- and game-room facilities.

Below: An aerial view of the walled-in sun deck on the Mansion roof and a close-up of Playmate Terre Tucker acquiring a topless tan. High-rise apartments have risen near the Mansion recently, and the real rooms with a view are not the ones that look out over Lake Michigan, but those that face the Mansion's sun deck. Hosts at cocktail parties in these buildings provide binoculars the way most Gold Coast hostesses serve hot canapés. This reduction in privacy doesn't seem to bother the gathering Playmates at right, however, as they relax in monokinis and less for maximum tan. At far right: Playmate Ashlyn Martin splashes Bunnies who have found their own place in the sun around the small wading pool at the end of the roof deck.





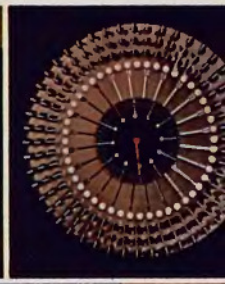
Above left: Several Mansion Bunnies have supper in the dining room before going to work at the Playboy Club a few blocks away. The Mansion kitchen never closes; to take care of such contingencies as Norman Mailer asking for chili at four A.M. and Shel Silverstein wanting breakfast at noon, the Mansion requires a full-time kitchen staff of 12 working in three shifts around the clock. Above right: Chef prepares for luncheon; staff of this hotel-sized kitchen often turns out as many as 300 meals a day and is equally adept at preparing one milk shake at dawn for a tired Bunny or buffet of cracked lobster for 750 guests.

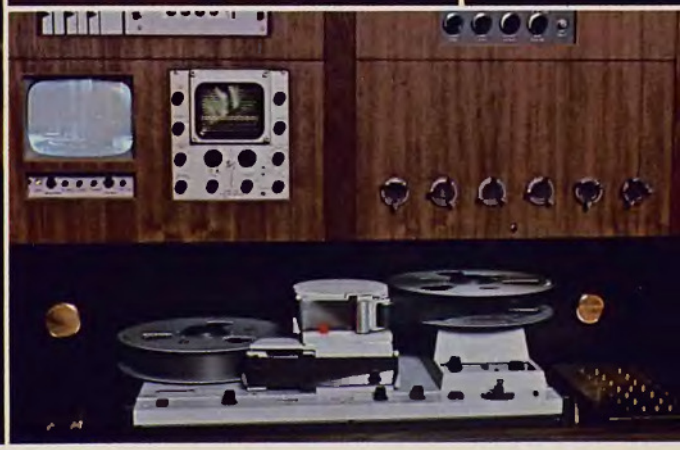
I am going to have a house with a massage room, a steam room, a bar, and a bedroom big enough for two 707s. The floor will be covered with a white rug four inches thick, with a polar-bear skin near the hi-fi. And the bed, oh, maneroonian, the bed will be adequate for an exhibition match between the Green Bay Packers and the Los Angeles Rams.

"Downstairsville, there is a two-story, chandeliered, oak-paneled living room with teakwood floors and a trap door through which you can drop twelve feet into a kidney-shaped indoor pool. 'That,' I'll tell my visitors, 'is where we throw the old, discarded girls.' At the end of the pool is a waterfall, and you can swim through it twosies into a dark, warm grotto which has wide ledges at the sides, softened with plastic-covered cushions.

"The preposterous dream has materialized in an $800,000 Victorian house on Chicago's North State Street, complete from the half-acre bed to the woo grotto. No wonder its owner says, 'Life is beautiful.' He is Hugh Marston Hefner, editor and publisher of PLAYBOY magazine, a sort of editorial whee, whose candy castle—aswarm with PLAYBOY's celebrated center-spread Playmates—symbolizes the expansion of his young empire . . ."

The fame of the Playboy Mansion isn't limited to the United



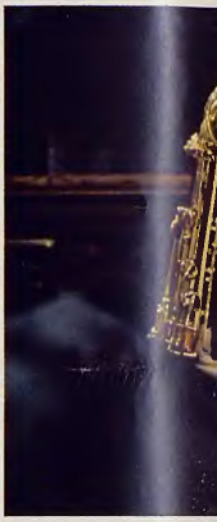


Above: Hefner shows Playmate Allison Parks the electronic center of the Mansion. Patterned after the Playboy Electronic Entertainment Wall (PLAYBOY, October 1964), the room is the nerve center for a host of audio and video innovations. Detail photo above left shows the James Lansing control panel which regulates the stereo hi-fi, AM-FM radio and audio-tape equipment that supplies sound for the master quarters and executive offices. Above right: A clock timer allows Ampex video-tape equipment, bottom, to automatically record on two-inch tape selected TV programs from next 24 hours for later playback at any time.

The popping of corks by the red-coated housemen (above) indicates it's partytime at the Playboy Mansion: The swinging scene goes from midnight till morning, usually includes a watusi band in the main room, bars pouring on three separate floors, an elaborate buffet, several hundred guests dressed in everything from formals to bikinis, an assortment of celebrities, from Frank Sinatra to James Baldwin, Joe DiMaggio to Jerry Lewis, John Lindsay to Sammy Davis Jr., and an abundance of Bunnies, Playmates and plain pretty girls. Below left: Host Hefner has warm word for Assistant Cartoon Editor Cynthia Maddox; below right: Bunny Wanda Owens gives playful bunny-hug to appreciative pianist Joe Parnello during intermission.

Hefner greets Barbra Streisand. Below, Bunny needs a high-slit dress for her vigorous watusi.

Above: PLAYBOY sky (left) chat

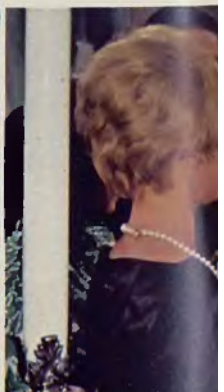


The wailing of the Donna Michelle

Below: Film star Tony Curtis finds himself surrounded by admiring females at a Hefner party in his honor.

Below: Art Paul chats with a pair of pretty secretaries at the employees' Christmas party.

Author Norma on a spaceship



executives Theo Frederick and A. C. Spector-with ballet star Rudolf Nureyev and friends.

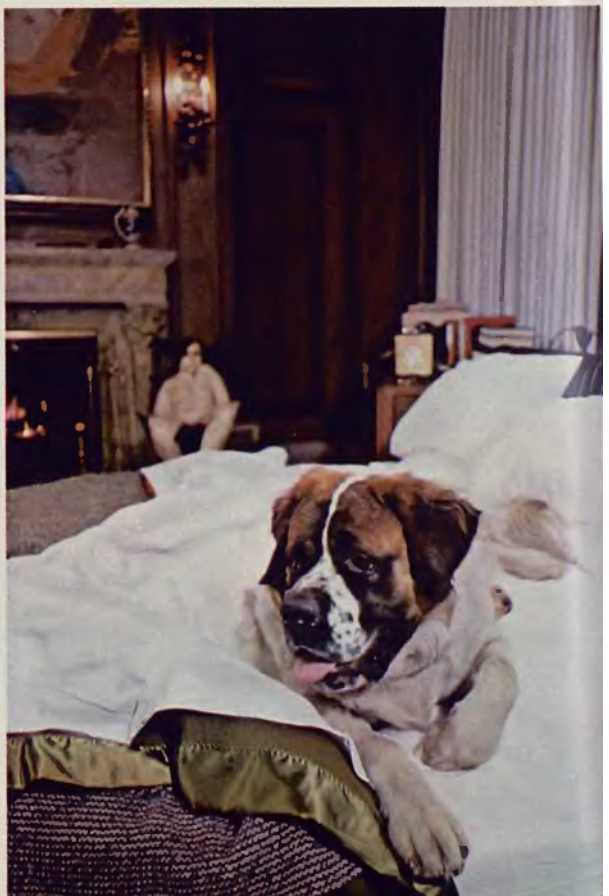
sax man (above) does not distract Playmate and Hef (below) from the sumptuous buffet.

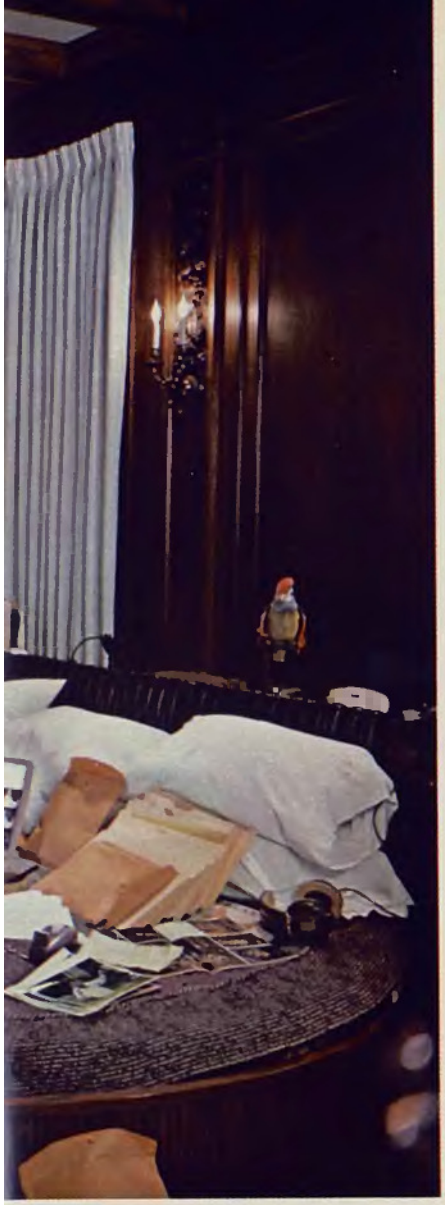
Mailer (below) compared this party to being "Timeless, spaceless, it was outward bound."

Guest seems bewildered by Bunny in leopard bikini and sunglasses doing watusi on stair (above left) while Playmate Connie Mason (right) cuts fine figure on floor.

Above: Host Hefner and guest converse at annual employee party; below: secretary takes bikini break beside fireplace and Playmate Terre Tucker tries new dance step.

Above: Mansion visitors sign names in book lying open under Jackson Pollock painting in main hall; the glass-paneled doors lead to the master quarters. At right: In master bedroom, Hefner sits cross-legged on his circular, motor-driven, rotatable, vibratable bed, editing color transparencies for an upcoming PLAYBOY *pictorial. Below: In his study, pajama-clad Editor-Publisher pauses in writing installment of "Philosophy" to approve several layouts for next issue (left); house mascot Humphrey lolls on his master's bed (center); two details in bedroom (right) reveal Hef's habits—bowlful of identical briar pipes and fridge full of favorite soft drink.*





States—it has been written about in foreign publications from Japan to Norway, Turkey to Australia.

"There are castles in America too," began the article on the Mansion in *Elegante Welt*, the elegant West German equivalent of the U.S. *Vanity Fair* of the Thirties. To these German editors, Hefner's house symbolizes the fact that the United States is still the fabled land of opportunity, as the last paragraph of the article emphasizes: "The guest rooms are equipped with every comfort. They invite refreshing rest. Only Hugh Hefner, who never tires of his work, has put a desk in his bedroom, on which he can work with drawing board, slide viewer, crayons or electric typewriter. Hardly nine years ago, he was earning a weekly wage of only $50. Today he rules over a publishing enterprise with a yearly income that surpasses $12,000,000. Hefner dreamed once about a castle. He thought it was on the moon. Through initiative and creativity, his palace in the heart of Chicago proves once again that America is the country of unlimited opportunities for the courageous man of enterprise, even if he is a playboy."

Russian editors might be expected to have just the opposite reaction to PLAYBOY—damning the publication and its related enterprises as symbolic of the utter decadence of U.S. capitalism. But a satirical statement in *Crocodile*, the official Soviet humor magazine published by *Pravda*, proved surprisingly mild—especially considering the Communists' usually straitlaced attitude on sex. *Crocodile* said:

At top right: Mansion guests enjoy plush accommodations like the velvet-walled Red Room, occupied here by a trio of Playmates—Sheralee Conners, Christa Speck and Delores Wells. At bottom: Girls relax on bunk beds in one of four Bunny Dormitories.

Playmates appreciate privacy of the Mansion's indoor pool, which permits them to swim sans suits. Above: Allison Parks tests the water as Jessica St. George and Terri Kimball wade in. Below: Ashlyn Martin swims past window of Underwater Bar; at bottom, view through window reveals Donna Michelle about to surface. Top center: Allison silhouetted in entrance to Cave; at right, it's "everybody into the pool," as bevy of bare belles enjoys sportive splash in waterfall cascading over mouth of Cave.

Above: Playmates Chrisia Speck and Delores Wells acquire midwinter tans luxuriating 'neath ultraviolet lamps in the sun room adjoining swimming pool. Below: Group of girls gathers in steam room after swim for reinvigorating steam siesta; at bottom: Playmate Allison Parks muses languidly propped on one arm as steam begins to completely fill the room.

Above: Hef enjoys casual late-evening fun and games with Mansion gang in Underwater Bar after putting current issue of the magazine to bed. Blurred figure is bikinied bather sliding down brass pole to join the group; blurred image of another bather, still swimming, is framed in pool window in the back wall. At right: On Sunday afternoons the main room of the Mansion turns into a movie theater, with Cinemascope-sized screenings of the latest feature films. At bottom: After the show, guests are served buffet supper, but Hef and PLAYBOY *secretary Mary Warren (left) prefer to sit and chat awhile with English actor-singer Noel Harrison, Rex' talented son; conversation is interrupted (right) to watch Mansion girls lining up to learn new discothèque step. After screening "Help!" a few Sundays earlier, several Bunnies put Beatle records on the house hi-fi and fruged, watusied and jerked away most the night.*

"The imagination of Mr. Hugh Hefner is indeed inexhaustible. For many years he has brought joy to American men with PLAYBOY magazine, of which he is the publisher. The old problem of sex is treated freshly and originally in the magazine.

"Lately Hugh Hefner has opened a string of Playboy night clubs in cities in the U.S.A. with waitresses clad in less than light costumes.

"And in private life Mr. Hefner excels in his rich imagination. Lately he attracted attention with an original party for guests. He receives friends in a large artificial pool filled with water. All of the guests are given swimming suits, masks, fins and aqualungs.

"It is true that those present are unable to talk to each other, but this doesn't particularly bother anyone."

For the Communist *Crocodile* that's a mighty light bite. And what about the compliment to PLAYBOY for treating "the old problem of sex . . . freshly and originally . . . ?!" Sounds as though some young swingers might have found their way onto the *Crocodile* staff.

The same, surprisingly, can't be said for the editors of our own *Life* magazine, who recently tried to cast Hefner as a villain in the age-old Battle of the Sexes. Although warring with women

Top: Actor Lee Marvin shoots a late-evening game of pool with Mansion Bunny. Above: Cartoonist-troubadour Shel Silverstein entertains the girls with one of his original ballads, "Never Bite a Married Woman on the Thigh"; while, below: Hef and Playmate Allison Parks bask in the romantic glow of a warming fire.

is contrary to Hefner's nature, some critics insist that PLAYBOY and its publisher are actually antifemale—and that was the notion *Life* decided to try to develop into a major picture story.

That wasn't the way it was originally outlined to us, of course. It was supposed to be an objective report on the entire Playboy empire, but hardly ever got outside of Hefner's bedroom. We should have suspected something was amiss when *Life* sent a miss on a man's mission. *Life*'s big-game huntress studied Hefner in his natural habitat for almost a month —stalked him in his lair with steno book and camera. The result was ten pages of puerility published in late October.

"In Hefnerland, Women Are Status Symbols," *Life* announced in one of the big, bold headlines for their story. Then their feminist researcher-writer went on to explain what that meant:

"Hefner talks a great deal about equality for everybody, including women. But the way it works out, in both his private life and his magazine, men are a lot more equal than women.

"In Hefnerland, a woman is simply another aspect of the status-symbol mania that is stamped all over PLAYBOY. She is no more or less important than the sleekest sports car or most expensive bottle of Scotch."

Life described Hefner as being "virtually sealed off from the world" in the Playboy Mansion, but in another major piece on the same subject the very next week in the Sunday magazine section of the *New York Herald Tribune*, Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Tom Wolfe exclaimed: "Hugh Hefner is at the center of the world. He is deep down inside his house—at the center of his bed. The center of the world!"

In *Life*, Hefner's success is simply equated with sex: "An Empire Built on Sex" is what they titled their article. To Tom Wolfe, it is something more: "To account for Hefner's astonishing success—well, the PLAYBOY aura of sex, by itself, is not enough. . . . What Hefner has been offering is not merely a fantasy of some kind of potentate's serving of sex but also a fantasy of a potentate's control of the environment—all of a sudden made plausible by the new style of life."

In an introductory paragraph to the Wolfe article, the *Herald Tribune* states: "From deep in the innards of his Bunnied, automated mansion—which he almost never leaves these days—the head of PLAYBOY is setting a trend! What 'Hef' is doing, observes our social critic who's just back from Out There, is replacing the old approach to status with a new way that America's new Haves can pick up on."

And Wolfe writes: "How is anybody in New York going to appreciate this whole thing about Hugh Hefner being a recluse in his mansion in Chicago. Thirty-nine years old! A recluse! Bonafide! . . . Right this minute, one supposes, he is somewhere there in the innards of those 48 rooms, under layers and layers of white wall-to-wall, crimson wall-to-wall, Count Basie–lounge leather, muffled, baffled, swaddled, shrouded, closed in, blacked out, shielded by curtains, drapes, wall-to-wall, blonde wood, all sorts of motherless jazz-boite slabs of blonde wood, honey-shuck, magnolia or something, all those earphones, screens, cords, doors, buzzers, dials, Nubians—he's down in there, the living Hugh Hefner, 150 pounds, like the tender-tympany green heart of an artichoke."

Hefner's in there all right. And by way of celebration on this 12th anniversary of the magazine, we'd like to take our readers inside, too, and give you—as well as we can in words and pictures—a personal view of the Playboy Mansion.

A visit to the house can be an adventure—which sometimes begins even before you get inside. In a letter to a friend, a West Coast writer described what happened when he approached Hefner's home one afternoon: "My very first surprise was a mixture of pain and pleasure—or, at least, the possibilities of both. As I walked by the private driveway's open gates, I was almost bowled over by a pair of stunningly slacked (and stacked) and sweatered Bunnies who came barreling out of the driveway astride a bright-red tandem bike. (Potential pain unrealized: They missed me. Potential pleasure unrealized: They smiled but did not stop.)

"My second surprise, after my brief encounter with the eye-popping vehicular hazards, was a presumably playful greeting by a gigantic, furred juggernaut that emerged like a space shot from the white marble lobby I was attempting to enter, towing a liveried human behind him on a leash. I withstood the pally onslaught, learned in due time that this was Hefner's Saint Bernard 'puppy' on his way out with a houseman for a romp, after which he would presumably resume his enviable role as the Mansion's mascot and pet of all the resident beauties (lucky dog, to coin a phrase)."

The entrance to this 20th Century castle has the contemporary electronic equivalent of a medieval moat-and-drawbridge: a closed-circuit TV system, with a camera that scans all visitors as they ring the bell in the outer foyer; once the individual is identified on the monitor screen upstairs, a button is pressed and the giant, iron-grille inner door swings open. The downstairs lobby is decorated in white stone and marble, with a heroically proportioned seven-foot, semi-abstract bronze statue of modern woman by sculptor Abbott Pattison standing next to the wine-red-carpeted grand staircase. One flight up, a stark white door is set into intricately carved and fixtured walls of oak, with a small brass plaque affixed to it that bears the Latin inscription, *"Si Non Oscillas, Noli Tintinnare"* ("If you don't swing, don't ring"). The plaque was a housewarming gift to Hefner from PLAYBOY Associate Publisher A. C. Spectorsky, and this door leads to the main living and dining areas of the Mansion. You are greeted here by a liveried houseman and asked to sign the guest register that lies open on a table just inside—and if it were the present moment, shortly before the close of this January issue, you would find among the signatures on the current week's page, along with your own, such familiar names as Shel Silverstein, Johnny Carson, Skitch Henderson, Mort Sahl, Jules Feiffer, Theodore Bikel, Bob Hope and Melvin Belli; PLAYBOY cartoonist Shel Silverstein and night-club comedian Mort Sahl, the houseman might inform you, were both staying at the house at the present time.

On the wall above the guest book is an abstract-splatter painting, *Number Twenty Six 1950*, by the late Jackson Pollock, second only to Picasso in the hierarchy of 20th Century art; this painting is the key canvas in an art collection that includes major paintings by De Kooning, Kline and Rivers, especially chosen by Hefner to decorate the house —all of it modern and American.

A pair of ceiling-high French doors at one end of the reception hall opens into the main room of the Mansion, which fills most of the north side of the second floor. Your initial impression upon entering is apt to be one of sheer size, for the main room is almost 60 feet long, 30 feet wide and 22 feet high. (Writer Richard Gehman suggested, in an article entitled "The Private Life of Hugh Hefner" for *Fact* magazine, that Hef might augment his income by putting in bleachers and renting the room out for intercollegiate basketball tournaments on nights when he wasn't having a party.)

Once you've adjusted to the dimensions of the room, you'll be impressed anew by its elegance. Columnist Herb Caen told his *San Francisco Chronicle* readers: " 'Hef's pad,' as it is euphemistically referred to, covers two vast floors in an austere, proper brick building on North State. The second floor is given over to a huge and magnificent drawing room as grand as (and no smaller than) the St. Francis lobby . . ."

This part of the house—including the massive marble fireplace imported from Italy, the ornately carved oak-paneled walls and four oak pillars that flank the entranceway, the beautiful British beamed ceiling two stories overhead, the inlaid teak floor and the pair of high-wrought bronze chandeliers, with matching candelabra-shaped sconces—was planned by the original architect and, like the building's exterior, has remained virtually unchanged since it was completed in the early 1900s.

(continued on page 199)

"Harry! <u>You</u>?"

Hy Roth

article By KENNETH TYNAN

The Royal Smut-Hound

since the time of the tudors, the lord chamberlain—britain's censor supreme—has done his prudishly prurient and ludicrous best to muzzle the english theater

For "wind from a duck's behind," substitute "wind from Mount Zion."

Omit "crap," substitute "jazz."

Omit "balls of the Medici": "testicles of the Medici" would be acceptable.

Delete "postcoital," substitute "late evening."

For "the Vicar's got the clappers," substitute "the Vicar's dropped a clanger."

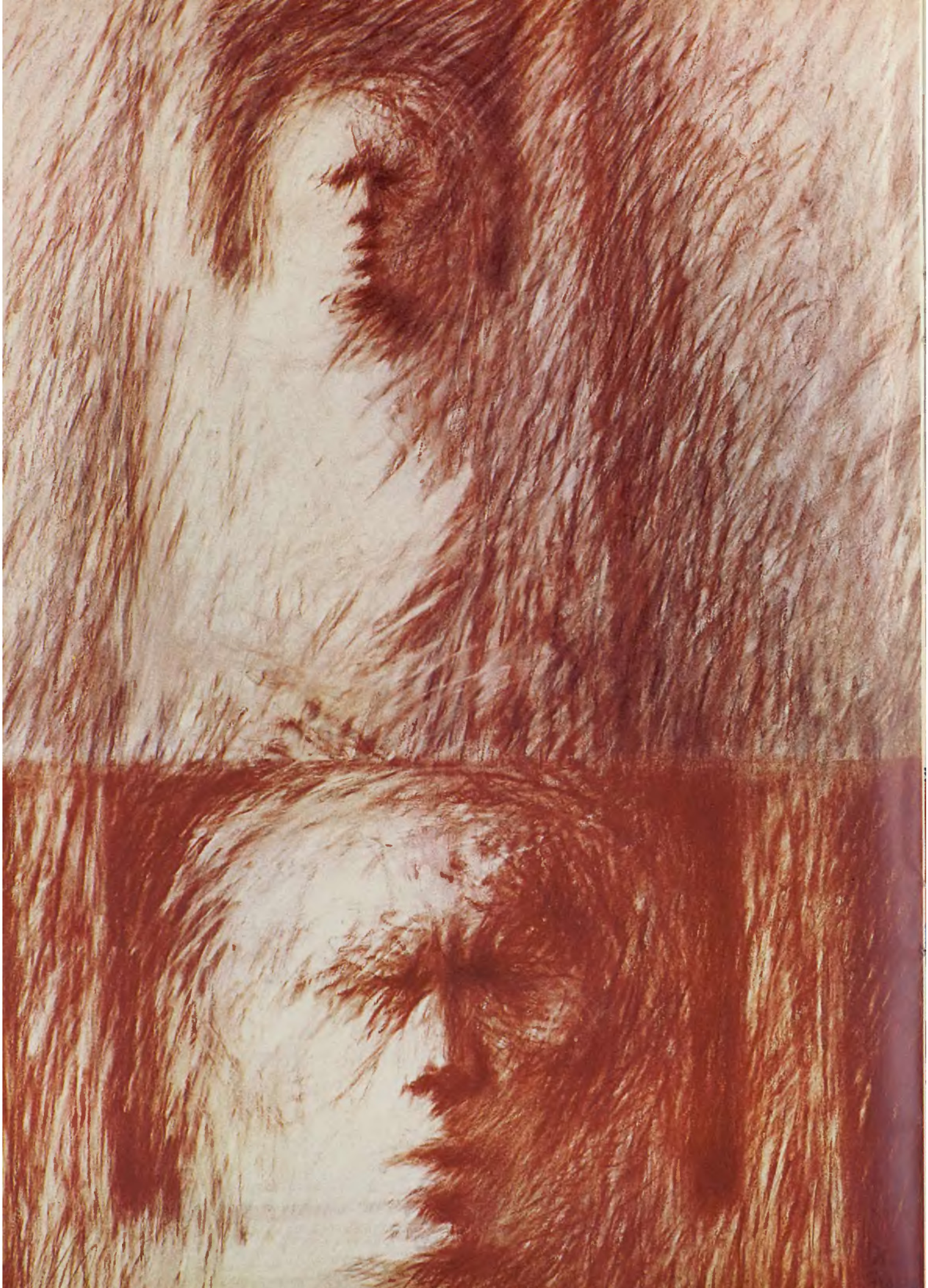
Omit "piss off, piss off, piss off," substitute "Shut your steaming gob."

These staccato commands are authentic and typical extracts from letters dispatched in recent years from the office of the Lord Chamberlain of Great Britain, second ranking dignitary of Her Majesty's Court. He is the official in charge of the royal household, responsible for receiving visiting potentates and for arranging all state ceremonies from christenings to coronations. He also appoints the Keeper of the Royal Swans. On no account must he be confused with the Lord *Great* Chamberlain—a lowly sixth in the dignitary ratings—who supervises royal openings of Parliament and helps the monarch (if the latter is male) to dress on coronation mornings.

Among the other duties of the Lord Small Chamberlain, as we may call him in passing, is that of censoring all plays presented for public performance in the United Kingdom; and it is this which explains the extraordinary volume of obscene correspondence that issues from his headquarters in St. James' Palace. On royally embossed note paper, producers all over the country are gravely informed that "fart," "tits," "sod," "sperm," "arse," "Jesus!," etc., are illicit expressions, and that "the Lord Chamberlain cannot accept the word 'screwed' in place of the word 'shagged.'" It is something of a wonder that no one has lodged a complaint against His Lordship for corrupting and depraving the innocent secretaries to whom this spicy stuff is dictated; at the very least, the Post Office might intervene to prevent what looks to me like a flagrant misuse of the mails.

At the moment, there is nothing we can do about it. The Lord Chamberlain's role as legal censor dates back to 1737, when Sir Robert Walpole's administration—probably the most venal in British history—rushed an Act through Parliament to protect itself from criticism in the theater. Ever since Tudor times, the Chamberlain (or his subordinate, the Master of the Revels) had been empowered by royal proclamation to regulate dramatic entertainments, but he had mainly confined his cuts to matters of heresy or sedition that might offend the monarch. It was Walpole's panicky vengefulness that gave statutory recognition and legislative force to the Chamberlain's powers, and established a Court official as the sole dictator of the British theater. Henceforth, no new plays or additions to old ones could be staged without his approval.

This authority was toughened and extended by the Theaters Act of 1843, a repellent piece of legislation that is still in force. Under its provisions, *(continued on page 166)*



THE PARISIANS AND THE GERMANS

WHEN THE ENGLISH AND AMERICANS liberated Paris, many of them were surprised to find us Parisians less thin than they had expected. They saw Frenchwomen wearing elegant dresses that seemed new, and men in sports jackets which, from a distance, still looked good. Only rarely did they encounter that pallor of the face, that physiological poverty, which usually signifies undernourishment.

Solicitude, when it is disappointed, turns into resentment; and I'm afraid they were a bit irritated with us for not being quite so pathetic-looking as they had imagined. Perhaps some of them wondered, deep down, whether the Occupation had really been so terrible; whether, after all, France shouldn't have considered herself lucky for the defeat that had sent her to the side lines and enabled her, without great sacrifices, to come back as a great power. Perhaps they thought that by comparison with the English, the French hadn't had such a bad time of it during those four years. It is to those who entertain such ideas that I would like to speak. I would like to explain to them that the Occupation was a terrible ordeal; and that every single Frenchman, at one time or another, envied the lot of his English-speaking allies.

Yet at the very outset I feel how tremendously difficult my task is. Once before, I experienced this same frustration. I had come back from a German prison camp, and people were asking me what kind of life the prisoners led. How could I convey the atmosphere of a prison camp to people who had never been in one? A snap of the fingers, and everything would have looked somber; a flick of the thumb, and it would have seemed bright and cheerful. Nor was the truth to be found "in between," as the expression has it. That truth required a great deal of art and invention to be conveyed, a great deal of good will and imagination to be understood. Now I am faced with a similar problem. How convey the experience of the Occupation to people living in countries that remained free? There is a gulf between us that cannot be filled with words. The Frenchmen who talk to one another about the Germans, the Gestapo, the Resistance and the Black Market, understand one another easily—because they lived through the same events and share the same memories. But the French and their English-speaking allies no longer have a remembered experience in common. Everything, for instance, that London lived through in pride, Paris experienced in shame and despair. We French must learn to talk about ourselves dispassionately. And you must learn to understand our tone of voice, and to grasp, over and above the words, all those things that can only be suggested—all that a gesture or a silence may mean.

Yet when I try to give a glimpse of the truth, I run up against even more difficulty. The Occupation of France was an immense social phenomenon involving 35,000,000 human beings. How can I speak for all of them? The little towns, the great industrial centers, the rural areas—each underwent a different experience. In some villages the people never saw a single German; in others, German troops were stationed for four years. Since I lived in Paris most of that time, I shall confine myself to describing the Occupation there. And I shall pass over such things as the physical suffering, the famine (real, but hidden), the lowering of our vitality and the increase in tuberculosis. After all, these hardships had their counterpart in England. No doubt the subsistence level there continued to be markedly higher than in France. But the English underwent bombings, rocket attacks, and military losses, whereas we were not fighting. Still, there were other hardships; and they are the ones I want to describe. I want to try to show how the Parisians *felt the effects* of the Occupation.

First of all, we have to get rid of the lurid stereotypes. No, the Germans did not go through the streets with their weapons at the ready. No, they did not force the civilians to give way—to step down off the sidewalk when they came along. In the *métro*, they offered their seats to old ladies. They quickly became sentimental over children, and patted them on the cheek. They had been told to behave properly, and they did: timidly and diligently, out of a sense of discipline. Sometimes they even manifested a naïve kind of good will—which, however, could not be put into action. Nor should you think that the French regarded them with crushing contempt. True, the great majority of the population avoided all contact with the German Army. But it must not be forgotten that the Occupation was an *everyday* matter. Somebody or other, when asked what he did under the Reign of Terror, answered: "I lived." It's the kind of answer all of us could give today. For four years we lived; and the Germans, too, lived among us—submerged, drowned in the concordant life of the great city. I couldn't help smiling at a newspaper photograph that was shown to me a few days ago. It showed a German officer—heavy-shouldered, the nape of his neck burly and brutal-looking—rummaging in a bookstall along the Seine, while a little old bookseller with a very French goatee looks on with a cold and melancholy eye. The German's stance is arrogant, and he seems to be pushing the little bookseller out of the picture. The caption reads: "The German is desecrating the quays of the Seine, which used to belong to the poets and dreamers."

I realize that this photograph was not faked. Still, it's only a photograph—an arbitrary selection. Actually, the eye takes in a much larger perspective. The photographer saw hundreds of Frenchmen rummaging in dozens of bookstalls, and one German, *(continued on page 170)*

an existentialist's view of the tormented confrontation and conflict of two inimical cultural end products—the gallic and the gothic—in the crucible of wartime occupation

memoir **By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE**

DRAWING BY L. DESOW-FISHBEIN

LIVING WITH AUTOMATION

CUTTING THROUGH THE MYTHS AND MISCONCEPTIONS SURROUNDING A TECHNOLOGY THAT IS LIBERATING MAN FROM MECHANICAL DRUDGERY

ARTICLE **BY J. PAUL GETTY**

THERE IS AN OLD JOKE which holds that the difference between an optimist and a pessimist is most obvious early in the morning—at the breakfast table. The optimist glances toward the opaque pitcher standing at the far end of the table and brightly asks the nearest person to pass him the cream. The pessimist, on the other hand, stares dourly at the same pitcher and growls for someone to hand him the milk.

The joke isn't very funny. However, it does succinctly sum up the opposing views that prevail today on the highly controversial subject of industrial automation.

It is still early in the morning; the trend is only in its beginning stages. Pro-automation "optimists" are predicting automation will usher in an era of unparalleled prosperity; they view industrial automation as the richest and most delectable cream in the nation's economic pitcher.

Stubbornly opposed are those who, like AFL-CIO president George Meany, believe automation is a very thin and watery—and, indeed, highly toxic—milk that will prove a "real curse to our society" and could eventually cause "national catastrophe."

I incline to the optimistic view—with certain reservations. I am acutely aware that automation cream is potentially an extremely dangerous substance that must be handled with meticulous care. Like any other major step in economic progress, it is fraught with problems, and the hardships that it causes must be minimized by every possible means.

Industrial automation increases production—or, stated another way, makes labor more productive, making possible the production of more and better goods and the provision of more and better services at lower prices. This, of course, is the basic formula for the creation of higher living standards for all.

On the other hand, automation carries with it an economically undesirable by-product. It *does* put people out of work; the machines *do* displace human beings. How many and at what rate is a question for which there seems to be no definite answer.

George Meany recently estimated 80,000 as the number of persons being made jobless *each week* by the automation of industry. The late John I. Snyder, Jr., former chairman of U. S. Industries, placed the rate at 40,000 weekly. Former U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics Commissioner Ewan Clague cited a considerably more modest—but still extremely worrisome—20,000-a-week rate. Thus, depending on whose figures one accepts, anywhere between 1,000,000 and 4,000,000 workers are being automated out of their jobs each year.

It is said that the worst is yet to come. Recent Department of Labor statistical projections estimate industrial automation will result in a loss of more than 4,000,000 available jobs in the next five years. And, the Labor Department predicts, the nation's potential labor force will have grown by over 10,000,000 during the same period, to make a total of over 14,000,000 unemployed persons in the United States by 1970.

The impact automation has already had can be seen in the steel industry. Technological advances such as entirely automated blooming mills and the relatively new oxygen-converter process for making steel have slashed the number of workers needed and greatly boosted production. According to the steelworkers' union officials, the industry employed 540,000 persons in 1951. Twelve years later, the number had fallen to 410,000—yet the mills were turning out more steel than they had in 1951.

There are many who hold that the problem is not so much one of lack of work as it is of retraining workers and upgrading skills. Missouri Congressman Thomas Curtis has pointed this out in his book *87 Million Jobs*:

"Millions of jobs are going begging in America today, even while we are plagued by high unemployment," Congressman Curtis writes. "Our newspapers, if we read them closely, hammer this point home every day. On page one there is likely to be a story about high levels of unemployment. On the classified-ad pages there will be column after column of job *openings*. The truth should be apparent. There are as many jobs available as there are persons without jobs. The problem is upgrading skills so that the unemployed *can* fill the jobs." (The italics, incidentally, are the Congressman's.)

Leslie B. Worthington, president of U. S. Steel, has declared that "Automation in itself offers no problems that cannot be solved in the normal operation of our competitive free-enterprise economy."

Economic history would seem to support this encouraging outlook. The trend toward automation in industry has frequently been referred to as the "New Industrial Revolution." I, for one, can't see very much new about it —not in the sense that it is an unprecedented development. It is part of a continuing stream of technological and industrial progress that began thousands of years ago.

The man who rigged the first sail on a dugout canoe was "automating" by utilizing the wind to carry his craft across the water more swiftly and easily than he could propel it with pole or paddle. The wheel greatly reduced the number of men, or animals, needed to drag a sledge over the ground. The abacus supplanted innumerable people who had previously tallied sums on their fingers or in their heads. Howe's invention of the sewing machine in 1845 put vast numbers of seamstresses and tailors out of work, but made possible *(continued on page 136)*

"Oh, good grief! The kids are home for the holidays."

despair

SYNOPSIS: A curious fellow, to be sure, is the insouciant Hermann, a man as fond of himself as Narcissus. Indeed, Hermann rarely passes a mirror without a backward glance. He is a Russian-born chocolate merchant who lives what one could perhaps call a happy life, in a small but attractive flat in Berlin, with his wife Lydia, a good-natured, careless, sensual woman, and their maid Elsie. A frequent caller is Lydia's cousin, the strapping painter Ardalion. The latter and Lydia are often together swimming and playing cards. But, for the most part, Hermann ignores them, so engrossed is he by his mirrors and so harassed by his failing chocolate business.

On a visit to Prague, Hermann encounters Felix, a wandering ne'er-do-well whom Hermann recognizes as his double: "We were two with but a single face. Our resemblance struck me as a freak bordering on the miraculous."

Felix, however, does not seem to recognize the resemblance. "A rich man never quite resembles a poor one," he observes obsequiously, "but I dare say you know better."

Without fully understanding why—compulsively—Hermann feels he must not let Felix slip completely from his life. He promises to get Felix a job, so that he can keep close track of him, then returns to Berlin. When Hermann, Lydia and Ardalion go to a picnic at the painter's retreat in a nearby wood, Hermann finds himself strangely drawn to a lonely, mossy, fertile lakeside. Ardalion sketches his portrait, and Hermann tries to guide the conversation to the subject of doubles, with which he is increasingly preoccupied. But Ardalion won't cooperate, and Hermann subsides into reverie: "I developed a somber and painful liking for that lone wood, with the lake shining on its midst . . . my business had taken a sorry turn that summer and I was fed up with everything; that filthy chocolate of mine was ruining me . . ."

Now Hermann resumes his narrative.

HOW SHALL WE begin this chapter? I offer several variations to choose from. Number one (readily adopted in novels where the narrative is conducted in the first person by the real or substitute author):

It is fine today, but cold, with the wind's violence unabated; under my window the evergreen foliage rocks and rolls, and the postman on the Pignan road walks backward, clutching at his cap. My heart is heavy . . .

The distinctive features of this variation are rather obvious: it is clear, for one thing, that while a man is writing, he is situated in some definite place; he is not simply a kind of spirit, hovering over the page. While he muses and writes, there is something or other going on around him; there is, for instance, this wind, this whirl of dust on the road which I see from my window (now the postman has swerved round and, bent double, still fighting, walks forward). A nice refreshing variation, this number one; it allows a breather and helps to bring in the personal note; thus lending life to the story—especially when the first person is as fictitious as all the rest. Well, that is just the point: a trick of the trade, a poor thing worn to shreds by literary fictionmongers, does not suit me, for I have become strictly truthful. So we may turn to the second variation which consists of at once letting loose a new character, starting the chapter thus:

Orlovius was displeased.

When he happened to be displeased or worried, or merely ignorant of the right answer, he used to pull at the long lobe of his left ear, fringed with gray down; then he would pull at the long lobe of his right ear too, so as to avoid jealousies, and look at you over his plain, honest spectacles and take his time and then at last answer: "It is heavy to say, but I—"

"Heavy" with him meant "hard," as in German; and there was a Teutonic thickness in the solemn Russian he spoke.

Now this second variation of a chapter's beginning is a popular and sound method—but there is something too polished about it; nor do I think it becoming for shy, mournful Orlovius to fling open, spryly, the gates of a new chapter. I submit to your attention my third variation.

In the meantime . . . (the inviting gesture of dots, dots, dots).

Of old, this dodge was the darling of the Kinematograph, alias Cinematograph, alias Moving Pictures. You saw the hero doing this or that, and in the meantime . . . Dots—and the action switched to the country. In the meantime . . . A new paragraph, please.

. . . Plodding along the sun-parched road and trying to keep in the shade of the apple trees, whenever their crooked whitewashed trunks came marching by its side . . .

No, that is a silly notion: he was not always wandering. Some filthy *(continued on page 156)*

Part II of a novel By VLADIMIR NABOKOV

what strange compulsion drove the merchant to precipitate this fateful confrontation with his wastrel double?

Above: Ploytully going to the dogs, Judy is floored by a trio of frisky collie puppies, recent acquisitions of o friend. Right: Our Miss Januory, adept at worm-weather sports, prepares to toke a crack at ice skating ot the Topanga Plazo indoor rink neor her home.

GRANADA HILLS, a 25-mile freeway jaunt from downtown Los Angeles, is just one of a hundred hamlets that honeycomb the circumference of the City of Angels, but the presence there of 18-year-old, titian-tressed charmer Judy Tyler has made it a very special suburb as far as we're concerned. The only constant in the exploding L. A. megalopolis being change, Judy, who bubbles with youthful vitality, deems it a rare distinction to be a native-born Angeleno. Says our green-eyed, teenaged Miss Tyler: "It's really wild; I'll meet a dozen people at a party, and they'll all have come from Kansas or New Jersey or Indiana." Having spent all of her young life under the bright California sky, Judy is a card-carrying Great-Outdoors Worshiper—horseback riding, swimming, surfing, going for a spin on a motorcycle, the whole Southern California fun-in-the-sun kick. "My only regret," Judy avers, "is that, the climate being what it is, I haven't had much of a crack at the winter sports." When she does make the indoor scene, Judy prefers the simple pleasures—a hearthside corn-popping session, devouring a sausage-and-mushroom pie at the local pizza palace, whipping up a vat of mostaccioli ("It's a good thing I don't have a weight problem; I have the appetite of a truck driver"), doing the *discothèque* bit. Judy, whose face and figure (36-22-34) would seem a sure bet to attract one of nearby Hollywood's talent scouts, *did* have a brief, tragicomic fling in the flicks. As she recalls it: "I was four years old, had been taking tap-dancing lessons and my folks thought I could be another Shirley Temple. They took me around to the casting offices and, as luck would have it, landed me a part as the daughter of Ida Lupino and Frank Lovejoy in a movie called *The Difference*. I remember having a number of great dramatic lines like 'Good night, Daddy.' It looked as though I was on my way. Then we went to the preview. The first thing we discovered was that the title had been changed to *The Hitch-Hiker*; then it became very obvious that the plot had been radically altered and, worst of all, little Judy was nowhere to be seen. As they say, I'd been left on the cutting-room floor. End of my Hollywood career." We have a feeling Miss January's last comment may be premature if the filmoguls are wise enough to tap their own natural resources. Head for the Hills, gentlemen; Granada, that is.

REDHEAD!

january treat judy tyler is that rarest of breeds—a native angeleno

MISS JANUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Top left: Judy (right) takes to the ice despite the instructor's helping hand, displaying more will than way. Her friend seems to be having more luck. Top right: "Did Barbara Ann Scott really start this way?"—Judy jokes about her unskilled labor as the instructor tries to set her aright. Above: Off on their own, the girls try some skating derring-do which turns into derring-don't as they both take a tumble. Below left: That evening, none the worse for wear, Judy, on the arm of a date, is about to head into Gazzarri's, a Hollywood *discothèque*. Below right: An expert horsewoman, Judy is understandably partial to the pony on the dance floor, shows perfect form. Says our Playmate: "It's just as much fun as horseback riding and a lot more exercise."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *braggart* as a man who enters all conversations feat first.

Then there was the smart cookie who earned money peddling girl scouts.

Having put in over 300 miles behind the wheel during the first day of a cross-country business trip, the weary salesman was prepared to stop at the first motel along the road when he spotted a sign advertising: GRANDMA'S WHOREHOUSE 30 MILES AHEAD. His spirits understandably cheered, the salesman drove on to Grandma's place, where he was greeted by a sweet old lady who silently led him to a plushly decorated waiting room and motioned for him to sit down. Without uttering a single word, she then left the room and returned momentarily with a picture of a beautiful young girl and a note stating that if he liked what he saw in the photo, the salesman should pay her $50 and use the door at the far end of the room. The excited traveler quickly handed her the prescribed amount and rushed through the designated doorway, only to find himself standing back outside in the cold night air. Turning abruptly, he discovered a message painted across the door which read: CONGRATULATIONS! YOU HAVE JUST BEEN SCREWED BY GRANDMA.

Gee," mused the pretty young high school girl as she stared longingly at her older sister's new engagement ring. "It must be wonderful when you're married."

"As far as I'm concerned," her sister replied, "it's wonderful whether you're married or not."

Obviously on the verge of hysteria, the distraught woman entered the psychiatrist's office and, between sobs, managed to explain that her husband was suffering under the delusion that he was a refrigerator. "You can see what this is doing to me," the poor woman cried. "It's been weeks since I had a good night's sleep."

"I understand, my dear," the doctor reassured her. "But if you don't stop staying awake nights worrying about your husband's condition, you'll make yourself sick as well."

"It's not his condition that keeps me up," she wailed. "It's that damn little light that goes on every time he sleeps with his mouth open!"

Why do you have to buy such expensive brassieres?" the irate husband snapped as he looked over his wife's latest department-store bills. "You certainly don't have much to put in them."

"If that's the way you figure," she replied sardonically, "then you haven't needed a new pair of shorts in years!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *old maid* as a confirmed hope addict.

Doctor," said the voluptuous young girl, "I'd prefer being vaccinated where it won't show."

"All right," replied the physician, "but that will cost you ten dollars in advance."

"Why do I have to pay in advance?" the girl protested.

"Because the last time a patient as pretty as you made that request," he explained, "I got so wrapped up in what I was doing I forgot to charge her."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *monastery* as a home for unwed fathers.

The understanding employer was only too glad to give his clerk the rest of the day off, after the young man explained that his wife was going to have a baby. When the clerk came to work the following morning, the boss called him into his office to offer his congratulations and inquired, "Was it a boy or a girl?"

"Oh, it's much too soon to tell," the clerk replied. "We have to wait nine months to find that out."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn $25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Nice defensive move, Miss Mullins . . . !"

LIVING WITH AUTOMATION

(continued from page 124)

more and better clothing for more people. The typewriter, invented in the 1860s, displaced many ink-stained clerks, but greatly facilitated business and commercial correspondence and record keeping and provided new jobs. A hundred years ago, printers' type was set by hand. Then, in 1884, Mergenthaler introduced his linotype, "automating" the typesetting process and making it possible to set a column of type in a fraction of the time previously required.

The sewing machine made x number of seamstresses and tailors jobless. The typewriter did the same to y number of scribes. The linotype threw z number of hand typesetters out of work. But no one can deny that sewing machines, typewriters and linotypes have all helped mankind to live better. And the workers these inventions supplanted were absorbed elsewhere in the economy—an economy, by the way, that expanded because of, and not despite, such labor-saving devices.

Yale Brozen, professor of business economics at the University of Chicago, recently wrote:

"Those who are concerned about unemployment should welcome rather than fear automation. If it were not for the technical advances of the past decade, unemployment, at present wage levels, would be above the astronomical levels of the early 1930s.

"Technological change has created more jobs than it has destroyed. The number of civilians at work in 1961 was 7,000,000 higher than 10 years before. Technological change and the growth in our stock of capital (in the form of plant and equipment and in the form of raising the educational level of our population) created over 20,000,000 jobs in the Fifties. About 13,000,000 jobs ceased to exist for various causes. The net gain was 7,000,000 jobs."

I tend to agree. I believe that automation holds much promise, that it means economic progress, not economic disaster. In my opinion, the real disaster would come if American industry failed to take full advantage of every opportunity to increase production in this critical period of world history.

The companies I own or control or in which I hold substantial interests have banked heavily—and confidently—on automation, despite the doubts and reservations expressed elsewhere in the industries in which they operate. For example, in 1955, the Tidewater Oil Company began construction of a new refinery near Wilmington, Delaware. The refinery was revolutionary—even radical—in concept and design. It was planned to be as completely automated as the most advanced—and, in some instances, strictly drawing board—technology permitted. Almost the entire plant—covering thousands of acres and designed to refine some 50,000,000 barrels of crude annually—was to be electronically controlled. In some petroleum-industry quarters, it was predicted that the refinery would be a hopeless white elephant filled with bugs that would take years to eliminate.

"The Getty interests have bitten off more than they can chew this time," more than a few industry wiseacres predicted. These well-wishers then sat back and waited to see the fiasco. Two years and $260,000,000 later, the Tidewater refinery went into operation—and it has been producing at peak efficiency ever since.

My associates and I had no qualms about constructing this more-than-a-quarter-billion-dollar automated refinery—and we feel that it will do its share in meeting the needs of the nation's petroleum-product users more efficiently. Keeping abreast of the growing demands for processed or manufactured goods is one of the great services that automation provides to the public.

I do not think there will be 14,000,000 unemployed Americans in 1970. In fact, I am confident that the next five years will show an appreciable net gain, rather than any net loss, in the number of jobs available to workers in the United States.

I contend that the industrial automation which will so greatly boost the output of everything from raw materials to the most complex manufactured items will not, in the long run, reduce employment. It will, instead, increase employment, by providing more—and, above all, better and better-paying—jobs for millions of our citizens.

How can I say this in the face of so many arguments that have been presented to the contrary? The answers to that question are as simple as the fundamental two-plus-two arithmetic of business and the basic truths so often demonstrated by economic history. The following are some of the reasons I believe that automation can be the cream in the nation's economic pitcher.

1. Since automation increases the productivity of labor, it will permit substantial increases in the pay of those who are employed in automated industries. This will, of course, boost the buying power of the employed worker and create an additional demand for products and services.

2. As production costs are lowered by automation, prices of goods and services will drop, putting them within reach of lower-income groups at home and abroad, again increasing demand and consumption.

Incidentally, in my opinion the huge—and so far largely untapped—markets in what are now the so-called "underdeveloped" countries will absorb a tremendous share of America's automated production. In fact, I consider it highly doubtful if our industry will be able to catch up with the constantly expanding demand in these areas for many, many years to come.

3. The same "miracle" machines which take away jobs will be creating new ones almost as automatically as they spew out materials and goods. Entire new service industries must necessarily spring up to nurse the complex mechanical and electronic devices. Innumerable highly trained—and, certainly, highly paid—technicians will be needed to keep the machines functioning properly. Without question, legions of ancillary workers—from secretaries and stock clerks to truck drivers and purchasing agents—will be required to support these new armies of technicians. It might bear noting that technicians are made, not born. There will have to be schools and instructors to train the specialists—another source of new jobs.

4. I fully expect that, in a few years, we shall see the beginning of the end of the 40-hour, five-day work week in many industries. I believe we will eventually have a 32-hour—or even shorter—four-day work week.

I have, in my own lifetime, witnessed a steady, and very sharp, reduction of the basic work week. When I first started working in the Oklahoma oil fields, the normal daily shift was 12 hours—six days a week. In the years that followed, most industries and businesses reduced the work week to five and a half days and then to five days—and, of course, slashed the number of hours to be worked each week.

Less-than-40-hour work weeks already prevail for workers in many trades and industries. For example, in New York, journeymen electrical construction workers even now enjoy a basic 25-hour work week (plus five hours of mandatory overtime each week).

There are labor statistical projections which forecast a total labor force of 78,600,000 people in the United States by 1968, and predicted that only 64,000,000 will be employed, while 14,600,000 will be out of work. In other words, almost one in every six American workers will be unemployed.

These figures are apparently predicated on the assumption that working hours and work weeks will remain as they are at present. It should be evident

(concluded on page 249)

two experts on the classics of ages past predict which of today's works will be the classics of tomorrow

history, science, philosophy **By MORTIMER ADLER**

OF THE 74 authors included in *Great Books of the Western World*, only three—Leo Tolstoy, William James and Sigmund Freud—straddle the line that separates the past from the present century; and of these, Freud more than either Tolstoy or James is truly a 20th Century figure. I would give heavy odds that any literate person in 2066, asked to name the great books of the 20th Century, would put Freud on his list.

Who else would be on it? When the 20th Century is over, and enough time has elapsed to make a sober judgment about this century's accomplishments, how many of its authors will be elected to join the company of the 70 or more illustrious names that represent the peaks of literature and thought in the long stretch from Homer to the end of the 19th Century?

Fascinated by that question, I recently drew up a list of 50 nominees—50 candidates who might be considered in 2066. Before I name them and give you my best guess about which of them will survive and flourish in the minds of our descendants, let me tell you my reason for thinking that, when the final tally is in, the number is likely to be not less than 10 and not more than 15, or 20 at the most.

Considering the 74 authors in *Great Books of the Western World*, I have plotted their distribution in the past and have come up with some figures that serve to guide us in thinking about the present century. One writer—Homer—belongs to the remote past. The 300 years from the Fifth to the Third Century B.C. give us 12 names: Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, Euclid, Archimedes and Apollonius. In the 600 years from the First Century B.C. to the Fifth Century A.D., we have only 11 comparable figures: Galen, *(continued on page 224)*

fiction, the drama, poetry **By CLIFTON FADIMAN**

ANY RASH FOOL may marry, usually does, and by our society is even encouraged to do so. Prediction is like marriage, being open to anyone. Fortunately, its results are less grave. Wrong guesses are forgotten. Wrong offspring are remembered by the genes.

The guessing game to which these pages are devoted can be played by any reasonably well-read person, and, if he can contrive to linger for a century, he may well prove the winner. But he will, like this writer, have been engaged in no more than a pleasant diversion, for the interaction of history and humanity is too complex to permit scientific prediction. No reliable calipers exist long enough to stretch into the next century and measure the dimensions of greatness. The only instruments available to us are considerable knowledge of the past, a little knowledge of the present—and a crystal ball.

In his accompanying article Dr. Adler has set down some rules of the game, together with a few cautionary observations. I will enlarge briefly on one or two of the latter.

By 2066 we may have realized in full detail Huxley's Brave New World. Instead of using technology as a convenient, controllable aid to a better life, we may have come to accept its dictates as a religion, as the source of all values. At the moment this appears a possibility. It will be a certainty if the sweeping analysis made by Jacques Ellul in *The Technological Society* proves sound. (This book, by the way, is one of the most remarkable and most ignored of recent years.)

Now if the Ellul-Huxley all-for-pleasure, frictionless, passionless, mindless Dystopia (*dys* being the Greek negative prefix—as opposed to the upbeat *eu*) should emerge by 2066, most of what we consider supreme art and thought will appear to the Dystopians as an aberration. In such a *(continued on page 164)*

"Have I celebrated New Year's Eve with everyone?!"

retroactive new year's resolutions

playboy presents some famous folk some tongue-in-cheek resolves they might have made last january

Arthur Goldberg: Being a Supreme Court justice is all right, but I wish I were in a position to give those cockamamie Arabs a piece of my mind.

J. Edgar Hoover: There will soon be almost 200,000,000 people in this country and we have dossiers on 185,000,000. I must close this gap.

Dick Gregory: There shouldn't be any more race riots for a while, so I'll take a Pacific cruise. I can stop off in California and get my shots.

Frank Sinatra: I resolve to do something nice to help some young person in show business this year.

Mia Farrow: If I get married, the one thing my husband must be is frank.

Nelson Rockefeller: I will do my best this year to convince the people of New York that water is fattening.

Sybil Burton: Richard is being juvenile, but I resolve to act my age.

Michael Chaplin: I'm going to do something on my own that will make my father proud of me. Maybe I'll write a book.

Jackie Mason: Something's wrong with my act, and I'm going to try to put my finger on the problem.

Robert McNamara: When I negotiate my new contract as Secretary of Defense, I must make sure it contains an escalation clause.

Les Crane: I'm going to ask the network to set up a pension plan for everyone who works on my show for ten years.

Robert Shelton: As head of the Klan, I resolve to continue the fight against all those un-American subversives who hide behind the Fifth.

Lyndon Johnson: I will warn the country of the dangers of bombing North Vietnam, increasing the draft, meddling in the affairs of Latin-American countries—and all those other extreme Goldwater policies.

Robert Moses: People have shown so much interest in the Fair, I'm going to let them all have souvenirs on our closing day.

James Aubrey: A great guy like me doesn't have to make resolutions. All I have to do to stay on top is to remain the same sweet pussycat I've always been. Who says nice guys finish last?

Ed White: I've worked so hard for so long at being an astronaut, I hope that NASA doesn't give me the air.

Luci Baines Johnson: I think I'll learn a language—maybe Latin!

Che Guevara: Being a revolutionary is hard work. I think I'll take Fidel up on his offer to rest up at his place in the country for the weekend. But why can't I tell anyone where I'm going?

Phyllis McGuire: I resolve to get added exposure with a syndicated show.

Arthur Schlesinger: In my book about my White House years, I must mention my good friend Dean Rusk. I know he'll get a kick out of it.

Charles de Gaulle: I resolve to spend more time on improving France's ties with NATO. Nothing succeeds in politics like teamwork.

Martin

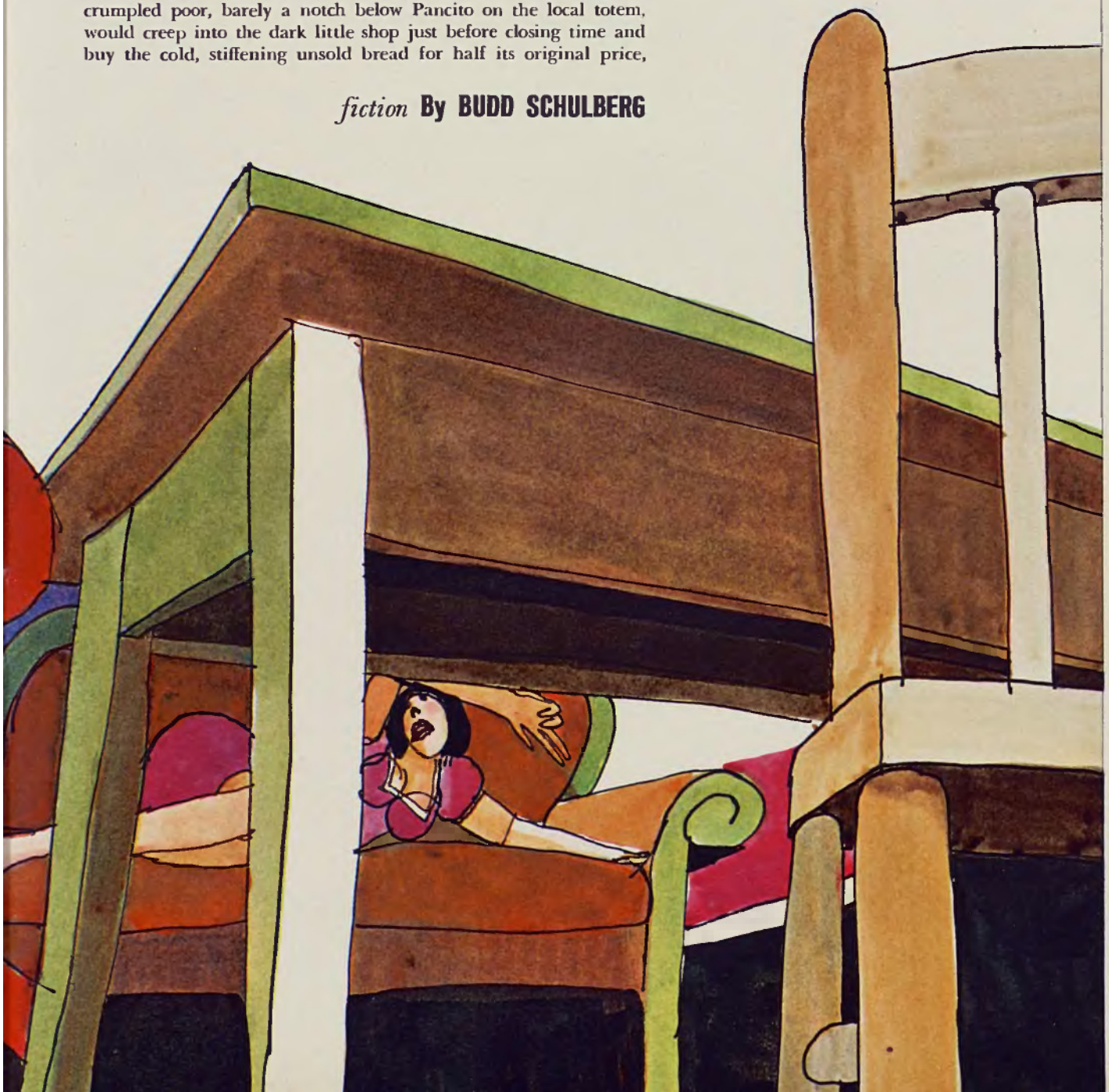
SEÑOR DISCRETION HIMSELF

he of the large mouth had made a rash mistake—and now he must reconcile it with a formidable opponent

FOR AS MANY YEARS as the townspeople of Tepalcingo could remember, Alfonso (Pancito) Perez had been the proprietor of one of the smallest, poorest and most bedraggled bakeries. The Panaderia Perez was a shabby little square in the wall of one-story faded-pastel storefronts that ran along a side street leading from the Plaza. The back half of the bakery, thinly partitioned, was a hot, cluttered kitchen where the *bolillos, pan blanco* and *panes dulces* were made fresh every morning. Pancito always dominated the baking, barking out instructions as if his daughters had never learned how to prepare the dough and form it into the familiar shapes that decorated the fly-specked shelves until the end of the day.

In the morning a few old customers would make their purchases while the bread was still warm and fresh. In the evening the crumpled poor, barely a notch below Pancito on the local totem, would creep into the dark little shop just before closing time and buy the cold, stiffening unsold bread for half its original price,

fiction **By BUDD SCHULBERG**



only a few centavos more than it had cost Pancito to produce it. The only way Pancito stayed in business at all, and maintained his 35-pesos- or $3-a-day profit, was because the genetic fates had been kind to him. If he had been a farmer he would have needed sons, but in the little bakery daughters served him very well, and here he enjoyed his only inheritance—María Cristina, age 21, Rosita, 19, Esperanza, 17, and Guadalupe, the youngest, the one they called Lupita, a precocious 15.

María Cristina, Rosita and Esperanza were not exactly ugly. They were more what people, out of charity, like to call "plain." All three resembled their dead mother, thin and dry and dutiful. They were good girls. They did as they were told. They worked hard and went to Mass on Sunday; and although they were still very young, they seemed already to be in training to become very old. María Cristina was rather advanced in years for a maiden in Tepalcingo. She was the homeliest of the four and the most strongly possessed by sense of duty. She had mothered the others, was a veteran at the job before she was 12, had cooked for all of them and mended the clothes and prepared the home remedies when they were sick. She was a deeply religious girl and had wanted to become a nun, but Pancito had not been able to spare her. The family would have fallen apart.

Pancito, which can be literally translated as "Little Bread," was a good father, within his limitations. But his limitations were considerable. After his wife, Beneficencia, had died—suddenly, it seemed to him, though neighbors could see she had been slowly wasting away—Pancito had felt extremely sorry for himself and had gone from the Panadería Perez to his favorite cantina, The Bass Drum of God, where he would drink mescal beyond his capacity and describe Beneficencia in terms far more glowing than ever he had granted her during her brief tour of duty on earth. "But thank God," he would say to Celestino the bartender, the only one who would listen, "He has seen fit to bless me with hard-working daughters who respect their father and who do not throw their dresses over their heads for the first little hoodlum who comes along. *Rebeldes sin causa*, that is what they are," he would shout over his shoulder at the domino players who were always in the same booth minding their rattly business across from the bar. "*Rebeldes sin causa.*"

Pancito had heard that phrase read to him by his youngest daughter, Lupita, from the local newspaper in connection with an assault of *hampones* on the Panadería Cortez, the proud establishment of Hilario Cortez, who had a bakery three times as large as Pancito's. To the unrelenting envy of Pancito, the Panadería Cortez had just installed overhead neon lights. The *hampones*, or young hoodlums, had managed to break into the modernized bakery of Hilario Cortez and had thrown empty beer bottles at the new-style neon tubing, but had disdained stealing any of the bread. Not even a single *pan dulce*. They had smashed Hilario Cortez' pride-and-joy neon lights merely for the sake of smashing, a strange, nihilistic disease that seemed to be spreading south from the monster gringo republic beyond the Rio Grande.

"*Rebeldes sin causa*, rebels without cause, just like in the movies," Lupita had said.

"A decent young girl of fifteen should not have any knowledge of such degrading movies," Pancito had scolded. "How many times must I tell you—you are forbidden to see the gringo movies."

"Poppa, where could I get the *pesetas* to see the movie?"

"Then what has made you such an expert on this shameless *película*?"

"My teacher spoke about it in school. Maestro Martínez."

"Martínez! He is an atheist! He taught school two years in California. He is a *pocho*. I have a good mind to go to that school and hit him such a crack with my cane on his know-it-all skull that——" Pancito was fond of launching grandiose threats of violence that he had difficulty in rounding out rhetorically. He was short, barely five-and-a-half-feet high, and it was his potbelly as much as his profession that had given him his nickname. He also had a slight limp from a touch of rickets in his childhood, but this did not discourage him from threatening bodily harm to people half his age and twice his size. Although his cane was a crutch, it could quickly become his lance. Undersized, put upon, easily triggered to anger, Pancito Perez saw himself as a mailed champion of his own right to be alive, to have a place in this world, be it ever so humble, as long as it was not without dignity. Since Pancito could not read, he had only a hearsay acquaintance with Don Quixote, and so was not truly aware of how closely he reflected Cervantes' true knight. But Don Pancito was ever ready to raise his cane and charge into battle against the human windmills arrayed against him.

"Poppa," Lupita reminded him, "only last week you were praising Maestro Martínez and telling me how much I could learn from him if only I would study harder."

"Don't contradict your father," Pancito shouted, outraged at his daughter's logic. "Can't a man praise someone for his intelligence and knowledge of books and at the same time damn him for his atheism and his worldliness? Now get on with your studies. I must get back to the bakery before those lazy sisters of yours destroy what little is left of my business."

"Very well, Father," Lupita said, and opened her mathematics book that had to do with mysterious letters as well as numbers and made Pancito feel both proud and inferior in the presence of her unexpected scholarship. That and her inexplicable beauty gave Pancito twinges of anxiety. Lupita was a strange fruit on the tree of Perez. She was full-bosomed and ripe rather than plump, like a mango ready for plucking when the skin has turned from green to yellow gold and its firmness gives satisfying form to the softening yellow fruit that waits within. Often when he looked at her, Pancito wondered if she could be truly his. It did not seem possible that his shy, hard-working, life-drained Beneficencia could have put horns on him. Even if she had had the inclination, when could she have found the time, and what *cabrón* would have taken the trouble? Yet, when Pancito looked into the voluptuous, high-cheekboned face of his youngest daughter, he recognized not a single feature of his own, and certainly none of Beneficencia's. Guadalupe, his rapidly maturing Lupita, was a lush mango hanging from a dried-up pepper tree. All of the beauty of the Family Perez had funneled into her, and all of the brains. Neither Pancito nor his wife nor the three older sisters had been able to read and write, and so Pancito had decided that Lupita be the first member of the family to break the literacy barrier.

When she read the local newspaper aloud to him, Pancito's feelings ran against each other like the opposing currents of a riptide. He felt a puffer's pride in her unique achievement and at the same time a resentment that this near-child 15-year-old already knew so much more than her father. It made her sassy and difficult to manage. Just the same, the virtues of higher education outweighed the personal disadvantages to Pancito, and he had begun to hope she could finish the *Secundaria* and even move on to become a teacher. Since Pancito was resigned to the hard fact that he would never be more than 50 pesos ahead of himself, that he would never have a bakery even half the size of the grand Panadería Cortez, status meant everything to him. To have a daughter who could rise above menial labor, who could be elevated into the professional class as a *maestra*, this was the star to which Pancito might hitch his wobbly little wagon.

"Well, no rest for the weary," Pancito said as he drained the glass of dark beer with which he always washed down the meager midafternoon *comida*. "I'm off to catch another eagle." On every silver peso was engraved the Mexican *águila*, and Pancito was fond of describing his financial pressure as "too many mouths and not enough eagles." Like many men who cannot read or write, Pancito was

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when will the demonstrations end?

article **By JAMES FARMER**

the dynamic director of core supplies some forthright, realistic answers to that crucial aspect of the fight for civil rights

"WHEN WILL THE DEMONSTRATIONS END?" The perpetual question. And a serious question. Actually it is several questions, for the meaning of the question differs, depending upon who asks it. Coming from those whose dominant consideration is peace—public peace and peace of mind—the question means: "When are you going to stop tempting violence and rioting?" Some put it more strongly: "When are you going to stop *sponsoring* violence?" Assumed is some sort of causative connection between demonstration and violence.

Others say, "I don't mind professionally organized, skillful demonstrations, with specific and limited objectives; it is these amateurish, exhibitionistic demonstrations that I deplore. What good do they accomplish, besides satisfying egos?" And the assumption here, of course, is that professionals are invariably preferable to amateurs and that, by itself, the satisfaction of black egos is somehow an unworthy accomplishment.

Still others say, "The patience of the white majority is wearing thin. Why nourish the displeasure of 90 percent of the population with provocative demonstrations? Remember, you need allies." And the assumption of these

TOM DALY

Cassandras of the backlash is that freedom and equality are, in the last analysis, wholly gifts of the white man's power to bestow.

And then the question we shall face again and again: "Even granting that there was a time when demonstrations were useful, can we not, now that Negro civil rights are nearly secure, turn to more familiar techniques of political participation, and press for sorely needed economic reforms?" And the assumption of these questioners, who include some of the most formidable figures in the civil rights movement, is that Negro rights are secure and that demonstrations will be ineffective in gaining economic reform.

These are appropriate questions to put to a CORE spokesman, for I believe that CORE, more than any other civil rights organization, has been responsible, in the quarter century since it was founded, for bringing the Negro's century-long struggle for freedom and equality into the streets. Certainly in the public's mind we are most closely identified with demonstrations and other forms of direct action. Demonstration has been our stock in trade, and while for some time we have been engaged in a program reaching beyond and behind demonstrations, we still feel they have an important role. When efforts are afoot to discredit the traditions of direct action and dismantle weapons we shall need time and again in the future, it is CORE's job to speak up. So I shall speak to these questioners, here and now.

First of all, I must insist, at the risk of being obvious, that a demonstration is not a riot. On the contrary, rather than leading to riots, demonstrations tend to help *prevent* them by providing an alternative outlet for frustrations. In New York City in the summer of 1963, for example, anger and frustration were just as high as they were to be in the riotous summer of 1964. But in 1963 we had hundreds of mass demonstrations aimed at pointing up discrimination in the building trades. Many unemployed youths, aimlessly prowling the streets, joined the demonstrations—picketing, climbing cranes, blocking bulldozers; they did not have to resort to throwing bottles and bricks, and they didn't. But in the summer of 1964, for many reasons, there were few demonstrations, and yet the riots came about. I don't mean to imply that there is a direct cause-and-effect relationship between organized protest and relative public peace, but certainly there is some relationship. We have seen it countless times, in the South as well as the North. Walking the streets in Harlem during the riots, I saw more clearly than I ever have before how young men who feel that nothing is being done about grievances so deep they can barely articulate them will finally spring to violence.

How does a riot happen? A detailed look at the July 1964 events in Harlem may be instructive. On July 16, an off-duty police lieutenant named Thomas Gilligan shot and killed a slight 15-year-old Negro, Jimmy Powell. Powell was one of several hundred students, mainly Negro and Puerto Rican, attending summer school in Yorkville—a largely white area near Harlem. The students —many of whom had witnessed the shooting—were furious, many of them literally choking with rage at such wanton injustice. Impromptu leaders advised their fellow students to tear up the neighborhood. On Friday, July 17, CORE workers organized hundreds of Powell's schoolmates in a protest march from the school to the nearest precinct house, where they demanded Gilligan's suspension and a civilian investigation. That demonstration, all agree, was a model of peaceful protest and was thoroughly successful in sublimating the anger of the youngsters.

Meanwhile, parts of Harlem began to seethe. "We must *do* something," people said. I firmly believe that if Harlemites had been better trained in legitimate mass demonstrations (demonstrating *is* doing something)—and if the police had not acted so unwisely—the Harlem riots could have been averted. Rioting and looting broke out on the evening of July 18. (People often fail to distinguish between rioting and looting. In some rudimentary form, rioters are protesting; looters will appear whenever there is chaos and confusion; there was widespread looting in Alaska, for example, at the time of the recent earthquake. In my opinion, there was more looting than rioting during the Harlem and Watts riots. The failure of the press and the public to see that gave the impression that the rioting was far more widespread than it was.) Three local chapters of CORE—Downtown, East River and South Jamaica—had held a protest meeting that night at seven o'clock on 125th Street and Seventh Avenue. It was a small meeting, attended by perhaps 200 people. After the meeting about 100 of them marched to the precinct station at 123rd Street. CORE leaders decided to go along in order to maintain the discipline of a demonstration. At the precinct house the marchers demanded Gilligan's suspension; the officer in charge, Inspector Thomas V. Prendergast, shouting through a bullhorn, informed the crowd that he had just spoken to then–Police Commissioner Michael Murphy, who would come to Harlem to address the crowd. The CORE leaders began to talk to the gathering crowd, explaining that they were waiting for Murphy and maintaining reasonable order. At this point the demonstration was well contained, little different from many our CORE people had seen. Individuals hurled abuse at the police, but big talk from crowds of this kind is common. The police are used to it. Then, surprisingly, a truck came, carrying police barricades. A fight broke out between a policeman and a bystander while the barricades were being erected. At that, Inspector Prendergast took the astounding action of arresting the CORE leaders. He shouted: "I've had enough of this. Get them niggers. Arrest all of them." (I did not hear this, but several CORE leaders, separately and independently, reported the same words. I believe them.) Those are suicidal words in Harlem. It was then that the crowd went crazy and began throwing bottles and bricks. Suddenly policemen were pouring out of the station, buckling on their holsters. They began pushing the crowd back. A bus with 48 members of the Tactical Patrol Force—the shock troops—came rolling up. *"Charge!"* they shouted, as if in some movie Western.

The police could not have acted more foolishly that evening had they tried; clearly, they were thirsting for action. Policemen feel the heat, too. Prendergast, who was soon to be promoted, had lost his head. And those who feel that the police behavior had no racist overtones should ponder the following account, by Ted Poston of the *New York Post*, of how the police handle *white* rioters:

> At the same time that hundreds of white-helmeted police were firing volleys of bullets over the heads of Harlem rioters and striking out, sometimes indiscriminately, with night sticks, police were putting down another riot around Police Headquarters itself, where 1000 white youths—mainly Italian—were attacking some 300 CORE pickets who were peacefully demonstrating. . . . Frustrated in their efforts to get at the CORE demonstrators, the white rioters in turn attacked the police, knocking one inspector half unconscious with a hurled stone and injuring several others. Yet here not one police billy club was raised nor one pistol unsheathed. Yet even as his inspector was being rushed to a nearby hospital, blood streaming from his face, Commissioner Murphy, who witnessed the attack, told reporters: "There's no violence here. You can't equate this with what is happening in Harlem . . ."

It was not without justification, then, that Harlem citizens felt, that hot July night, that the police once again were being especially brutal to them because they were black, and that there was some connection between the motives of Gilligan in shooting young Powell and the excessive zeal with which policemen started beating their heads.

There have been other great riots in New York City—in March of 1935, in August of 1943—both immediately precipitated by the charge of police brutali-

(continued overleaf)

"Happy New Year!"

ty—and they broke out without the presence of civil rights demonstrators. The most elementary review of riots in this city and others over the last century would instruct anyone willing to learn that a riot does not need an organized demonstration to trigger it. Nor do the people in the ghetto need civil rights workers to tell them they are disgruntled and that conditions are deplorable. Some people blamed the Harlem rioting on our predictions of a long hot summer: they forget that we coupled these predictions with specific demands. Again and again I asked Mayor Wagner for a civilian review board, and I'm sure that if Harlem had newly won that concession, the people would have been willing to await the findings of the board and no rioting would have occurred over the Gilligan affair. We could then have said: "We have a civilian review board at long last; let's give it a chance."

Again and again I urged that work brigades of unemployed youths be set up, cleaning vacant lots, beautifying the city and, under skilled supervision, rehabilitating dreadful housing. Had it been done, youngsters, instead of rioting, would have been working, and would have had money to spend. The job program of the antipoverty program in the summer of 1965, hiring several thousand Negro youths, is surely not unrelated to the absence of riots last summer in New York City.

However, in the year between Harlem and Watts the nation in general, and Los Angeles in particular, had learned little. William Parker's police repeated and compounded the errors of Murphy's men. What began as a riot in Watts—and probably could have been contained by police restraint, as in Philadelphia a year earlier —soon became a full-fledged revolt, with bullet replying to bullet and targets pinpointed for fire and theft. And the cost in lives was 33 Negroes and 3 whites killed. Wanton disorder was fanned into tactical rebellion by the too-eager pistols of Los Angeles police, whose chief later chortled publicly: "We're on top, and they're on the bottom."

The time bomb was loaded in Watts, and the now all-but-forgotten arrest incident that triggered it no more *caused* L. A.'s explosion than Gilligan's gun caused Harlem's. The causes dig deep into the morass of the city's failures—housing and employment—and police abuse; and much worse, failure even to *see* that the problems existed in such abundance, failure to grasp that the residents of Watts were people who had something to say and were worthy of being heard. Before the uprising, Mayor Yorty was adamant in his refusal to permit representatives of the poor to sit on the city's antipoverty board.

Rioting erupted in Harlem and Watts, then, because the police behaved badly; because ghetto conditions manufacture social dynamite; because a legitimate case of police brutality, symbolic of a million other brutalities, came along to light the fuse; because of the reluctance of the cities' administrations to face, much less begin to cope with, palpable problems; and—most fundamental to the point of this discussion—because put-upon people could imagine no way to *do* something about their grievances except through violence.

One way to avert riots is to satisfy people that they can do something—not to promise that things will be done, but to satisfy them that they can do something without turning to self-defeating violence. One thing they can do is demonstrate. They did just that in Chicago in the summer of 1965, and the predicted riots may thus have been averted. The objectives of eliminating *de facto* school segregation and getting rid of School Superintendent Benjamin Willis were not achieved, but masses were in motion: *Something was being done*, and those who would be bomb throwers had better ways of voicing their grievances.

Mass demonstrations are an American ideal, the reflex actions of aggrieved men and groups—a technique of self-expression and political action as precious to a group of white parents protesting school integration as to Negroes protesting discrimination. It is common for Americans to read in their newspapers of strikes that tie up the nation's commerce and drain public coffers of millions of dollars. A businessman from Long Island will calmly peruse the headline and turn unperturbed to the sports page. In other words, the public permits the labor movement to dislocate the society occasionally; this is part of a bargain we made with labor at a time when labor rioting and violence were common. Well, even as America overcame the violence of the early labor movement by establishing routine procedures for mass labor demonstrations, so must this country overcome the racial violence that from time to time will break out in the ghetto by legitimatizing the techniques of mass action developed by the civil rights groups. It seems to me obvious that without demonstrations we will learn what violence and chaos really are. To inhibit mass demonstration is madness. And Negro leaders and others who encourage its inhibition are ill-advised.

I will not pretend that demonstrations are as disciplined as they once were. More than ever we have attracted the masses, undisciplined and angry. In Birmingham in 1963, it was the undisciplined mass that finally reacted with violent reprisals to the snapping dogs, the hoses and the cattle prods. And there were some who said consequently that mass demonstrations had gotten out of hand.

Obviously, no one should sponsor a demonstration whose only possible immediate consequence is mob violence. Every responsible leader agrees on that. Where they do not agree is whether in the face of greater mass participation—and its accompanying decrease of discipline—we should abandon all but the most polite demonstrations of protest. My own feeling is that if demonstrations are in danger of courting violence, the remedy is not to stop them, but to perfect our ability to control the more undisciplined participants and to spread our teaching. At CORE we now encourage chapters to train a nucleus of workers to monitor all demonstrations, spotting and isolating potential trouble. But we cannot turn back, and will not renounce the masses, nor will we take the blame for the hatred our efforts reveal in the hearts of sheriffs and police commissioners.

Let's consider now the much-maligned "amateurism" of some demonstrations.

The trouble with the so-called professionals is that they turn the people into spectators. Let them watch, the professionals seem to say, while we, the specialists, the lawyers, the college men, the administrators, do the job for them. In CORE's direct-action philosophy the individual is directly and immediately involved; he speaks directly to the evil and often for the first time in his life experiences what it is to speak and be heard. One of the lessons I've learned is that too many lives are regenerated in the midst of direct action to return to the Age of the Experts.

Are we amateurs? We plead guilty as charged, and proudly. John Stuart Mill said, in *On Liberty*, that it is better to let people do things themselves, even if they do them less well, rather than have somebody else do them; his dictum has never been so demonstrably true as when applied to the civil rights movement. I will never say, however, that I have approved of *all* CORE demonstrations. I felt, for example, that the proposed traffic tie-up at the opening of the New York World's Fair in April 1964 was ill-advised, and I helped organize a more effective—and highly successful—demonstration on the Fair grounds. But generally speaking, I have let our lovely amateurs have their heads. (Sometimes the amateurs save the day. In fact, if it weren't for some quick thinking by one at the World's Fair demonstration, it would never have come off. The plan of the authorities had been to stop me at the gate. Fortunately, some of our most dedicated young CORE members were already inside with walkie-talkies. One of them, with great ingenuity, tuned in on the Pinkertons' frequency and listened to their conversation. He was quite interested to hear the control tower speak to the Pinkertons: "Headquarters to PI one and PI two. Headquarters to PI one

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a portfolio of the past delightful dozen

Allison Parks MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

IF "THE EYES," as Greek sage Heraclitus once opined, "are more exact witnesses than the ears," then the following pictorial review of our past twelvemonth's Playmates leaves little room for doubt over the shapely state of centerfolddom's most recent perfect dozen. Once again, therefore, we have gathered together an annum's worth of gatefold girls for the sole and happy purpose of facilitating your choice of a new nominee for Playmate of the Year. In 1965, our peripatetic lensmen harvested a bumper crop of comely contenders for the crown and, in five fetching instances, their nationwide search for feminine foldouts took them through the familiar portals of our own Playboy Clubs.

Last October, our photographic attention focused on the poolside pulchritude of 22-year-old Allison Parks, an able-bodied aquanaut who teaches tiny tots to swim in her family's Glendale, California, back-yard pool, and an off-hours flying enthusiast who has logged several solo hours aloft since she first adorned these pages. Currently entertaining a host of Hollywood screen-test offers, blonde and blue-eyed Allison also looks forward to a heavy schedule of upcoming PLAYBOY promotion tours.

Pat Russo MISS NOVEMBER

Pretty Pat Russo, a chestnut-haired Connecticut Yankee who migrated to Florida's sunnier shores two years ago to pursue a cottontailed career, earned centerfold honors last November after adding appealing dimensions to our previous month's pictorial coverage of *The Bunnies of Miami.* A confirmed sun worshiper ("Like most ex-Northerners, the one thing I could never stand was cold weather") who prefers painting to partying and Bach to the Beatles, fashionably framed (5' 7") Pat now puts in a full day modeling new styles for Miami *couturiers.*

MISS MARCH *Jennifer Jackson*

March hare Jennifer Jackson, a 20-year-old who was tripling as Chicago Bunny, part-time college undergraduate and free-lance advertising model when we first spotted her Playmate potential, has opted for the role of a Manhattan mannequin. In the evenings, our tall (5' 8½") tennis buff furthers her education by majoring in drama at Long Island University ("The play's the thing right now, but I'll probably be hung up on something else next semester") and recently teamed with twin-cottontail Jan for an *Ebony* feature on matched misses.

Lannie Balcom MISS AUGUST

Former Chicago cottontail and PLAYBOY College Bureau distaffer Lannie Balcom proved the comeliest of colleagues when she followed up her appearance as last year's April cover girl by adding her august charms to the August gatefold. An off-hours devotee of Steinbeck novels, James Bond flicks and Mexican cookery, this Phoenix-born Playmate recently broke many a home-office heart when she announced her resignation to return to her native Southwest and begin serving a lifetime stint as the matrimonial bondsmate of a Texas oil millionaire.

MISS DECEMBER *Dinah Willis*

Twenty-year-old Dinah was a letter-perfect candidate for centerfolddom's holiday honors who wrote us from Hobbs, New Mexico, to inquire if there were "any chance of a small-town girl becoming a Playmate." We invited her to guest at Chicago's Playboy Mansion while staff photogs test-shot the natural-blonde beauty and affirmed our faith in her direct-mail appeal. At presstime, our curvaceous correspondent had just signed a seven-year film contract with Hollywood producer Ned Bosnick and was slated to debut this year in *Young Hollywood.*

Sally Duberson **MISS JANUARY**

A Baltimore based rabbituette when she received the nod as our New Year's Playmate, 23-year-old Sally Duberson has since returned to her native New York, where she is completing her curriculum at a local school for would-be designing females. Next to fashion, this loveliest of President James Monroe's last living descendants admits a penchant for seafood salads, sensitive men and *la vie discothèque,* which she contends is "a great way to have plenty of fun and keep in shape at the same time." A fast appraisal of this ex–hutch honey's shape leads us to agree.

MISS SEPTEMBER *Patti Reynolds*

September's reigning miss, Patti Reynolds, spent her Playmate prize money on a tour of the European equestrienne scene, where she picked up many a timely tip on how to improve her jumping technique for the upcoming season's schedule of Midwest horse shows. The winner of five gold cups and numerous blue ribbons in recent regional meets, this current toast of Chicago's post-and-paddock set spends most of her free time putting her high-hurdling pet horse, Frankie ("the best four-legged friend a girl could ever ask for"), through his daily paces.

Maria McBane MISS MAY

Gorgeous Gaul Maria McBane, a multitalented miss who hails from the south of France, was working as a Los Angeles dental assistant when she first graced these pages last May. An ardent student of both drama and dance, she landed the role of *première danseuse* in an October production of *The King and I* at suburban Melodyland and recently auditioned for a leading film role opposite Paul Muni. Weekends, this shipshape sailing enthusiast takes to the waters off Balboa Beach, California, in a trim new 18-foot sloop she bought with her gatefold booty.

MISS APRIL *Sue Williams*

Spritely Sue Williams, who became the shortest subject in Playmate history when we uncovered her bantam (4′11″) beauty last April, has lost all traces of her latent tomboy tendencies since signing on with American International Studios and taking subsequent cinematic bows in *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini* and *Sergeant Deadhead*. She's also lost a goodly portion of her golden tresses as a result of Hollywood hair stylist John Peters' plan to feature her in an upcoming fashion photo spread for *Glamour*. Her next film role: *The Girl in the Glass Bikini*.

Gay Collier MISS JULY

A redheaded California coed with keen hazel eyes for a career in ballet, our pirouetting July Playmate double-times through a daily schedule of art courses at Pierce College and afternoon lessons at Natalia Clare's Ballet School in North Hollywood. On wintry weekends, when she's not busy earning future tuition fees by dancing in Las Vegas night-club revues, Gay likes to head for the slopes at Squaw Valley ("It's the only chance I get to show off all the great new ski sweaters I've been knitting at home all summer"). Schussing was never sweeter.

MISS JUNE *Hedy Scott*

Belgian-born Hedy Scott, a part-time model for Hollywood fashion designer Charles Gallet and full-time filmic hopeful, made everybody's June more joyous with her Playmate appearance. Between recent roles in *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?* and the forthcoming film version of *Oh Dad, Poor Dad* ("I play the part of a Playboy Club Bunny. How's that for Hollywood-type casting?"), starring Jonathan Winters, travel-happy Hedy has made several PLAYBOY promotional junkets but still found time to finish decorating her new Oriental-modern digs.

Jessica St. George **MISS FEBRUARY**

Our favorite valentine was a classically constructed native Californian of Greek ancestry, aptly surnamed St. George. Raven-tressed Jessica had been in hot pursuit of the Terpsichorean muse for most of her 19 years when she came baring gifts for last February's gatefold ("Dad started teaching me Greek folk dances before I could tell my left foot from my right") and has since developed her dancing expertise to the point of giving periodic performances at local benefits and amateur theatrical revues. Her pet peeve: "Dates who go the go-go route."

despair *(continued from page 126)*

kulak would require an additional hand; another back would be needed by some beastly miller. Having never been a tramp myself, I failed—and still fail—to rerun his life on my private screen. What I wished to imagine most was the impression left upon him by a certain morning in May passed on a patch of sickly grass near Prague. He woke up. At his side a well-dressed gentleman was sitting and staring. Happy thought: might give me a smoke. Turned out to be German. Very insistently (was perhaps not quite right in the head?) kept pressing upon me his pocket mirror; got quite abusive. I gathered it was about likenesses. Well, thought I, let them likenesses be. No concern of mine. Chance of his giving me some easy job. Asked about my address. One can never know, something might come of it.

Later: conversation in a barn on a warm dark night: "Now, as I was saying, that was an odd'un, that bloke I met one day. He made out we were doubles."

A laugh in the darkness: "It was you who saw double, you old sot."

Here another literary device has crept in: the imitation of foreign novels, translated into Russian, which depict the ways of merry vagabonds, good hearty fellows. (My devices seem to have got mixed up a little, I am afraid.)

And speaking of literature, there is not a thing about it that I do not know. It has always been quite a hobby of mine. As a child I composed verse and elaborate stories. I never stole peaches from the hothouse of the north Russian landowner whose steward my father was. I never buried cats alive. I never twisted the arms of playmates weaker than myself; but, as I say, I composed abstruse verse and elaborate stories, with dreadful finality and without any reason whatever lampooning acquaintances of my family. But I did not write down those stories, neither did I talk about them. Not a day passed without my telling some lie. I lied as a nightingale sings, ecstatically, self-obliviously; reveling in the new life-harmony which I was creating. For such sweet lying my mother would give me a cuff on the ear, and my father thrash me with a riding whip which had once been a bull's sinew. That did not dismay me in the least; rather, on the contrary, it furthered the flight of my fancies. With a stunned ear and burning buttocks, I would lie on my belly among the tall weeds in the orchard, and whistle and dream.

At school I used, invariably, to get the lowest mark for Russian composition, because I had a way of my own with Russian and foreign classics; thus, for example, when rendering "in my own words" the plot of *Othello* (which was, mind you, perfectly familiar to me) I made the Moor skeptical and Desdemona unfaithful.

A sordid bet won from a wenching upperformer resulted in a revolver's coming into my possession; so I would trace with chalk, on the aspen trunks in the wood, ugly, screaming, white faces which I then proceeded to shoot, one by one.

I liked, as I like still, to make words look self-conscious and foolish, to bind them by the mock marriage of a pun, to turn them inside out, to come upon them unawares. What is this jest in majesty? This ass in passion? How do God and Devil combine to form a live dog?

For several years I was haunted by a very singular and very nasty dream: I dreamed I was standing in the middle of a long passage with a door at the bottom, and passionately wanting, but not daring to go and open it, and then deciding at last to go, which I accordingly did; but at once awoke with a groan, for what I saw there was unimaginably terrible; to wit, a perfectly empty, newly whitewashed room. That was all, but it was so terrible that I never could hold out; then one night a chair and its slender shadow appeared in the middle of the bare room—not as a first item of furniture but as though somebody had brought it to climb upon it and fix a bit of drapery, and since I knew *whom* I would find there next time stretching up with a hammer and a mouthful of nails, I spat them out and never opened that door again.

At 16, while still at school, I began to visit more regularly than before a pleasantly informal bawdyhouse; after sampling all seven girls, I concentrated my affection on roly-poly Polymnia with whom I used to drink lots of foamy beer at a wet table in an orchard—I simply adore orchards.

During the War, as I may have already mentioned, I moped in a fishing village not far from Astrakhan, and had it not been for books, I doubt whether I should have lived through those dingy years.

I first met Lydia in Moscow (whither I had got by miracle, after wriggling through the accursed hubbub of civil strife), at the flat, belonging to a chance acquaintance of mine, where I lived. He was a Lett, a silent, white-faced man with a cuboidal skull, a crewcut, and fish-cold eyes. By profession a teacher of Latin, he somehow managed, later, to become a prominent Soviet official. Into those lodgings Fate had packed several people who hardly knew one another, and there was among them that other cousin of Lydia's, Ardalion's brother Innocent, who, for some reason or another, got executed by the shooting squad soon after our departure. (To be frank, all this would be far more befitting at the beginning of the first chapter than at the beginning of the third.)

Bold and scoffing but inwardly tortured
(O, my soul, will your torch not ignite?),
From the porch of your God and His orchard
Why take off for the Earth and the night?

My own, my own! My juvenile experiments in the senseless sounds I loved, hymns inspired by my beery mistress—and "Shvinburne" as he was called in the Baltic provinces . . . Now, there is one thing I should like to know: was I endowed in those days with any so-called criminal inclinations? Did my adolescence, so dun and dull to all appearances, secrete the possibility of producing a lawbreaker of genius? Or was I, perhaps, only making my way along that ordinary corridor of my dreams, time after time shrieking with horror at finding the room empty, and then one unforgettable day finding it empty no more? Yes, it was then that everything got explained and justified—my longing to open that door, and the queer games I played, and that thirst for falsehood, that addiction to painstaking lying which had seemed so aimless till then. Hermann discovered his alter ego. This happened, as I have had the honor of informing you, on the ninth of May; and in July I visited Orlovius.

The decision, which I had formed and which was now swiftly brought into execution, met with his full approval, the more so, as I was following an old piece of advice of his.

A week later I asked him to dinner. He tucked the corner of his napkin sideways into his collar. While tackling his soup, he expressed displeasure with the trend of political events. Lydia breezily inquired whether there would be any war and with whom? He looked at her over his spectacles, taking his time (such, more or less, was the glimpse you caught of him at the beginning of this chapter) and finally answered: "It is heavy to say, but I think war excluded. When I young was, I came upon the idea of supposing only the best" (he all but turned "best" into "pest," so gross were his lip-consonants). "I hold this idea always. The chief thing by me is optimismus."

"Which comes in very handy, seeing your profession," said I with a smile.

He lowered at me and replied quite seriously:

"But it is pessimismus that gives clients to us."

The end of the dinner was unexpectedly crowned with tea served in glasses. For some unaccountable reason Lydia thought such a finish very clever and nice. Orlovius at any rate was pleased. Ponderously and lugubriously telling us of his old mother, who lived in Dorpat, he held up his glass to stir what remained of his tea in the German fashion—that is, not with a spoon, but by means of a circular motion of the wrist—so as not to waste the sugar settled at the bottom.

The agreement I signed with his firm was, on my part, a curiously hazy and in-

(continued overleaf)

John
Dempsey

significant action. It was about that time I became so depressed, silent, absent-minded; even my unobservant wife noticed a change in me—especially as my lovemaking had lapsed into a drab routine after all that furious dissociation. Once, in the middle of the night (we were lying awake in bed, and the room was impossibly stuffy, notwithstanding the wide-open window), she said:

"You do seem overworked, Hermann; in August we'll go to the seaside."

"Oh," I said, "it's not only that, but town life generally, that's what is boring me to death."

She could not see my face in the dark. After a minute she went on:

"Now, take for instance Aunt Elisa—you know that aunt of mine who lived in France, in Pignan. There *is* such a town as Pignan, isn't there?"

"Yes."

"Well, she doesn't live there any more, but has gone to Nice with the old Frenchman she married. They've got a farm down there."

She yawned.

"My chocolate is going to the devil, old girl," said I and yawned also.

"Everything will be all right," Lydia muttered. "You must have a rest, that's all."

"A change of life, not a rest," said I with the pretense of a sigh.

"Change of life," said Lydia.

"Tell me," I asked her, "wouldn't you like us to live somewhere in a quiet sunny nook, wouldn't it be a treat for you, if I retired from business? The respectable *rentier* sort of thing, eh?"

"I'd like living with you anywhere, Hermann. We'd have Ardalion come too, and perhaps we'd buy a great big dog."

A silence.

"Well, unfortunately we shan't go anywhere. I'm practically broke. That chocolate will have to be liquidated, I suppose."

A belated pedestrian passed by. Chock! And again: chock! He was probably knocking the lampposts with his cane.

"Guess: my first is that sound, my second is an exclamation, my third will be prefixed to me when I'm no more; and my whole is my ruin."

The smooth sizzle of a passing motorcar.

"Well—can't you guess?"

But my fool of a wife was already asleep. I closed my eyes, turned on my side, tried to sleep too; was unsuccessful. Out of the darkness, straight toward me, with jaw protruding and eyes looking straight into mine, came Felix. As he closed up on me he dissolved, and what I saw before me was merely the long, empty road by which he had come. Then again, from afar, there appeared a form, that of a man, giving a knock with his stick to every wayside tree trunk; nearer and nearer he stalked, and I tried to make out his face . . . And lo, with jaw protruding and eyes looking straight into mine—But he faded as before, the moment he reached me, or, better say, he seemed to enter into me, and pass through, as if I were a shadow; and then again there was only the road stretching out expectantly, and again a figure appeared, and again it was he.

I turned on my other side, and for a while all was dark and peaceful, unruffled blackness; then, gradually, a road became perceptible: the same road, but the other way round; and there appeared suddenly before my very face, as if coming out of me, the back of a man's head and the bag strapped to his shoulders; slowly his figure diminished, he was going, going, in another instant would be gone . . . but all of a sudden he stopped, glanced back and retraced his steps, so that his face grew clearer and clearer; and it was my own face.

I turned again, this time lying supine, and then, as if seen through a dark glass, there stretched above me a varnished blue-black sky, a band of sky between the ebon shapes of trees which on either side were slowly receding; but when I lay face downward, I saw running below me the pebbles and mud of a country road, wisps of dropped hay, a cart rut brimming with rainwater, and in that wind-wrinkled puddle the trembling travesty of my face; which, as I noticed with a shock, was eyeless.

"I always leave the eyes to the last," said Ardalion self-approvingly.

He held before him, at arm's length, the charcoal picture which he had begun making of me, and bent his head this way and that. He used to come frequently, and it was on the balcony that we generally had the sitting. I had plenty of leisure now: it had occurred to me to give myself something in the way of a small holiday.

Lydia was present too, curled up in a wicker armchair with a book; a half-squashed cigarette end (she never quite crushed them to death) with grim tenacity of life let forth a thin, straight thread of smoke out of the ashtray: now and then some tiny wind would make it dip and wobble, but it recovered again as straight and thin as ever.

"Anything but a good likeness," said Lydia, without, however, lifting her eyes from her book.

"It may come yet," rejoined Ardalion. "Here, I'm going to prune this nostril and we'll get it. Kind of dull light this afternoon."

"What's dull?" inquired Lydia, lifting her eyes and holding one finger on the interrupted line.

Let me interrupt this passage, too, for there is still another piece of my life that summer worthy of your attention, reader. While apologizing for the muddle and mottle of my tale, let me repeat that it is not I who am writing, but my memory, which has its own whims and rules. So, watch me roaming again about the forest near Ardalion's lake; this time I have come alone and not by car, but by train (as far as Koenigsdorf) and bus (as far as the yellow post).

On the suburban map Ardalion left on our balcony one day all the features of the locality stand out very clear. Let us suppose I am holding that map before me; then the city of Berlin, which is outside the picture, may be imagined somewhere in the vicinity of my left elbow. On the map itself, in its southwestern corner, there stretches northward, like a black and white bit of scaled tape, the railway line, which, metaphysically at least, runs along my sleeve cuffward from Berlin. My wrist watch is the small town of Koenigsdorf, beyond which the black and white ribbon turns and proceeds eastward, where there is another circle (the lower button of my waistcoat): Eichenberg.

No need, however, to travel as far as that yet; we get off at Koenigsdorf. As the railway line swerves to the east, its companion, the main road, leaves it and continues north alone, straight to the village of Waldau (the nail of my left thumb). Thrice a day there is a bus plying between Koenigsdorf and Waldau (17 kilometers); and it is at Waldau, by the bye, that the center of the land-selling enterprise is situated; a gaily painted pavilion, a fancy flag flapping, numerous yellow signposts: one, for instance, points "to the bathing beach," but there is yet no beach to speak of—only a bog on the lip of the Waldau lake; another points "to the casino," but the latter is likewise absent, though represented by something looking like a tabernacle, with an incipient coffee stall; still another sign invites you "to the sports ground," and sure enough you find there, newly erected, a complicated affair for gymnastics, rather like gallows, but there is nobody who might use the thing, apart from some village urchin swinging head downward and showing the patch on his bottom; and all around, in every direction, lie the lots; some of them are half sold and on Sundays you see fat men in bathing suits and horn-rimmed glasses sternly engaged in building rudimentary bungalows; here and there you may even see flowers freshly planted, or else a pink privy enlaced with climbing roses.

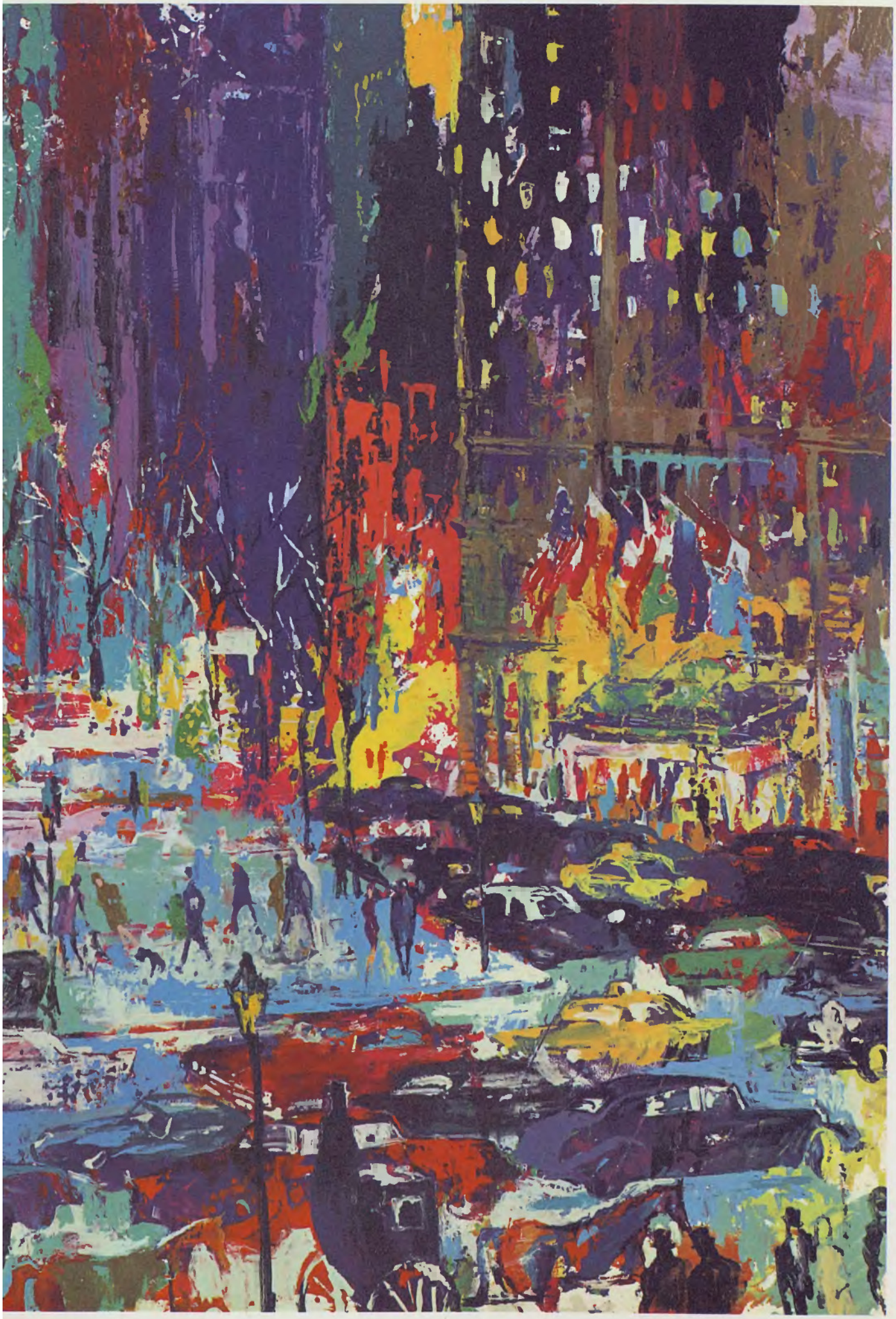
We shall, however, not go as far as Waldau either, but leave the bus on the tenth kilometer from Koenigsdorf, at a point where a solitary yellow post stands on our right. On the east side of the highway the map shows a vast space all dotted over: it is the forest; there, in its very heart, lies the small lake we bathed in, with, on its western bank, spread fanwise like playing cards, a dozen allotments, only one of which is sold (Ardalion's—if you can call it sold).

We are now getting to the exciting

(continued on page 194)

*"He only needed one
shot for the leopard,
but it took most of
a fifth to get me."*

Vargas



neiman depicts new york's posh precincts at yuletide—an urbane gala aglow with holiday esprit

man at his leisure

MANHATTAN, it has been cynically set forth, is a metropolis without a heart, a town without compassion, an isle filled with millions of sullen-faced, isolated introverts whose sole concern is the care and feeding of Number One. If such *is* the case, then a transformation of miraculous proportions must occur as the yule draws near. For New York teems with smile-wreathed, happy faces, the owners of which are engaged in competitive camaraderie to see who comes closest to embodying the spirit of Christmas. It's that time of the year when, as Christopher Morley put it, "We grant ourselves the complete and selfish pleasure of loving others better than ourselves." And nowhere in New York is the ebullient *esprit* more apparent than in the environs of the Plaza fountain—that fashionable focal point fringed by the ageless Plaza Hotel; the slightly bucolic southeast corner of Central Park; the regal bastion of feminine finery, Bergdorf Goodman's; a small but ultrasmart stretch of Fifth Avenue; and, just a champagne-cork's pop away, the New York Playboy Club. As PLAYBOY's artist on the go, LeRoy Neiman, assays it: "Pre-Christmas days around the Plaza fountain have a purposeful, *gemütlich* bustle about them. The fountain, incidentally, erected as a Pulitzer memorial in 1916, is about to mark its 50th anniversary. At Christmastime, it is decorated with hundreds of lights. But they throw off a glow no stronger than that emanating from the patrons who, arms laden with largess—a Balenciaga from Bergdorf's, a ten-carat trifle from Tiffany's, toys of every proportion and price tag from F. A. O. Schwarz—emerge from Fifth Avenue's chic shops juggling their Christmas cache while they try to attract the eye of a cruising taxi driver. The scene has a contemporary Currier & Ives aura about it. For those to whom New York is a winter festival, there are the horse-drawn hansoms, lined up on the north side of the fountain, ready to take patrons on a leisurely trot through the park. Such an outdoor jaunt will give one's appetite the edge to properly appreciate the convivial and caloric ritual of tea and cakes in the Plaza's Palm Court, where one, like as not, will be rubbing shoulders with some showbiz or society panjandrum. Two other luxe hostelries holding sway over that immediate area of the Avenue—the Sherry-Netherland and the Pierre—are favorite bases of operation for presents- and pleasure-seeking out-of-towners who want to be at the hub of 'the good life' which Manhattan possesses in uniquely superabundant quantities at all times of the year, but especially during the holidays."

Below: One of New York's finest, mounted division, heads off duty with a tree in tow—its ultimate destination, the ward of a children's hospital. Left: Neiman, from the vantage point of the Sherry-Netherland, consummately portrays the colorful flurry of Christmas activity that swirls about the Plaza's neoclassic fountain.

On Fifth Avenue at Christmastime, the wrappings are often as elegant as the yule bounty they conceal, but no more so than the smartly turned-out boulevardiers and ultrachic couture-clad shoppers who add eye-pleasing urbanity to the Santa-centered scene.

CLIFTON FADIMAN *(continued from page 137)*

case, the predictions here made by Dr. Adler and me will have no relevance whatsoever.

As Dr. Adler suggests, there are other historical changes and chances that may make us look foolish, above and beyond our natural capacity for foolishness. Should any single power—China, Russia or the United States—dominate the planet by force, the "classics" of 2066 will be largely Chinese, Russian or American. If the world is to be Sovietized by 2066, I would be well advised to place a heavy bet on, let us say, Boris Pasternak, despite his present ambivalent reputation in Russia; or some figure such as the remarkable playwright Bertolt Brecht, claimed by Communists as one of theirs. If we are to be Americanized, we may be sure American writers will figure heavily in classrooms from Lapland to Patagonia. If the Germans are able to make a third and this time successful attempt to turn the planet (except for Germany) into one vast Belsen, the leading classic of 2066 will be *Mein Kampf*. (I notice this is not on Dr. Adler's list.) In what follows I have had to assume that though the world may well be unified by 2066, it will not be writhing under the iron heel of any single power or race.

I must make a few more qualifications. Suppose circumstances had permitted me to be a Nostradamus or Jeane Dixon, let us say 40 years ago, in 1926. Had I been asked by the PLAYBOY of those faraway days to select the imaginative works of the period most likely to be supremely prized in 2026, what would they have been? They might very well have been the major publications of Rudyard Kipling, Gerhart Hauptmann, Maxim Gorky, H. G. Wells, Selma Lagerlöf, Rabindranath Tagore, Maurice Maeterlinck, Anatole France, John Galsworthy, Romain Rolland, Sinclair Lewis, Edith Wharton and Theodore Dreiser. These names stand for reputations that, among others, loomed large in 1926. How do they stand today, 40 years later? However rated, it is hard to think of them as belonging to the "classics" of 2026. The lesson is plain: We are all to some degree prisoners of our narrow time. We cannot help concentrating on the shadows that fall longest in our own day.

We are prisoners also of space, bounded and bound by our own geographic and cultural parish. Asked to place bets on the imaginative classics that will endure into the next century, I tend to think first of Americans and Englishmen, then of Germans and Frenchmen. I can read their languages, they stand out in my mental universe, their countries have behind them an enormous pressure of cultural prestige, of which I am a trivial product. But my perspective is thereby limited. There may very well be a contemporary Hungarian or Polish or Japanese writer with a tremendous future. But either I simply do not know his work or, even if familiar with it, I may be unable to view it fairly through my cultural blinders.

Thus I am not at all certain that the wonderful Spanish poet-dramatist Federico García Lorca (1898–1936) may not gradually rise to an eminence comparable to that of T. S. Eliot, as we see Eliot today. Or that 2066 will not have to reckon with the epic Hebrew novelist S. J. Agnon, especially if Israel should assume a more commanding place among the nations—in which case the reputation of the much-admired Hebrew poet Chaim Nachman Bialik may burst its linguistic bonds. Then there is the Chilean Whitman, the prolific Pablo Neruda, whose legendary personality has already penetrated throughout the Spanish and Latin-American intellectual worlds. And we must theoretically take into account some upset from the Far East. I have read enough of Junichiro Tanizaki, who recently died at 80, to know that he is a superb writer, yet not enough to feel that he belongs with my final choices. But in my parochialism, I may be quite wrong. I should add that Dr. Adler and I can make no claim to any considerable knowledge of Oriental thought.

Then there is the interesting problem of the cult artist. I intend no derogation. It is simply a fact in the history of literature that the untiring efforts of a minority can on occasion *create* a classic. Homer's reputation rests today—for he was not prized during the Middle Ages—on common consent. But Herman Melville's rank rests, at least in part, on the energetic and I think justifiable enthusiasm, expressed first during the 1920s, of a small group of discriminating readers and critics.

I offer a few examples from our own day. There are three novelists using German who command the admiration of certain knowledgeable sects or cults, but whose reputations have not yet spread to the commonalty. They are the German Nobel Prize winner Hermann Hesse, (1877–1962), with his *Steppenwolf* and *Magister Ludi*; the Austrian Robert Musil (1880–1940), whose masterpiece is the incomplete *The Man Without Characteristics*; and the Austrian Hermann Broch (1886–1951), whose *The Death of Virgil* and *The Sleepwalkers* have their persuasive devotees.

Sometimes cults are the source of the final victory of a "classic." Little by little they impose their judgment on schools, colleges and reprint publishers, and in due course their idols become gods. This may happen with the crazy-marvelous Cretan Nikos Kazantzakis (1883–1957) whose *The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel*, so magnificently Englished by Kimon Friar, may bulk larger in the future than it does today. There is a sect pushing the cause of the Australian Patrick White (1912–). There is a growing John Cowper Powys (1872–1963) cult, of which I am a member. There is a powerful Bertolt Brecht (1898–1956) cult. Certain rather unbuttoned critics and readers even plump for Henry Miller (1891–). There are those who would rank Wallace Stevens (1879–1955) along with Yeats and Eliot.

Any one of these splinter groups may yet emerge as farsighted. They may be making judgments that will take the rest of us 50 years to catch up to.

Similarly there is always the possibility of exhumation. When Melville died in 1891 the event went almost unregarded. As we have noted, during the 1920s he was rediscovered. Today *Moby Dick* is included in *Great Books of the Western World*. It is not impossible that 50 years from now some book of our own day will be exhumed and achieve classic stature. A novel such as *Under the Volcano* by Malcolm Lowry (1909–1957) has been leading a lively underground life for the last decade. I would be surprised to see it become the *Moby Dick* of, say, 2015; but the idea is not entirely fantastic.

Anyone who goes in for the prediction business is bound to take account of the power of an articulate, intelligent minority. He should respect it even if it runs counter to his own taste. For example, I have never been able to derive much pleasure (or indeed much of anything except irritation) from William Faulkner, and have damned myself in many quarters for saying so. (I *do* like *The Reivers*, one of his most untypical novels.) On the other hand, I admire greatly the novels and plays of Thornton Wilder (1897–). For my money, Wilder is a finer writer than Faulkner. I would like to be able to predict that by 2066 Faulkner's shadow will be shorter, Wilder's longer. But such a prediction would be mere self-indulgence. It is clear to any detached literary judgment that Faulkner has an enormous, powerful and continuing claque behind him; and that Wilder doesn't and probably never will have. Faulkner's got more going for him. I do not mean that the claque alone will "immortalize" Faulkner. Obviously he possesses qualities, high qualities, to which I cannot respond. The claque plus these qualities should do the job for him. Hence, my list includes Faulkner but not Wilder.

I have not set myself the goal of drawing up a list of writers who please me, but of writers who, whether they please me or not, may have achieved, in my estimation, the kind of prominence in 2066 that would entitle them to inclusion in a set of *Great Books of the 20th Century*. I might like to see such a set contain the

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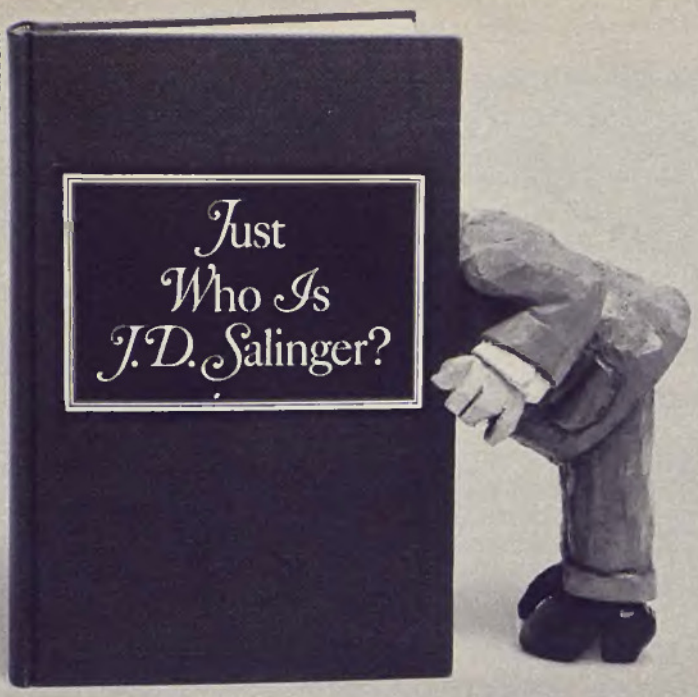

SALISBURY

at long last, one of literature's best-kept secrets is laid bare • humor By H. ALLEN SMITH

A MAN NAMED VISCO, resident of Montclair, New Jersey, has written a letter to me advising me that recently he went into a New York City bookstore and bought a volume titled *How to Write Without Knowing Nothing*. The book bore my name as author.

When Mr. Visco got home to Montclair and took the wrapping off his package and opened the book, he found that its contents did not correspond with the description on the jacket and on the hard binding. In fact, the inside part of the book had nothing whatever to do with writing, but was something titled *Franny and Zooey* and the author was identified on the title page as "J. D. Salinger." Mr. Visco said he was confused.

It came as no great surprise to me. Other copies of that book got into the stores—books described as H. Allen Smith's work on the outside and containing on the inside work by this J. D. Salinger. It happened once before to me, when my publisher sent me a copy of another book of mine, *The Pig in the Barber Shop*, and on opening it I found that it contained a novel called *The Good Shepherd* by C. S. Forester. I am in an idiot sort of business.

I could explain the more recent mix-up to Mr. Visco and to anyone else who happened to get a copy of Smith-Salinger by first stating that both *How to Write Without Knowing Nothing* and *Franny and Zooey* were issued by the same Boston publisher. So were *The Pig in the Barber Shop* and *The Good Shepherd*.

The way it could happen is fairly simple. In the publisher's bindery, let us say, were large stacks of unbound, stitched sheets of my book and, alongside, much larger stacks of the book by Salinger. Along comes a workman and his elbow brushes against the Salinger stack and a few dozen batches of unbound sheets topple to the floor. The workman hastily picks the things up and puts them onto the stack nearest him, which is the Smith stack. Those stitched sheets wind up, a few days later, neatly encased in hard bindings bearing the title *How to Write Without Knowing Nothing*.

I *could* explain it that way, but I don't think I will. Sounds too much like the collapse of automation. Anyway, the time has come when I can no longer dissemble, when I can no longer keep a straight face in the presence of all this Salinger talk. I've got to tell the truth. Steel yourself. I *am* J. D. Salinger.

I am also Thomas Pynchon, author of the sensational first novel *V*. That's what I said, *V*. That's the title of it. Almost nobody has ever seen Thomas Pynchon, so it has been fairly easy for me to carry on this deception. His editor at the Lippincott company has never laid eyes on him; the press agent for Lippincott has never seen him; various other people who have had long-distance dealings with him wouldn't know him if they met him on the street. His own mother has seen him, but not lately, and when questioned about him, all she is willing to say is that Thomas Pynchon is six feet, four. A sort of a warning, I suppose. It is all a lovely hoax and she is not really his mother, because she is not *my* mother; I am not nearly six feet, four, but when I'm required to do it I can *draw myself up*. And if any among you smart-aleck littérateurs doubts my word in this Pynchon matter, please be advised that he, Pynchon, is said to do his principal hiding-out in Mexico. Check my movements, please—I mean the movements of H. Allen Smith. I duck out for Mexico whenever I get the chance. Why? I have to pay Pynchon bills and clean up Pynchon correspondence that piles up week by week in Guadalajara. The correspondence, incidentally, consists mainly of letters asking, "Hey, Pynchon, just who are you?" or, in variation, "Listen, Pynchon, who the hell do you think you are?" As for my novel *V*, I wrote it with my left hand and can't remember what it's about, except that it's got a lot of alligators in it.

I may as well go the whole hog. I am also Xavier Rynne. I am he who has written those marvelous "inside" accounts of Vatican Council II. In the book world there has been great and feverish speculation about the true identity of Xavier Rynne because of his books *Letters from Vatican City* and *The Second Session*. Here is the story behind the story. I was down in Mexico, engaged in things to deepen the mystery of Thomas Pynchon, and I got homesick, and in the middle of the night checked out of my hotel and climbed sleepily into a jet. Wrong plane. I ended up in Rome, and this Vatican Council II was in session and I stumbled into it while searching for the Spanish steps. I figured I might as well do something toward expenses, and so I rapped out those two books about what I'd seen and heard. Imagine my surprise at the stir they created. Actually, this business of being Xavier Rynne is not very important to me, and I think I'll give it up. I've got other fish to fry. J. D. Salinger fish. The Salinger caper has brought in a lot of splendid *(concluded on page 248)*

Royal Smut-Hound *(continued from page 121)*

anything previously unperformed must be submitted to "the Malvolio of St. James' Palace" (Bernard Shaw's phrase) at least a week before opening night; a reading fee of two guineas is charged, so that you pay for the privilege of being banned; licenses already granted may be revoked if the Chamberlain changes his mind (or if there is a change of Chamberlain); and any theater presenting an unlicensed work to a paying audience will be summarily closed down. His Lordship can impose a ban "whenever he shall be of opinion that it is fitting for the Preservation of Good Manners, Decorum, or of the Public Peace." He need give no reason for his decisions, from which there is no appeal. Since he is appointed directly by the sovereign, he is not responsible to the House of Commons. He inhabits a limbo aloof from democracy, answerable only to his own hunches. The rules by which he judges plays are nowhere defined in law; to quote Shaw again, and not for the last time, "they simply codify the present and most of the past prejudices of the class he represents."

Since he is always recruited from the peerage, he naturally tends to forbid attacks on institutions like the Church and the Crown. He never permits plays about eminent British subjects, living or recently dead, no matter how harmless the content and despite the fact that Britain's libel laws are about the strictest on earth. Above all, he feels a paternal need to protect his flock from exposure to words or gestures relating to bodily functions below the navel and above the upper thigh. This—the bedding-*cum*-liquid-and-solid-eliminating area—is what preoccupies him most, and involves the writers and producers who have to deal with him in the largest amount of wasted time.

The normal procedure is as follows: enclosing the two-guinea fee, you submit your script which is then read by one of three "Examiners"—anonymous part-time workers, occasionally with some theatrical background. The Examiner passes it on with his comments to the Chamberlain's two Comptrollers—army officers in early middle age—who add their own observations before referring it to the boss himself. Then begins the salty correspondence, which may go on for months. The Comptroller lists the required cuts and changes; the producer replies, agreeing, protesting or proposing alternatives. (A fine recent protest was penned by the director of John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence*: "We find that the cutting of the words 'menstrual periods' is blocking the flow of the scene.")

If postal deadlock is reached, the next stage is a chat with the Comptroller, who usually comes on as a breezy man of the world who knows as much about four-letter words as the next man but somehow feels that the next man should be prevented from hearing them. Insane bargaining takes place: the Comptroller may permit you a "pee" in Act One so long as you delete a "Christ!" in Act Three. Discussing a one-line gag about the hero's mother-in-law in Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* ("She's as rough as a night in a Bombay brothel"), the Comptroller roared with laughter and said: "That's a splendid phrase and I shall use it in the Guards' Club, but it won't do for the theater, where people don't know one another." If the author still declines to be slashed and rewritten by strangers, he can apply for an interview with the Chamberlain himself; but unless he has a pretty powerful management behind him, he is unlikely to get one; and it has seldom been known to do any good.

Chamberlains are rarely garrulous. Shaw said of the one who held office in his youth that he made only two recorded pronouncements: "I am not an agricultural laborer" and "Who is Tolstoy?" The present incumbent is more of a loose-mouth. In the spring of 1965 he gave an interview to the London *Sunday Times*, in the course of which he said: "You'd be surprised to see the number of four-letter words and I think I can say obscenities, that are sometimes included in scripts by the most reputable people." (He meant, of course, "piss," "arse" and "shit" as well as the obvious venereal monosyllables.) "We normally cut certain expletives, for example, 'Christ' and 'Jesus,'" he went on, "which are admittedly used in common parlance . . . but still do give offense to a great number of people." When asked by the interviewer which subject—sex, religion or politics—raised the most problems, he replied that in terms of quantity, sex was the most troublesome, although: "I have personally found the religious ones most difficult of all." He admitted that, if faced with a play that satirized Christianity, "I would start with a bias against it." In the six months immediately preceding this colloquy, his office had received 441 scripts, of which 63 had been returned for cutting and changing. In 18 cases the proposed alterations were radical. One of the latter group was John Osborne's *A Patriot for Me*, a play factually based on the career of a homosexual colonel in the Austro-Hungarian army who was blackmailed into spying for the Russians and finally committed suicide. The Chamberlain demanded the excision of five whole scenes. The author refused; and the producers had to turn their theater into a private club in order to present a major new work by one of Britain's leading dramatists.

Who is the Lord Chamberlain? As I write, he is Cameron Fromanteel, first Baron Cobbold, educated at Eton and Cambridge, and a former Governor of the Bank of England: a cheerful, toothy, soothing chap in his early 60s. His predecessor, who retired in 1963, was the 11th Earl of Scarbrough, educated at Eton and Oxford, and a former Governor of Bombay. Unlike Lord Cobbold, he could boast firsthand experience of artistic endeavor, having written, in 1936, *The History of the Eleventh Hussars*.

These are the men who have exercised absolute power over British drama for the past 14 years. As a highly respected director once put it: "Why should a colonial administrator be allowed to put fig leaves on statues? Or a banker to paint out the bits of pictures that he doesn't like?" He is not alone in his bewilderment, which history amply supports. Around the turn of the century, the poet Swinburne declared that the Lord Chamberlain had exposed the English stage "to the contempt and compassion of civilized Europe." To cite a few other spokesmen from the same period:

"All I can say is that something or other—which probably is consciousness of the Censor—appears to deter men of letters who have other channels for communicating with the public, from writing for the stage." (Thomas Hardy)

"The censorship, with its quite wanton power of suppression, has always been one of the reasons why I haven't ventured into playwriting." (H. G. Wells)

"I am certain that a dramatic author may be shamefully hindered, and that such a situation is intolerable; a disgrace to the tone, to the character, of this country's civilization." (Joseph Conrad)

"There is not perhaps another field so fine in the England of today for a man or woman of letters, but all the other literary fields are free. This one alone has a blind bull in it." (From a protest signed by many writers, including Henry James, J. M. Barrie, Galsworthy, Conan Doyle and Shaw)

All of which suggests that Shaw was right when he argued that the dearth of good English plays between the early 18th Century and his own debut in the late 19th was entirely due to the existence of the Lord Chamberlain, a baleful deterrent lurking on the threshold of creativity. After all, why should a first-rate writer venture into a theater where Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* was banned? Just before World War One, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree wanted to stage this great tragedy of incest; the censor brusquely turned him down, a decision which moved the popular playwright Henry Arthur Jones to publish a suave letter of complaint. It read in part:

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"My place or yours?"

R.B. DYNCE

Ribald Classic

flamenca's bath

adapted from the medieval Provençal

EVERYONE IN PROVENCE said it. "Sir Archambaut is the most jealous husband in the south, in all of France, in the whole world."

It was true. His lovely young wife, Flamenca, was never more than two feet away from the creaky old knights and ancient clerics employed by Archambaut to protect his household from the imagined invasions of youthful lust.

Sometimes, when men were certain they were not within the hearing of Archambaut's minions, they whispered of how Flamenca originally had been enamored of the young and gusty Guillaume de Nevers. "Indeed," said an apple vendor one market-day morning, "I heard them once, by night and alone, whispering through the grating of her window."

"Fool," replied a miller with commendable restraint. "That was months ago, perhaps before she was observed by Sir Archambaut and quickly wedded to him by her father."

At this point Guillaume himself strode past; yet he was not asked to join in their talk. For Guillaume de Nevers was tall and strong, with blacksmith's hands and a sword perhaps too swift for one to chance encounter.

But Guillaume's thoughts were far from the jocosities of the market place that day. They were instead of soft hair flung over white shoulders, of deep, dark eyes, of the ripe lips of Flamenca as they had tasted to him that night through the grating. Would he ever taste them again—or even see her, indeed, except from afar, as she walked on the arm of her husband on her way to the baths?

Ah, the baths! If only she bathed in the third chamber instead of the fourth one. As a boy exploring the cellars of the old town, he had come upon a hidden tunnel leading directly to the third chamber of the bath. But how could he tell Flamenca of this?

The answer was supplied quite by accident the following day, when Father Ambrosius asked Guillaume to serve as acolyte during the days of Holy Advent. "I have not forgotten your strong wrists, my son. As a lad, no one could hold up the missal as long as you."

Guillaume accepted this duty without hesitation. Flamenca, he knew, would come every day to Advent vespers and, despite Sir Archambaut, perhaps a look, even a word, might pass between them.

And so it came to pass that on the first day of Advent, Guillaume paced carefully among the kneeling worshipers, carrying the book. As Flamenca leaned to kiss it, he bent low and softly breathed one word: "Flamenca!"

Her lips answered soundlessly: "Guillaume!"

On the following afternoon he tried again with the second word—just one, no more. The word was "I . . ."

And, on the third day, "Love . . ."

At the end of 13 days he had told her: "I love you. Change to room three to bathe. A passage leads there." A nod from Flamenca told him his message had penetrated.

The nubile young spouse of Sir Archambaut never missed her bath. It was her sanctuary, her one place of asylum from the eyes of her keepers, and from the eyes of her husband himself. Thus it followed that on the next day she came as usual, on Sir Archambaut's arm, but stopped this time by the third bathing chamber, with the innocent explanation that she had been feeling an uncomfortable draft in her usual room.

"The lady may have room three," said the keeper of the baths to Sir Archambaut. "It is not quite so large as the other, but she will surely feel no draft there."

Close inspection revealed to the ever-suspicious Archambaut the usual four walls of stone, the customary sunken tub, the prescribed couch and cushions, the towels and glazed water jars. "It will do," he pronounced at length. "Fetch the lady's unguents and oils. I shall wait as usual at the bench at the end of the hall."

After the servants had filled the bath with steaming water, Flamenca closed the door and dropped a heavy bar in place to secure it. Meanwhile, Guillaume had entered the cellars, located the passage he had known as a child, slipped through it skillfully and, when he came upon a familiar loose stone at its end, tapped upon this gently. At once came an answering tap from above. Flamenca was waiting.

He placed his shoulder against the stone and pushed upward. There was a grating sound, then a crack of light, and he was suddenly surrounded by the heady aromas of ointments and perfumes. He tilted the stone into the room and immediately observed his beloved, deep in the bath, and not three feet away. With a bound he was beside her, and soon the scented waters churned gaily with their frolics.

It seemed to them to have been but a moment, but it was truly more than an hour later before they were aware of Sir Archambaut pounding on the barred door and bellowing, "Flamenca! Wife! Hast fallen asleep?"

Sliding reluctantly from her visitor's grasp, Flamenca replied to her husband: "I must have dozed, my lord. I shall be dressed in a moment."

"Thou hast dozed, indeed, my lady," came the old man's anxious voice through the stone. "Didst have a nightmare? At one time I could swear I heard a cry as of anguish."

"Nay," replied his wife as she stepped into her tunic, "I dreamed that a young angel brought me a prolonged message of love. And my cry was of joy—not of anguish."

"'Tis well to dream of angels, wife," said Archambaut with a sigh of relief. "But come now, we must hasten to vespers."

—Retold by J. A. Gato

PARISIANS AND THE GERMANS

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appearing very small in a setting that is too big for him. One German leafing through an old book: a dreamer, perhaps a poet; in any case, a harmless person. It was this completely innocent aspect that was constantly offered to our view by the soldiers who wandered through the streets. The crowd would open ranks and then close again on their uniforms, whose faded green made a splotch—pale and modest, almost expected—among the dark clothing of the civilians.

Then, too, the same daily necessities made us rub elbows with them; the same collective currents buffeted us about, turned us this way and that, and mixed us up together: we were jammed against them in the *métro*, we bumped into them on dark nights. Quite certainly we would have killed them without pity if the order had been given; certainly we kept the memory of our resentments and our hatred fresh. But these feelings had taken on a rather abstract quality, and in the long run a kind of shameful and indefinable solidarity came to exist between the Parisians and these soldiers who, basically, so much resembled the French soldiers. It was a solidarity unaccompanied by any sympathy—the product, rather, of biological adaptation. At first, it was painful for us to look at them. Then, little by little, we ceased really to see them: they had taken on an institutional character.

But what really put the finishing touch to their harmlessness was their ignorance of our language. Countless times, in the cafés, I heard Parisians freely express their political opinions within six feet of a lone German sitting at a table with a vague look in his eyes and a glass of lemonade in front of him. To us they seemed more like pieces of furniture than men. And whenever, with extreme politeness, they stopped us on the street to ask directions (for most of us, this was the only time we spoke to them), what we felt was not so much hatred as uneasiness. In short, *we weren't natural.* We recalled the command we had given ourselves, once and for all time: that we should never speak to them. But at the same time, when we were face to face with these soldiers who had lost their way, an old humanistic urge to be helpful was reawakened in us—another command dating back to our childhood which enjoined us not to abandon a human being in distress. At such times we would decide according to our mood and the immediate situation. We would say either, "I don't know," or "Go two blocks and then turn left." But whichever we said, we would be dissatisfied with ourselves as we walked away.

One day, on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, a staff car overturned, pinning a German colonel beneath it. I saw ten Frenchmen rush forward to pull him out from under the car. I'm sure they hated the enemy occupying the city; and some of them, two years later, must surely have been among the French Forces of the Interior who took part in the fighting on this same boulevard. But the man lying under the car—was he the enemy? And what should they do? The concept of the enemy is never completely firm and clear unless he is separated from us by a curtain of gunfire.

Still, there *was* an enemy—and the most hateful kind of enemy; but he had no face. Or, at any rate, those who saw it seldom returned to describe it. He might well be compared to a vampire. In the dark of night, he seized our best men and caused them to vanish. A process of silent swallowing up seemed to be going on around us. One day you would call a friend, and the telephone would ring for a long time in the empty apartment. You would go and knock on the door, and no one would come to open it. Then, if the concierge forced the door, you would find two chairs close together in the entrance hall and, on the floor beneath them, the butts of German cigarettes. In those cases when the wives or mothers of the missing persons had been present at the arrest, they said their men had been taken by some Germans who were very polite—like those who stopped us in the street to ask for directions. When the women went to Gestapo headquarters on the Avenue Foch or the Rue des Saussaies to find out what had happened to their men, they were received with courtesy. And when they returned from these visits, they would sometimes have kind words to report. Yet people who lived on the Avenue Foch or the Rue des Saussaies near the headquarters heard screams of pain and terror all day and late into the night.

There was not a single person in Paris without a friend or relative who had been arrested or deported or shot. It was as though there were secret holes through which the city was seeping away, as if from an internal hemorrhage that could not be located. But no one talked much about it. Even more than the famine, this constant bleeding was dissimulated—partly out of prudence, and partly out of pride. We would say, "*They* arrested him." And that "they," like the "they" sometimes used by insane persons to name their imaginary persecutors, hardly designated men but rather a kind of tarlike substance, alive but impalpable, which blackened everything—even the light. In the late hours of the night, we heard *them*. Toward midnight we would hear, ringing on the pavement and isolated from all other sound, the rapid *trot-trot* of footsteps, as first one belated passer-by, then another, hurried to get home before the curfew. Then silence would descend and we would know that any footsteps we might hear outside would be *theirs*.

It is hard to convey the impression made on us by that deserted city—that no man's land extending right up to our windows that was inhabited by *them* alone. Nor were the buildings we lived in ever a complete protection. The Gestapo often made arrests between midnight and five A.M. It seemed to us that at any moment the door might open, letting in a draft of cold air, a bit of the night and three affable Germans with pistols . . . Even when we didn't mention them, even when we weren't thinking about them, we felt their presence among us. We felt it because of a certain way physical objects had of being less our own—more strange, colder and somehow more public, as though the intimacy of our homes had been violated by the stare of a stranger. Then, in the morning, out in the street, we would see harmless little Germans hurrying to their offices, their attaché cases under their arms, looking more like lawyers in uniform than military men. We would try to detect, on those expressionless and familiar faces, some trace of the malevolent ferocity that we had imagined during the night. But in vain. Yet the horror did not fade away. And perhaps the most trying thing of all was that abstract horror that never managed to attach itself to anyone. Such was, in any case, the first aspect of the Occupation. Just try to imagine, then, that perpetual coexistence between a phantom hatred and a too-familiar enemy whom one could not manage to hate.

That horror, though, had many other causes. But before going any further, let us avoid one particular misunderstanding: the horror we felt must not be imagined as a powerful, upsetting emotion. As I said before, we *lived*—meaning we could work, eat, talk, sleep, and sometimes even laugh, although laughter was rare. The horror seemed to be outside us—in things. We could forget it for a little while and become engrossed in a book, a conversation or a business matter; but we always came back to it, and then we noticed that it had never really left us. Calm and stable, almost tactful, it colored both our daydreams and our most practical thinking. It was at once the web of our consciousness and the meaning of the world. Now that it is gone, we see it only as an element of the life we lived then. But when we were plunged into it, it was so familiar that we sometimes took it to be the natural coloration of our moods. Will I be understood if I say, at one and the same time, that it was intolerable and that we adjusted to it very well?

Some insane persons, we are told, are obsessed with the idea that at one point their lives were upset by a hideous

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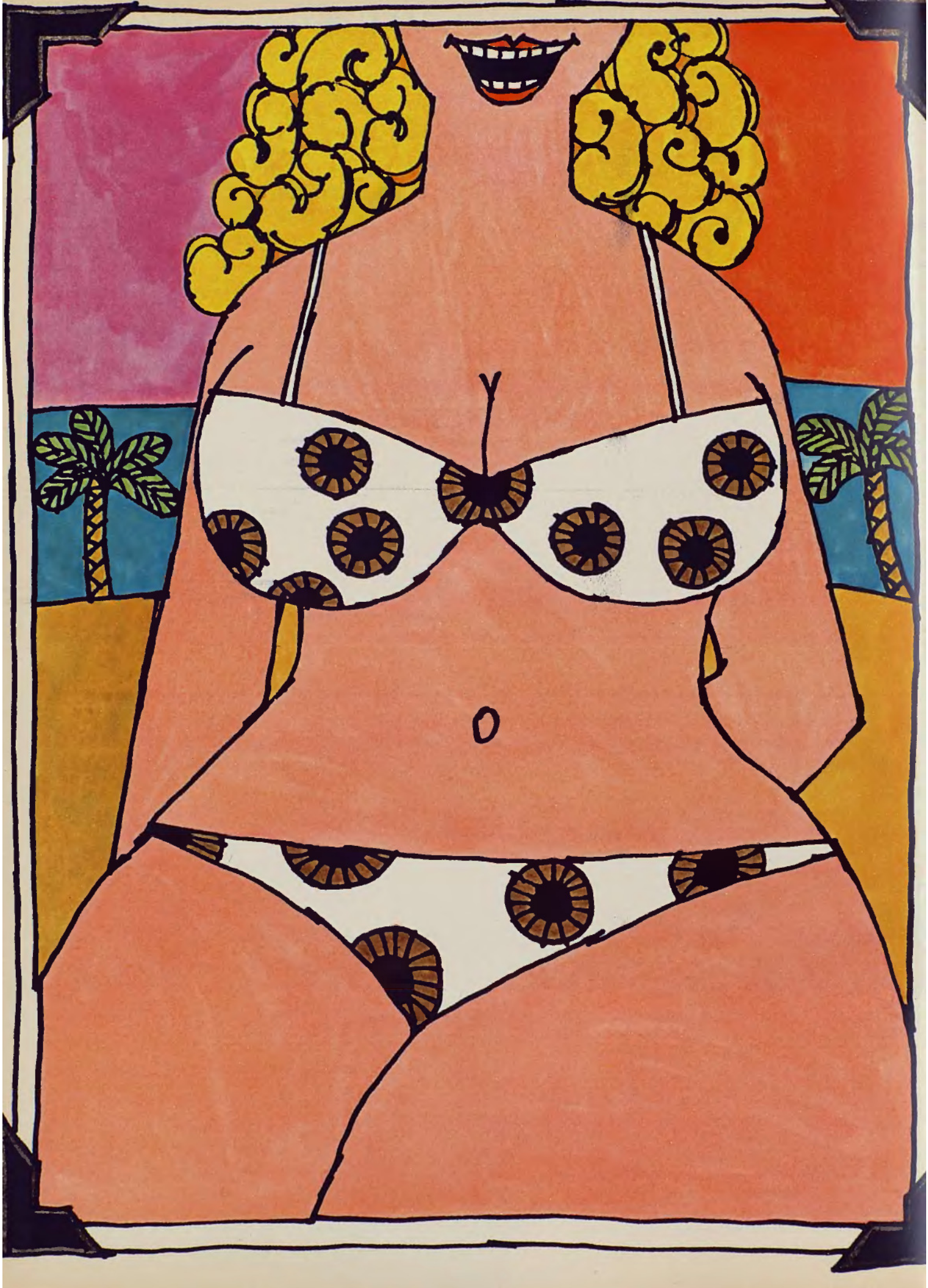
Clockwise from three o'clock: Four-track stereo tape recorder with matched speakers, power amplifiers, and preamplifiers, by Tandberg, $449.50. Walnut console cabinet with black inlay and compartments for a full-range hi-fi rig, by Barzilay, $305. Top-grain-cowhide suitcase with three individual outside sections, $150, and separate club bag, $26, both by Harrison Leather. Four-inch TV with rechargeable batteries, by Sony, $149.25. An assortment of stereo records, clockwise from noon: *Miles Davis/E.S.P.*, Columbia Records, $4.79. *Playboy Presents Johnny Janis/Once in a Blue Moon*, Monument Records, $4.98. *The Sixth Book of Madrigals by Monteverdi*, RCA Victor, $9.58. *The Five Piano Concertos of Beethoven* played by Leon Fleisher, Epic Records, $19.16. *The Complete Concerti for Harpsichord and Orchestra by Bach*, Nonesuch Records, $12.50. Laminated, all-maple mandolin, by Kay, $29.95. French chrome soda siphon, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $59.95. Danish meat-carving board of inlaid teak rectangles, from Bonniers, $37.50. A trio of new books for after-hours pleasure: *The Twelfth Anniversary Playboy Reader*, edited by Hugh M. Hefner, $9.95. *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, by Lenny Bruce, $5. *How to Be Rich*, by J. Paul Getty, $5, at all bookstores or from Playboy Press. Four-foot revolving teakwood bookcase, from George Tanier, $205. Alpaca cardigan with suede front, by David Church, $55. Danish teakwood wall valet folds flat to the wall, from Georg Jensen of New York, $42. Long-haired Canadian beaver hat with removable band, by Dobbs, $30. Eight-day jeweler's metal 11-jewel Swiss striking clock, from C. D. Peacock, $190.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GORDON

From left to right: Three-horsepower Yachtwin 2-cylinder outboard motor which folds into a small package for carrying or storage in its own fiberglass case, by Evinrude, $205. Top-grain-leather, suede-lined manicure set contains 7 Pfeilring manicure tools with tortoise-shell handles, from Mark Cross, $32.50. Transistor radio in a 3¼" wood-grain block, by Sony, $13.95. Scottish cashmere golf cardigan, by David Church, $45. Ancient Oriental game of mah-jongg in brass-locked, padded leather case complete with two tile trays, 162 hand-etched, ivory-toned Catalin tiles, five racks, money, dice and bettor, by E. S. Lowe Company, $39.95. Contemporary-styled portable color-TV set, comes with or without roll-around stand, by Philco, $449.95. On top of the set is the latest line-up in lotions, reading from left to right: By George! cologne in a locked black-leather carrier (16 ozs.), by Caryl Richards, $10; British Sterling after-shave lotion (4 ozs.), by Speidel, $3.50; St. Johns Aged Lime cologne in ship captain's decanter (1 pint), by the West Indies Bay Company, $35; Persian Leather shave lotion (8 ozs.), by Caswell-Massey Company, $8.75; Teak after-shave lotion with a new Scandinavian scent (5 ozs.), by Shulton, $3.50; and 4711 eau de cologne (13.53 ozs.), by the House of 4711, $9.25. Lightweight pongee silk robe with black-and-white piping, shawl collar and silk-lined sleeves, by Sulka, $98.50. Gold-plated potbellied French siphon, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $59.95. An assortment of 16 Early American New England delicacies from steamed clams to maple syrup in a wooden Cape Cod bucket, by S. S. Pierce, $19.95. Titan X push-button blender has 30

automatic time settings, by Waring, $49.95. Chopping block of kiln-seasoned hardwood on turned wooden legs, by the Michigan Maple Block Company, $90. On the side of the block is a set of four high-carbon cutlery steel knives with hard laminated wood handles and chrome-plate finish, from Breck's of Boston, $19.95. On top of the block is an automobile radio–stereo-tape-recorder unit integrating an all-transistorized, seven-circuit radio and an eight-track tape cartridge with a playback unit. Set includes a program selector, automatic rethreading for continuous play, automatic push-pull switching between radio and tape stereo, panel installation design, front-loading cartridge and four speakers, by Lear Jet Corporation, $179. Next is a paperweight pedestal barometer, by Honeywell, $10.95. White-on-white silk crepe jacquard muffler with black-and-white fringe, by Sulka, $28.50. A .357 magnum Python pistol ideal for target shooting has an adjustable rear sight and a ramp-type front sight with all contact parts hand-honed, fires .38 caliber cartridges as well as magnums, by Colt's Patent Fire Arms Company, $125. A trio of Chateau Lafite-Rothschild wines, 1959; 3-quart bottles, $75 each, and 4.5-quart bottle, $100, all from Bragno World Wines. *Folk Wines, Cordials, and Brandies*, by Moritz A. Jagendorf, includes the history and aesthetics of the glories of *vin de maison* from rose-hip wine to Usquebaugh, from Vanguard Press, $10. Electric clock with gold numerals on satin-aluminum dial rests on a wine-red background in a frame of oiled walnut, in a Spanish motif designed by Arthur Umanoff Associates for the Howard Miller Clock Company, $70.



GOING NAKED ON THE RIVIERA

article By GEOFFREY BOCCA

what it's really like—and what happens and doesn't—on france's much-publicized île du levant, mecca of nudist sun worshipers

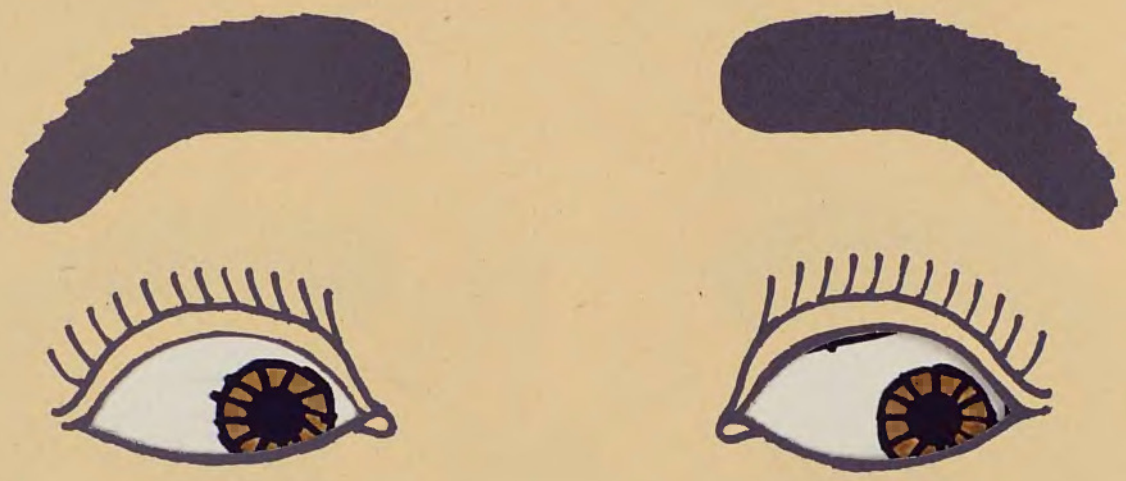
WE ARE ALL born nudists. Some achieve nudism in later life. Some have nudism thrust upon them. The author of this article is one of the last.

It started like this. "You are a writer," the fellows said when they arrived on vacation. "You have a house on the Riviera. Ergo, yours is a life of sheer voluptuousness. You are a troubadour in the wings of life's stage, a veritable Corybant who looks upon the wine when it is red." The point they are trying to make is that they want to go and have a look at the Riviera nudists, and they are too chicken to go it alone. I don't want to spoil the image by telling them that I pay my American taxes, too, so I take them along, and have thus become a kind of involuntary authority on the subject.

Sufficient an authority, that is, to suggest that nothing that I have seen in the prints, nor on the wide, Eastman-color screen, represents even remotely what the experience is like. Able journalists, grown men, go nudist, and seem unable to put their thoughts on paper. It takes practice, it seems, and prolonged exposure to evolve some kind of philosophy for what is one of the oddest adventures into the physical and psychological senses.

If this article deals solely with nudism on the French Riviera, it is because this is the only place where the author has tried it, which is no reason to make excuses. The Riviera has had more practice than the rest of the world combined in the noble art of giving pleasure. It is utterly professional, and if it applies itself to something, one may fairly presume it will be done better there than anywhere else. That certainly includes nudism. On the Riviera there

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARL KOCK



is no conflict between nudism and fine wine, good Provençal cooking and alcohol, whereas I suspect that in California and elsewhere nudism is tied up with irrelevant things such as wheat germ, vegetarianism, health fetishes, total prohibition, moral rearmament and Coué.

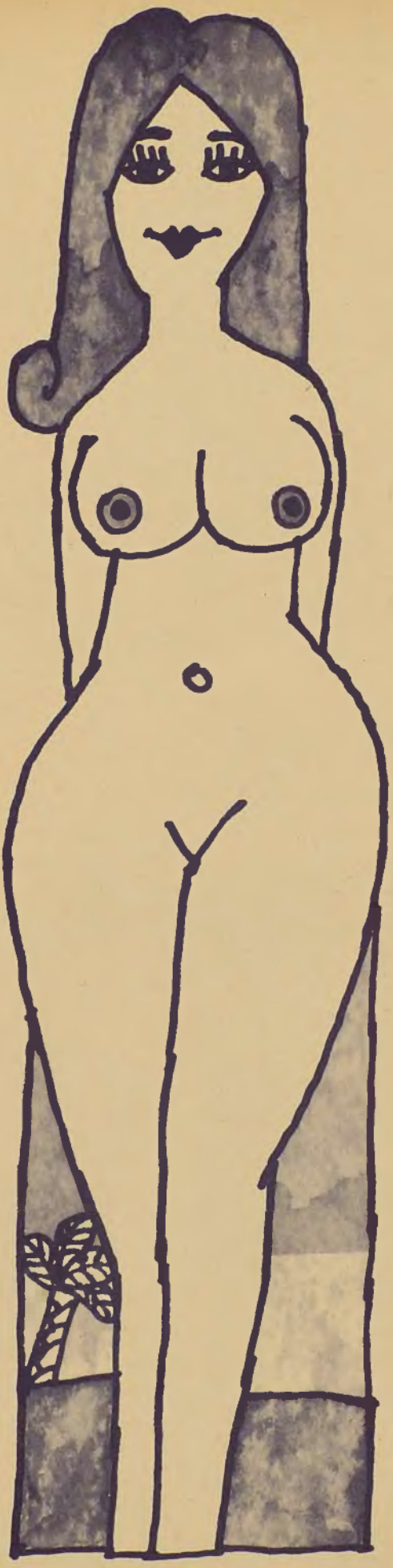
There are several ways of going naked on the Riviera. You can take your swimsuit off at Epi Plage at St.-Tropez, the nearest most of you are ever likely to get to Brigitte Bardot, who lives there. The police are usually tolerant, but sometimes, usually during elections, they decide it is intolerable, and descend on the beach blowing whistles. Your alternative is to hurl yourself into the water up to your neck until they have gone (and the water can be pretty cold), or take to your heels, which can be a disconcerting experience if you can't find your clothes afterward.

Or you can go to the Île du Levant and do it legally. So much has been written about the Île du Levant that the very name has become a cliché. Nevertheless, it is the most famous shrine of nudism in the world, and it takes its position and reputation seriously. It caters to nudists rather like the Vatican caters to the priesthood. Everything about its accommodation, attitudes, hotels, stores, clubs and restaurants, is geared to those seeking what Miss Liz Smith describes as the beatitudes of bareness. So much has it adjusted itself to people with nothing on that often the only reason you can recognize the local *agent de police* is that he keeps his *képi* on.

One way to approach the Île is by yacht, which, if you are in a group, can be rented quite economically by the day—about $100, including food and all the drinks you want. Nudism by yacht is automatically polite, whether you are among strangers or friends. Emilio Pucci, the Rome fashion designer, has decreed that it is socially acceptable for ladies to drop their tops on yachts or around private swimming pools.

The other way to the Île is by car and ferry. From Cannes one takes the magnificent new auto route to Fréjus, continuing through Ste.-Maxime and Cavalaire, where the Allies landed in 1944, bypassing St.-Tropez to Le Lavandou, a trip of about two agreeable hours. From Le Lavandou one takes a boat for the 45-minute ride to the Île. It is a lovely little voyage, through the Îles d'Hyères, past the island of Porquerolles (setting for some of the best of Simenon), interesting psychologically because of the air of tension among the first-time passengers as they get close to the moment of truth.

At the entrance to the harbor is a rusted and gutted hulk of a landing craft sunk in 1944. Now one notices an uneasy stirring among the purists. Every one of us has been told at one time that nudism en masse is repulsive, that for every noble human superstructure there are a dozen Cro-Magnons. This writer delayed his initiation by more than a decade because a foreign correspondent told him that the experience of a nudist



camp made him impotent for three months. One dreads such a reaction. As Flaubert wrote to Louise Colet in 1853, "*J'ai passé une grande heure à regarder se baigner les dames. Quel tableau! Quel hideux tableau!*"

As one approaches, one sees what appear to be rows and rows of kippers laid out on the rocks to dry. People. The boat pulls in and suddenly there are nudists everywhere, wherever the eyes are turned. It is a startling and unique sight and because it relates to nothing in one's past experience, one reaches out for some link to a world one understands. There *is* a resemblance. Were it not for the flesh, the atmosphere as the boat pulls in to the jetty resembles, for all the world, Fire Island. There are the same casual couples waiting—for mail, supplies, friends—the same children darting in and out among the legs of their elders.

The first confrontation with massed bare flesh fills one with relief. There are no wizened witches, no Pansy Yokums, no withered pendulous bosoms. Nearly everyone seems to be, at the very least, presentable, and some of both sexes are good-looking indeed. One ghost has already been exorcised. Men and women tread the lawns of American nudist camps, where, in order for them to believe in what they are doing at all, they have to pretend that nudism is a religion of mental, more than physical, health. But this is the Riviera, which never pretends anything at all. It simply *is*. It attracts the most beautiful people in Europe, and its pride denominator is the world's highest. The uglies stay away. The only disconcerting sight is the difference in tan texture between the parts of the body that can be shown everywhere and the parts that can be shown only on the Île du Levant, the former parts deeply and evenly bronzed, the other parts bright pink or lobster red.

No one on the waterfront, however, is totally naked. A sign is prominently displayed stating that, within the confines of the village itself, *le nu intégral est défendu*. The integral part of the anatomy has to be covered with what the French call, with

stunning precision of language, *un minimum*. Less than the *minimum* there isn't. It consists of a small isosceles triangle of cloth, flat for the ladies, cupped for the gentlemen, tied at the back with string.

The next thing one notices is the babel of tongues. French is heard, but it is lost among the English, German and Scandinavian. One realizes that this place above all, beyond the nude public beaches of Hamburg or Sweden, is the world's capital in the cult of bareness.

Part of the Île du Levant is a French naval base. The nudist area forms the shape of a letter T, the crossbar of which is the strip of rocky inlets and beaches spreading on either side of the jetty. The harbor area itself is crowded with small concessions, gift shops, bars and restaurants, and directly beyond it is an arduous uphill walk of some 15 minutes to the nudist village of Heliopolis, the main square of which is dominated by the principal hotel, the Pomme d'Adam. The outskirts of the village are dotted with private cottages and chalets.

As soon as one leaves the central area, the *minimum* is shed and *le nu intégral* is a fact. The sensation is a strange one and makes one aware that the mystique that American nudists have built around their cult is based on a lie, one might even call it a barefaced lie, because it is only by lying that the real motives of nudism can be glossed over. The lie has it that when one takes off all one's clothes in public, life becomes the way it was before the Apple. False inhibitions are forgotten. Suddenly innocent, as when they were born, nudists flit, swim, sunbathe, laugh, and give up their bodies to the blessed sun. Sex? It never occurs to them. Such is the propaganda of the magazines and the nudie movies. Maybe it's just different on the Riviera. As far as Riviera nudists are concerned, sun worship went out with King Atahualpa. They strip for each other, and they mean business.

The sun is merely incidental to the sport of self-display. The sun is to nudism *(concluded on page 250)*

A LUNCHEON AT THE RITZ

at which the volatile theodore dreiser made a shambles of an auspiciously begun get-together

ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST, best-managed and most glamorous hotels that ever graced the scene in mid-Manhattan was the old Ritz-Carlton, at Madison Avenue and 46th Street. Like so many other of New York's more attractive landmarks, it has long since fallen victim to insatiable wreckers, but in its day its Crystal Room (transformed into a main dining hall during the daytime), its intimate grillroom and its romantic outdoor Japanese Garden provided the background for many a famous society, diplomatic or literary gathering.

One of those gatherings most often referred to—particularly during the past year with the revival of interest in the life and works of Theodore Dreiser prompted by W. A. Swanberg's excellent biography—was certainly among the smallest numerically, for it involved exactly three people: novelist Dreiser himself, publisher Horace Liveright, and me. Despite other accounts to the contrary, that was the entire cast of characters—and how I got there I will explain herewith.

The time was just past noon one day early in 1926, and the exact spot where the bizarre charade was acted out was a table near the musicians' stand in that elegant Crystal Room just referred to.

Horace Liveright had been Dreiser's publisher for some seven unrewarding years —a tenuous relationship sustained by mutual love of public acclaim and abiding distrust. On Dreiser's part, this was not unusual, since he distrusted everybody. He was a churlish, grumpy and penurious man, albeit an author of such acknowledged stature that Liveright trembled in his presence.

For my part, Dreiser had been the first big-shot author I met when I left Wall Street to join the Liveright forces in 1923—and I had not yet quite gotten over my hero worship of him. The very day I reported at the publishing house (in a brownstone on the exact spot where the Forum of the Twelve Caesars restaurant stands today), Liveright called me down to his office and said, "Dreiser wants me to take him to the ball game this afternoon. Damn it, I hate baseball—and Dreiser will want to leave after four innings, anyway. Would you be good enough to take him in my place?" *Would I be good enough?* (But Liveright was wrong. Dreiser made us leave after *three* innings.)

From that day on, Dreiser would appear periodically at the Liveright offices, intent upon (1) finding some discrepancy in his royalty statements, and (2) trying to make time with our incredibly beautiful and incompetent Irish phone operator, Patricia. We had it from Dreiser's own lips that women of all ages and persuasions fell pantingly into his arms at the drop of a copy of *Sister Carrie*, but with the haughty Pat he could never even get to first base. In fact, about the nicest thing she ever called him was "that old garter snapper"—an apt phrase in that faraway day when girls actually wore garters.

The addition of Theodore Dreiser to the Boni and Liveright list had been more a source of pride than profit to Horace Liveright for the first prickly years of their relationship. The publication of *An American Tragedy* changed all that. Dreiser first had promised it in time for publication in the fall of 1924, when I was still working there, and it was I who had to write the first catalog description for it. Then he came in one day in September and, after a vain attempt to persuade Pat to go out to lunch with him, informed us that he couldn't turn in the manuscript until the spring of 1925, somehow making us feel that the entire delay was our fault.

When I persuaded Horace Liveright to sell the Modern Library to Donald Klopfer and myself in July 1925, and we went on our own way to found Random House, the script of *An American Tragedy* still was nowhere in sight. Dreiser finally produced it at the end of that month, and by a superhuman effort, the formidable work (it was published originally in two volumes) was put into type, proofread, printed, bound and distributed in time for publication in the *(concluded on page 239)*

reminiscence

By

BENNETT CERF

Royal Smut-Hound *(continued from page 166)*

"Now, of course, if any considerable body of Englishmen are arranging to marry their mothers, whether by accident or design, it must be stopped at once. But it is not a frequent occurrence in any class of English society. Throughout the course of my life I have not met more than six men who were anxious to do it."

We know very little about the qualities the sovereign looks for when he or she appoints a Chamberlain. According to the current holder of the office, whose opinion may not be wholly disinterested, they include "wide experience, a knowledge of what is going on in the contemporary world, and the habit of sifting advice, reaching decisions and taking responsibility." Of the methods employed by the Chamberlain to select an Examiner of plays, we know nothing at all. Shaw wrote in 1899:

"It will be inferred that no pains are spared to secure the services of a very highly qualified and distinguished person to wield this astonishing power—say the holder of a University chair of Literature and Dramaturgy. The inference is erroneous. You are not allowed to sell stamps in an English post office without previously passing an examination; but you may become Examiner of plays without necessarily knowing how to read or write."

This is not to say that a fully qualified Examiner would be an improvement. Rather the contrary: A censor with a first-rate mind, capable of penetrating the elaborate disguises under which contraband ideas are smuggled to the public, and shrewd enough to detect potential nonconformity in the fetal stage, could castrate the drama far more effectively than the present posse of numskulls. All censors are bad, but clever ones are the worst.

In Elizabethan times and throughout the 17th Century, when censorship was mostly carried out by the Master of the Revels, the chief qualification for the job was greed. The fee for reading a script rose during this period from five shillings to one pound, and in the 1660s a particularly corrupt Master attempted to raise his income by claiming authority over such public pleasures as cockfights, billiards and ninepins. But although the censor was grasping, he was relatively harmless; he did not see himself as the nation's moral guardian, and as long as authors refrained from advocating the overthrow of the monarchy and the established church, their freedom—especially in sexual matters—was virtually complete.

The rot that still plagues the British theater set in with Walpole, who began to get worried in 1728, when John Gay pilloried the ruling classes with tremendous popular success in *The Beggar's Opera*. Detailed and specific attacks on Walpole's premiership followed in the plays of Henry Fielding; and the result was the crippling, muzzling Censorship Act of 1737. Thereafter, Fielding gave up the theater in favor of the novel: English literature gained the author of *Tom Jones*, but English drama lost the services of a man who might well have developed into the greatest playwright since Shakespeare.

Britain did not at first take kindly to Walpole's encroachment of freedom of speech. Lord Chesterfield argued vainly against it in a majestic and permanently valid speech to the House of Lords:

"If Poets and Players are to be restrained, let them be restrained as other Subjects are, by the known Laws of their Country; if they offend, let them be tried as every Englishman ought to be, by God and their Country. Do not let us subject them to the arbitrary Will and Pleasure of any one Man. A Power lodged in the hands of one single Man, to judge and determine, without any Limitation, without any Control or Appeal, is a sort of Power unknown to our Laws, inconsistent with our Constitution. It is a higher, a more absolute Power than we trust even to the King himself; and therefore I must think we ought not to vest any such Power in his Majesty's Lord Chamberlain."

And Samuel Johnson, the great critic and lexicographer, wrote an essay ironically defending the censorship against a playwright who objected that the Chamberlain had banned one of his works without giving a reason:

"Is it for a Poet to demand a Licenser's reason for his proceedings? Is he not rather to acquiesce in the decision of Authority and conclude that there are reasons he cannot comprehend? Unhappy would it be for men in power were they always obliged to publish the motives of their conduct. What is power but the liberty of acting without being accountable?"

Johnson went on to propose that the censor's power should be extended to the press, and that it should be made a felony for a citizen to *read* without the Chamberlain's license.

But idiocy triumphed and swiftly entrenched itself. The 19th Century was the censor's paradise and playground. In 1832 the Examiner of plays was quizzed by a royal commission. He said it was indecent for a dramatic hero to call his mistress an "angel," because angels were characters in Scripture, and Scripture was "much too sacred for the stage." When asked why he forbade oaths like "Damme," he replied:

"I think it is immoral and improper, to say nothing of the vulgarity of it in assemblies where high characters and females congregate."

The same Examiner had lately banned a meek little play about Charles I, whom the British people had decapitated two centuries earlier. He realized (he said) that its intentions were harmless, "but mischief may be unconsciously done, as a house may be set on fire by a little innocent in the nursery." This tone of lofty condescension resounded through the rest of the century. *La Dame aux Camélias* was condemned because it might inflame the public to acts of sexual riot. A stage version of Disraeli's novel *Coningsby* was banned on the eve of its opening. "You see," the Chamberlain explained to the baffled adapter, "you are writing a kind of quasi-political piece, and here you are exhibiting a sort of contrast between the manufacturing people and the lower classes. Don't you think, now, that that would be a pity?" When Sir Henry Irving, the finest actor of his day, sought to appear in a poetic play about the life of Mohammed, he was tetchily informed that Queen Victoria's subjects included millions of Mohammedans who would be outraged if the Prophet were represented on stage. The Chamberlain's nervousness about holy metaphysics is notorious; as late as 1912, an extremely godly play was rejected because it contained such blasphemous lines as "Christ comfort you" and "The real Good Friday would be that which brought the cure for cancer."

The arch-fiends, however, were Ibsen and Shaw—social critics who brutally exposed the hypocrisies of official morality and their destructive effect on personal relationships. Both suffered from the censor's gag. "I have studied Ibsen's play pretty carefully," said the Chamberlain's Examiner in 1891, "and all the characters appear to me morally deranged." Two years later he ambushed Shaw by banning *Mrs. Warren's Profession*; and when he died in 1895, Shaw wrote a cruel and classic obituary:

"The late Mr. Pigott is declared on all hands to have been the best reader of plays we have ever had; and yet he was a walking compendium of vulgar insular prejudice. . . . He had French immorality on the brain; he had American indecency on the brain; he had the womanly woman on the brain; he had the divorce court on the brain; he had 'not before a mixed audience' on the brain; his official career in relation to the higher drama was one long folly and panic. . . . It is a frightening thing to see the great thinkers, poets and authors of modern Europe—men like Ibsen, Wagner, Tolstoy and the leaders of our own literature—delivered into the vulgar hands of such a noodle as this amiable old gentleman—this despised, incapable old official—most notoriously was."

Seventy years have passed since then, but appallingly little has changed. Less

(continued overleaf)

"Adultery! My Gawd, Milicent—surely you don't think this young thing is an adult!!"

than a decade ago, the Chamberlain stamped on Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge* and Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* because he thought them tainted with homosexuality. These ludicrous bans have now been lifted, but the censor still forbids all theatrical representations of queer characters who follow their sexual leanings without being tragically punished or revealing any sense of guilt. Everything remotely anal, no matter how far removed from sensual enjoyment, is automatically prohibited. In 1964 the Royal Shakespeare Company (Patron: the Queen) put on a French surrealist play of the Twenties in which a stately Edwardian beauty, symbolizing death, was required to break wind at regular intervals. The stage directions indicated that the effect could be made by a bass trombone in the wings, but this was not precise enough for the Chamberlain. He passed the script only when the director agreed to let the trombonist play the Destiny Theme from Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*. This apparently made farting respectable.

John Osborne, author of *Look Back in Anger* and *The Entertainer* and probably the most important British dramatist since Shaw, has naturally been singled out for the censor's special attention. His first play, an assault on McCarthyism, was presented by a provincial repertory company in 1951: it contained a scene in which one of the characters was falsely smeared as a homosexual. The Chamberlain cut the imputation of queerness and thus crippled the play. "It's the sheer humiliation that's bad for the artist," Osborne said to me not long ago. "I know playwrights who almost seem to be *living* with the Lord Chamberlain—it's like an affair. There's a virgin period when you aren't aware of him, but eventually you can't avoid thinking of him while you're writing. He sits on your shoulder, like a terrible nanny."

In 1959 Osborne wrote and directed a musical called *The World of Paul Slickey*. Before it opened on tour, the usual exchange of letters with the censor had taken place, including the following concession from Osborne's lawyer:

> My client is prepared to substitute for:
> "Leaping from the bridal bed,
> He preferred his youthful squire instead,"
> the line:
> "He preferred *the companionship of* his youthful squire instead."

But while the show was on its way to London, the Chamberlain received one or two complaints that prompted him to demand new cuts and revisions. Among several offending lines, there was a lyric that ran:

> And before I make a pass,
> I'll tell her that the sun shines out of her—face.

On this the censor's comment was curt and final: "If the pause before 'face' is retained, this couplet will be unacceptable." Osborne sat down in fury to register a general protest:

"Your office seems intent on treating me as if I were the producer of a third-rate nude revue. What I find most bewildering is the lack of moral consistency and objectivity which seems to characterize your recent decision—decisions which seem to be reversed and changed because of the whim of any twisted neurotic who cares to write to you and exploit his own particular sexual frustration or moral oddity. In paying attention to what is without question an infinitesimal and lunatic minority, you are doing a grave injustice not only to myself but to the general public and your own office."

I sympathize with Osborne's rage, while regretting that he let it trap him into implying that special privileges should be granted to serious drama and withheld from "third-rate nude revues." Erotic stimulation is a perfectly legitimate function of bad art as well as good, and a censor who bans a stripper is behaving just as illiberally and indefensibly as one who eviscerates a masterpiece.

Osborne returned to the attack in 1960, when the Chamberlain blue-penciled 18 passages—many of them entire speeches—from his chronicle play, *Luther*, in which Albert Finney was to conquer the West End and Broadway. Osborne stated his terms in a white-hot letter to the London producer:

"I cannot agree to any of the cuts demanded, *under any circumstances*. Nor will I agree to any possible substitutions. I don't write plays to have them rewritten by someone else. I intend to make a clear unequivocal stand on this because (a) I think it is high time that someone did so, and (b) . . . the suggested cuts or alternatives would result in such damage to the psychological structure, meaning and depth of the play that the result would be a travesty. . . . I will not even contemplate any compromise . . . I am quite prepared to withdraw the play from production altogether and wait for the day when Lord Scarbrough [at that time Lord Chamberlain] is no more. . . . I have made up my mind and, in fact, did so long ago."

This blast had its effect. For once, the censor crumpled; and *Luther* went on with only five small verbal changes, three of them involving the substitution of "urine" or "kidney juice" for "piss." Osborne wrote to the producer congratulating him on "an astonishing victory." His present belief, shared by most of his contemporaries in the British theater, is that censorship is not only offensive but superfluous: The existing laws relating to libel and obscenity are already ferocious enough to warm any bigot's heart, and constitute, in themselves, quite a sizable deterrent to freedom of speech. Would Osborne allow a Black Muslim play to be performed in a community of white supremacists? "Yes—anything that creates energy and vitality is good for the theater." When I posed the ultimate question—would he permit sexual intercourse on stage? Osborne replied: "It might make me ill, and I'd like to know beforehand what I was in for. But I'm prepared to be exposed to it—although I might want a seat on the aisle."

Improvisation—the utterance of words unfiltered by the authorized sin-sieve—is one of the Chamberlain's abiding hates. A few years ago, when the off-Broadway revue called *The Premise* came to London, he forbade the cast to improvise, despite the fact that at least half of the show (according to its publicity) was made up on the moment's spur. On this occasion, mindful perhaps of Anglo-American relations, he took no legal action; but in 1958 there were convictions and fines when the producers of a play entitled *You Won't Always Be on Top* enhanced the text with an unlicensed impersonation of Sir Winston Churchill opening a public lavatory.

With these anomalies in mind, consider an antic sequence of events that unfolded in April 1965. The management of an Australian revue called *Guarding the Change* was instructed by the Chamberlain, three hours before the curtain was due to rise at the New Lyric Theater in London, that two sketches would have to be omitted. One concerned Scott of the Antarctic, who died half a century ago, and the other was a parody of a characteristically radiant royal address which ended with the words:

"Our thoughts / good wishes / carpet salesmen/aircraft carriers are on their way toward you. And so, on this beautiful morning/afternoon/evening, what is there for us to say but hello/how-do-you-do/goodbye/well done/arise, Sir Robert Menzies."

This, like the bit about Scott, was expunged on grounds of good taste. The management at once telephoned to ask whether they could fill the gap left in their program by reading to the audience the letter in which the Chamberlain imposed his ban. The request was refused. "Without fear or favor," as a wag later remarked, "the Lord Chamberlain also banned his own letter."

That same evening, however, the royal family themselves were rocking with laughter at an inspired Irish clown named Spike Milligan, most of whose gags are famously impromptu. To quote at length the wag cited above (Michael Frayn of the London *Observer*):

"They were at the Comedy Theater, watching *Son of Oblomov*, with Spike

Milligan departing from the script to make jokes in which he mentioned their names, like 'Why does Prince Philip wear red, white and blue braces?' (Answer: 'To keep his trousers up.') . . . But the point is, what is the Lord Chamberlain going to do about Mr. Milligan? Mentioning Prince Philip or his braces on the West End stage is not allowed. . . . And what will he do about the royal family? If the reporters saw correctly through their night glasses in the darkness, the whole party seem to have aided and abetted Mr. Milligan by providing sensible evidence of appreciation. In other words, they are all accessories after the fact. Will the Lord Chamberlain revoke *their* licenses? . . ."

Mr. Milligan has in his files what may well be the strangest single document in the history of theater censorship. In 1962 he collaborated with John Antrobus on a clearly deranged but maniacally funny comedy called *The Bed-Sitting Room*. In January 1963, the joint authors received a communication from the Lord Chamberlain, from which I quote:

> This License is issued on the understanding that the following alterations are made to the script:
>
> *Act I*
>
> Page 1: Omit the name of the Prime Minister: no representation of his voice is allowed.
>
> Page 16: Omit ". . . clockwork Virgin Mary made in Hong Kong, whistles the Twist." Omit references to the Royal Family, the Queen's Christmas Message, and the Duke's shooting . . .
>
> Page 21: The detergent song. Omit "You get all the dirt off the tail of your shirt." Substitute "You get all the dirt off the front of your shirt."
>
> *Act II*
>
> Page 8: The mock priest must not wear a crucifix on his snorkel. It must be immediately made clear that the book the priest handles is not the Bible.
>
> Page 10: Omit from "We've just consummated our marriage" to and inclusive of "a steaming hot summer's night."
>
> Page 13: Omit from "In return they are willing . . ." to and inclusive of "the Duke of Edinburgh is a wow with Greek dishes." Substitute "Hark ye! Hark ye! The Day of Judgment is at hand."
>
> *Act III*
>
> Pages 12-13: Omit the song "Plastic Mac Man" and substitute: "Oh you dirty young devil, how dare you presume to wet the bed when the po's in the room. I'll wallop your bum with a dirty great broom when I get up in the morning."
>
> Page 14: Omit "the perversions of the rubber." Substitute "the kreurpels and blinges of the rubber." Omit the chamber pot under bed.

Has the Lord Chamberlain today any point or purpose? Laurence Olivier, the director of Britain's National Theater, feels that family parties must be protected against arriving in their seats to have four-letter words unexpectedly flung in their faces; but surely an ADULTS ONLY sign on the posters would constitute adequate warning?

No argument I have yet heard in favor of dramatic censorship is strong enough to withstand the armor-plated case against it, which I can sum up in three quotations:

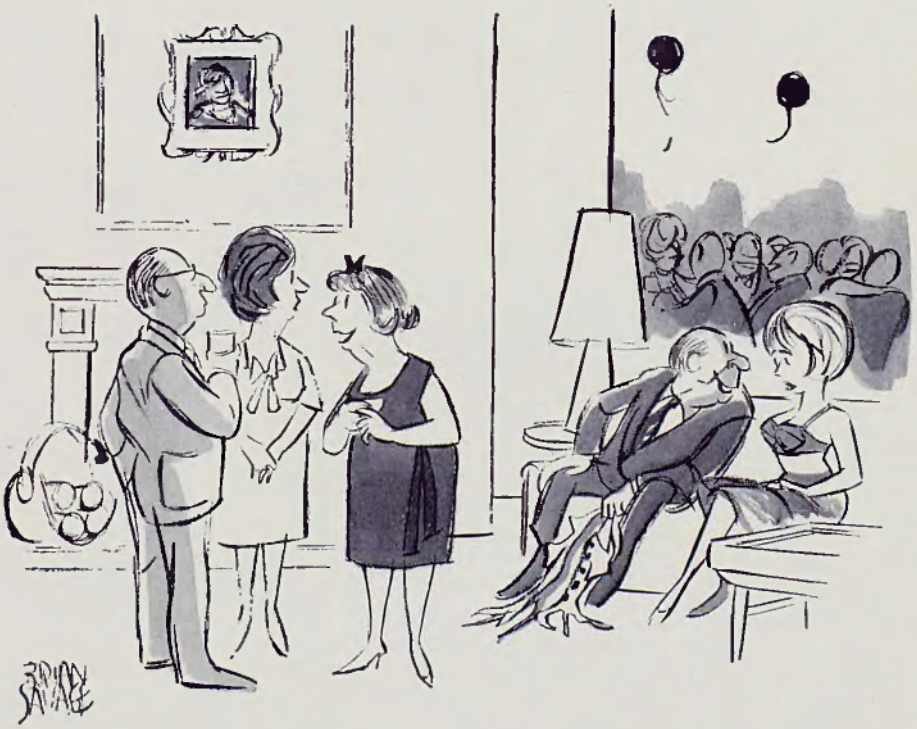
"To purchase freedom of thought with human blood and then delegate its exercise to a censor at £400 a year is a proceeding which must make the gods laugh." (Frank Fowell and Frank Palmer, authors of *Censorship in England*, 1912)

"What, then, is to be done with the Censorship? Nothing can be simpler. Abolish it, root and branch, throwing the whole legal responsibility for plays on the author and manager, precisely as the legal responsibility for a book is thrown on the author, the printer and the publisher. The managers will not like this; their present slavery is safer and easier; but it will be good for them, and good for the Drama." (Bernard Shaw, 1899)

"The Stage, my Lords, and the Press are two of our Out-sentries; if we remove them—if we hoodwink them—if we throw them in Fetters—the Enemy may surprise us. Therefore I must look upon the Bill now before us as a Step, and a most necessary Step too, for introducing arbitrary Power into this Kingdom. It is a Step so necessary, that if ever any future ambitious King, or guilty Minister, should form to himself so wicked a Design, he will have reason to thank us for having done so much of the work to his Hand; but such Thanks I am convinced every one of your Lordships would blush to receive—and scorn to deserve." (Lord Chesterfield to the House of Lords, 1737)

Chesterfield was right when he carried the case against the Lord Chamberlain beyond the boundaries of dramatic art into the broader domain of civil liberties and democratic rights. The fundamental objection to censorship is not that it is exercised against artists, but that it is exercised at all.

Sixty-odd years ago, Shaw was alarmed to hear a rumor that the United States was proposing to censor the theater. "O my friends across the sea," he wrote with a passion I echo today, "remember how the censorship works in England, and DON'T."



"That's the very same swashbuckling charm that won my heart over thirty years ago."

cheers! *(continued from page 99)*

can all be fizzy friends worth remembering. The qualities of these, whether they come from France, Germany, Italy or America, run a wide gamut, so unless you know the labels intimately, the best bet is to buy several bottles before the festivities and test them for their effect on the nose and the palate.

At this time of the year the routine cocktail party with its ordinary hot and cold canapés is definitely *hors de combat*. One of the happiest holiday replacements for the standard cocktail hour is a cold-seafood party. Oysters and clams on the half shell, lump crab, cold jumbo shrimp and chunks of lobster, all ready for dunking, can be generously set up on trays with occasional bowls of oyster crackers. Champagne or stout would be on the right side of a seafood spread any time of the year, but during the saturnalia one of the most exhilarating and robust of all drinks is black velvet, a mixture of almost equal amounts of chilled champagne and cold stout poured into iced Pilsner glasses. To those whose thirst has never been assuaged by one of these rich offerings, the combination may seem improbable, like grand opera in a Dublin pub. However, over the years black velvet has not only enhanced the holiday tradition but has become more a part of it than ever before.

Hot drinks, such as buttered rum and mulled wine, were originally intended for knights carousing in cold castles. In today's castles warmed winter drinks are intended not to turn a party amuck, but for the opposite effects brought on by their gentle recuperative powers. You bring out Tom and Jerry mugs because you want to make the dawn come up softly and not like thunder.

While a mighty punch bowl filled to the brim may be the right apparatus for wassailing en masse, there are many holiday interludes when you'll look forward to just a tipple for two. Even a drink like eggnog can be made up in a cocktail shaker *à deux*.

For the holiday season, the Dutch egg liqueur called advocaat is extremely serviceable, particularly in such restoratives as wine flips. Mix four parts wine, making your choice among sherry, port or madeira, with one part advocaat and one-half part heavy cream. Shake with ice or whirl in an ice-filled blender and then dust with freshly ground nutmeg.

No matter what kind of drinking is planned, every barman should consciously keep in mind the basic premises for all holiday roisterings. If you're handling the bar chores yourself, don't try to serve drinks so elaborate that your duties turn you into the kind of disappearing host who can only be located by a Geiger counter or specialists from the missing-persons bureau. What you can't keep simple, do beforehand.

Remember that outside of good liquor, few things are more important in the bachelor's bar than his stemware. First count your equipment. Make sure there's a comfortable surplus over the total number of guests. If you need to buy more glasses, avoid offbeat fantasies. Don't try to emulate the drinking cups of Saxon times, when drinking vessels with rounded bottoms were literally tumblers, made so that they couldn't stand by themselves but had to be emptied in one swooping draught. At parties where the boat of pleasure is apt to roll and pitch a bit at times, heavy sham-bottom glasses are generally the best. Finally, no barman, amateur or pro, can mix drinks properly with tired ice. Your ice must be hard, clean and fresh.

The following sacrifices to Janus are planned to square away 1965 and to start 1966 rolling as merrily as possible. With the exception of the Bermuda punch, each recipe serves two.

BERMUDA BOURBON PUNCH

(About 25 cups)

3 tablespoons jasmine tea
3 cups boiling water
1 fifth bourbon
8 ozs. madeira
8 ozs. lemon juice
1½ ozs. Pernod
4 ozs. falernum
1 qt. and 1 pt. ginger ale
3 lemons, thinly sliced

Pour boiling water over tea leaves. Steep for 5 minutes; strain; cool to room temperature and chill in refrigerator. Over large block of ice in punch bowl pour bourbon, tea, madeira, lemon juice, Pernod and falernum. Stir well. Let mixture ripen for 1 hour in refrigerator. Add ginger ale and sliced lemons. Add several spiced walnuts (recipe below) to each drink after pouring it into punch cups.

SPICED WALNUTS

½ lb. shelled walnuts, halves
1 egg white
2 teaspoons cold water
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
⅛ teaspoon ground nutmeg

Beat egg white until slightly foamy but not stiff. Add water and mix well. Combine egg white and walnuts in a bowl, stir to coat walnuts, and drain thoroughly in colander to remove excess egg white. In another bowl combine sugar, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Preheat oven at 325°. Dip walnuts, a few pieces at a time, into sugar mixture (they should be coated thoroughly but should not have thick pockets of sugar adhering to them), place them on a greased baking sheet and bake 20 minutes or until medium brown. Remove walnuts from baking sheet with spatula, separating them from sugar coating on pan. Cool to room temperature.

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL WITH GOLD

8 ozs. very dry iced champagne
2 tablespoons Danziger Goldwasser
4 dashes orange bitters
2 thin slices orange

Put 1 tablespoon Goldwasser and 2 dashes orange bitters in each prechilled saucer champagne glass. Stir. Add orange slice and champagne.

SCOTCH HOLIDAY SOUR

4½ ozs. very light Scotch
2½ ozs. cherry liqueur
1½ ozs. sweet vermouth
2 ozs. lemon juice
1 egg white
2 slices lemon

Pour Scotch, cherry liqueur, vermouth, lemon juice and egg white into large cocktail shaker with ice. Shake very well. Strain into prechilled large whiskey sour glasses. Garnish with lemon slices.

ROMAN FRULLATI

½ cup diced Delicious apple with skin
½ cup diced fresh ripe pear with skin
½ cup sliced frozen peaches, drained
3 ozs. gin
1 oz. maraschino liqueur
1 oz. orgeat (almond syrup)
1 cup coarsely cracked ice

Prechill all ingredients and place with ice in well of electric blender. Blend 15 seconds at high speed. Pour into prechilled 12-oz. glasses.

DUTCH EGGNOG

1½ ozs. advocaat liqueur
1½ ozs. light rum
½ oz. 151-proof Demerara rum
1 oz. frozen concentrated orange juice, undiluted
6 ozs. milk
1 cup coarsely cracked ice
Ground cinnamon

Put advocaat, light rum, 151-proof rum, orange juice, milk and ice in well of electric blender. Blend 10 seconds. Pour eggnog into glass punch cups or old fashioned glasses. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon.

BISHOP WITH COGNAC

1 cup port
¼ cup water
4 whole cloves
8 coriander seeds
2 slices lemon
2 slices cocktail orange
1½ ozs. cognac
2 pieces stick cinnamon

Heat port, water, cloves, coriander seeds, lemon and cocktail orange in

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

"Barbara, this is embarrassing.

We didn't give him Scotch this good."

Johnnie Walker Red, a most appreciated gift. So smooth it's the world's largest-selling Scotch.

saucepan over very low flame. Use stainless-steel, enamel-lined or glass saucepan if possible. Do not allow mixture to boil (move pan partly off flame if necessary to prevent boiling). Heat for about 20 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in cognac. Add 1 teaspoon syrup from oranges to each Tom and Jerry mug. Fill with bishop. Add a piece of stick cinnamon to each for stirring.

CHAMBERY COCKTAIL

3½ ozs. chambery fraise
3½ ozs. vodka
1 oz. dry vermouth
2 pieces lemon peel
2 large strawberries cut in half

Pour chambery fraise, vodka and vermouth into martini pitcher with ice. Stir very well. Strain into prechilled large cocktail glasses. Garnish each drink with a piece of twisted lemon peel and 2 strawberry halves.

POLYNESIAN PICK-ME-UP

1 cup chilled pineapple juice
3 ozs. vodka
1 teaspoon curry powder
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons heavy cream
4 dashes Tabasco sauce
1 cup coarsely cracked ice
Cayenne pepper

Put pineapple juice, vodka, curry powder, lemon juice, cream, Tabasco sauce and ice in well of electric blender. Blend 10 seconds. Pour into old fashioned glass. Dust very lightly with cayenne pepper. Serve as a starter for a ham-and-egg brunch.

No winter garments of repentance this year, gentlemen. Rest ye, and be merry with a brimming wassail with all the trimmings.

"And when did you first begin to feel that every man you met was trying to look down your dress, Miss Cratzmyer?"

GILDED GALAS

(continued from page 100)

a scene in this city to the most licentious periods of Pompeii," and continued to the effect that "when the police recently made a raid on Fifth Avenue, they lifted only a corner of the curtain that hides the prevalent iniquity. They gave us but a glimpse of what transpires in the highest circles." For the further moral instruction of the public, the papers carried column upon column of the more recherché details daily. The real sensation of the case was still to come to light, however.

During the trial of Captain Chapman before a police board, to which all the guests of the dinner had been summoned as witnesses, it was discovered that a dancer known as Little Egypt had been in the building during the raid, secreted in an upstairs room, and that she had performed to the satisfaction of everyone after the departure from the scene of Captain Chapman and his detectives. The exact nature of Little Egypt's entertainment has never to this day been discovered by students of Manhattan history, but that she participated in the first ballet in modern Gotham in which the Dance of the Seven Veils was enacted is the most nearly authenticated surmise.

This announcement, with its attendant descriptions of Little Egypt attired, at least at the start of her performance, in "gauzy and diaphanous apparel," convinced the purer-minded element of the community that there was a great deal of agreeably dubious detail that had not yet been brought to light. Those in charge of Captain Chapman's trial at once dedicated themselves to remedying this oversight. A theatrical agent named Phipps and a dancer, Anabelle Whitford, were promptly unearthed, or rather, made a dramatic entry of their own accord, with a fine tale to the effect that Miss Whitford had been approached and offered the sum of $20 to appear at the performance in something less than the gauzy and diaphanous garments at first affected by Little Egypt. Anabelle, it appeared, had scornfully rejected the offer and had told Poppa. "Poppa was very angry," she testified. "He swore terrible and wanted to go after Mr. Phipps," but as it was the scantiness of the offer rather than that of the costume suggested that had aroused Poppa to a pitch of moral frenzy, he had finally been calmed and prevailed upon not to molest the vaudeville agent.

An interesting side light on the reluctant Anabelle's testimony was supplied by the discovery that at some time between the dinner and the trial, she and Captain Chapman had exchanged photographs. But the captain was equal to the occasion and deposed as follows: "I saw Miss Whitford in Chief Conlin's office when he was making his investiga-

tion. I told her I was proud to know a woman who was so guarded of her honor and that I would protect a woman's honor with my life if it were necessary. She gave her photograph to me as a token of her esteem on condition that I should give her mine, a gracious act which I reciprocated some days later."

Captain Chapman's trial dragged interminably on and the Seeleys found themselves achieving an almost international prominence. It seemed that everyone in New York was called as witness.

Miss Whitford had been assured that everyone would be so far gone in wine that they wouldn't notice what she wore or didn't wear. It was testified that gentlemen had made attempts to snatch at Little Egypt's ankles as she danced on the tabletop, that gentlemen had been free of the lady's dressing room on the night in question, that Phipps had approached other dancers with proposals of an interesting nature, that Sherry had attempted to lock his doors in the faces of the raiders.

Somehow in the midst of it all, the Seeley-Tuttle nuptials were solemnly celebrated, and as disclosure upon disclosure was made, the Grand Jury handed down an indictment against Seeley, Phipps and one Theodore Rich on charges of "conspiring to induce the woman known as Little Egypt to commit the crime of indecent exposure." The trial was postponed upon various occasions and was finally lost track of in the manner of so many legal processes, but its threatened appearance could not have added to the peace of mind of the Seeley guests.

At last the charges against Captain Chapman were dismissed, but not before every shred of evidence in the case had been heard thrice over. It was really the participants in The Awful Seeley Dinner who were on trial. Captain Chapman received a vote of thanks from the National League for the Promotion of Social Purity and another from the Woman's Purity Association. A bill was introduced into the legislature to compensate him for the expense of defending himself before the trial board, and he was generally lionized by the forces of morality and uplift. As for Little Egypt, she was at once billed in an elaborate vaudeville performance at a salary in keeping with her generally admitted artistic abilities, and for years thereafter topped the bill of all houses as Little Egypt, the star of The Awful Seeley Dinner.

If anything, after the echoes of The Awful Seeley Dinner had died away, were needed to call attention to New York's by-now well-established legend of social debacle, it was the selection a few weeks later of the ballroom of the Waldorf as the setting for one of the two most celebrated balls in New York history, both of which, like that of the Duchess of Richmond on the eve of Waterloo, were a prelude to disaster and eventual exile for their principal instigators.

The Seeley Dinner took place, as has been recounted, in the closing weeks of 1896. It was the merest curtain raiser to the Bradley-Martin Ball of February 1897 which was to prove the most written about, denounced, defended and generally dismayingly successful gesture of self-publicization in the annals of Manhattan, at least until the advent of café society and Brenda Frazier more than three decades in the unforeseeable future.

It was not as though Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, well-heeled parvenus from Troy, New York, who moved to town and perpetuated "the slow growth of an imaginary hyphen" as an adjunct to social aspiration, didn't have warning well in advance of their downfall. For weeks before the appointed night, the public prints had been filled with the details of the forthcoming extravagance "reluctantly released to the society departments of the New York dailies through the agency of Western Union messenger boys on bicycles." There were to be "five mirrors on the north side of the ballroom richly but not heavily garlanded in a curtain effect by mauve orchids and the feathery plemusa vine; garlands will be hung irregularly across the mirrors to loop onto the capitals of the columns separating the mirrors; the chandeliers on each column will be decorated with orchids and suspended from each chandelier will be a Rosalindlike pocket filled with Louis XVI roses and ferns. Roses will fall in showers over the balcony and will festoon the columns; not a space on the balcony, wall or column that will not be festooned, banked, showered with bride, American beauty and pink roses, or lilies of the valley or orchids. The profusion of mauve orchids will stream carelessly to the floor, like the untied bonnet strings of a thoughtless child." This was the merest sampling of the lyric gems that found their way to city and society desks throughout the lower city and, in large measure, were reprinted just as they came from the inspired hand of the Bradley-Martins' social secretary, who had evidently been a student of Swinburne.

Statistics vied with these impressive dithyrambs. There would be a grand total of between 5000 and 6000 orchids, each clump or cluster of which would be illuminated by a cunningly concealed electric bulb of candle power so low as not to damage the fragile blooms. The 22nd Regiment Band of 50 musicians would be one of several orchestras. Supper, to be served from 12 to 2:30 by waiters in royal livery with knee breeches and powdered wigs, would include whole roast English suckling pig with the conventional trimmings. There would be an ample buffet available until the last guest left the premises. Mrs. Bradley-Martin had thoughtfully ordered 400 two-horse carriages from O'Toole the liveryman to obviate the inconvenience to her guests of keeping their own coachmen up until all hours.

Importunate letters were arriving from out-of-towners implicitly relegated to the status of social climbers by the Bradley-Martin secretary, asking to be invited to what was obviously going to be the most stately social occasion at least since Caligula married his horse in the Roman forum. Such intrusive tactics were resented by the Bradley-Martins as unworthy of serious consideration. Inevitably, these sneak previews of beatification also drew an advance barrage of criticism and metaphorical dead cats. The country was suffering one of its recurrent depressions and, almost as voluminous as the out-of-town letters soliciting invitations were more anonymous ones threatening red revolution in the streets, social upheaval of the most menacing sort on a widespread scale that would end with the entire capitalist system in the trash bin and the Bradley-Martins looped to the nearest lampposts by their own feathery plemusa vines. More temperate voices from the pulpits and social workers suggested that the estimated $200,000 to be spent on the rout might be put to better use.

The Bradley-Martins had an answer to that one. The very ostentation they were sponsoring gave remunerative work to hundreds of dressmakers, florists and other artisans involved. It was, on close inspection, nothing but a spread-the-wealth project of almost pure benevolence. A great many seamstresses, waiters and flower growers wrote in to the newspapers championing this viewpoint and hailing the Bradley-Martins as selfless benefactors. One clergyman was so stirred by this aspect of the affair that he told his congregation in ringing tones: "The public be damned; let the Bradley-Martins spend their money as they please."

The Bradley-Martin Ball was a public controversy of a major order, pre-empting politics and international affairs from the columns of the New York newspapers, before the first fiddle sounded or the first errant forkful of terrapin Maryland landed on a boiled shirt. When the well-publicized night actually arrived, scores of police extras patrolled Fifth Avenue outside the Waldorf under the personal supervision of Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant New York City Police Commissioner. Scores of plain-dress detectives closely scrutinized the bidden guests as they arrived, in the hope of detecting a sedan chair laden with dynamite or a known anarchist disguised as Henry VIII. None turned up, and contrary to the doomsday voices of the Cassandras, the crowd that began assembling outside the hotel as early as seven o'clock, far

from being ugly or threatening, was delighted with the whole occasion and cheered the appearance of especially spectacular arrivals.

Most of the guests came in closed carriages and their finery was only briefly visible as they scurried across the sidewalk under George Boldt's porte-cochere; but one participant, never identified in the papers, attired as a Sioux Indian chief in full-feathered headdress, was unable to find a carriage to accommodate his attire and arrived bolt upright and alone in the back seat of an open victoria. He rated a cheer from the onlookers and made a stately entry bowing right and left with palm upraised and saying "How!"

The only real casualty of the evening was the Metropolitan Opera on the other side of town, whose performance of *Martha* played to a half-empty house with only gallery seats occupied, since regular box holders and lesser luminaries, who would in the ordinary course of events have occupied the orchestra, were all footing it to the Bradley-Martins done up as Mme. Pompadour, George Washington and Ninon de Lenclos.

Whatever dead cats of envy or recrimination might be thrown afterward, the Bradley-Martin Ball did, in actual fact, attract the cream of New York society. Nobody who received an invitation wanted for a moment to miss what might be the onset of the revolution and certainly the most extravagant entertainment ever, until then, held outside a private home. Elaborate dinners were given in advance by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Henry Sloane and Mrs. Livingston Ludlow, all of whom, it may be presumed, did well by their guests with the then-requisite ten courses including terrapin, canvasback and *foie gras*, even though, as advertised, there was to be roast English suckling pig at midnight, when they could start eating all over again.

The costumes were almost incredibly elaborate; it was a time when society women and some men started planning months ahead what they were going to wear, thus anticipating 30-odd years later the career of Mrs. S. Stanwood Mencken who every year, the morning after the annual Beaux Arts Ball, would start planning her next season's appearance.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont appeared attired as one of the more sartorially resplendent French queens of history; the reporter for the *World* never found out exactly which one. Harry Lehr, in a gorgeous Louis XV outfit shimmering with jewels borrowed for the occasion from Tiffany, dazzled all beholders. Schuyler Livingston Parsons wore the old Dutch costume of one of his own patroon ancestors. There were no fewer than three George Washingtons, each bitching the authenticity of the attire of the competition. Frederic de Peyster came as a Knight of Malta with red tights and shoes and a shirt of authentic mail surmounted by a white boat cloak. Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander was Marie Antoinette and Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer wore a Gainsborough gown "of great magnificence."

Mrs. Bradley-Martin herself went, somewhat prophetically, since she was shortly to take one-way passage for Scotland, as Mary Stuart, wearing what were variously estimated as $60,000 and $100,000 worth of diamonds. The conservative *Times* reported the lesser figure; the sensational and anti–Bradley-Martin *World*, the greater. By the time the affair was taking double-truck spreads in the Sunday supplements a few weeks later, the figure had risen to $250,000. By then the Bradley-Martins were past caring.

The *World*'s uncharitable attitude toward the whole affair was reflected in its next day's chronicle of the fete in which its reporter described Mrs. Bradley-Martin as "a short, stout woman with cold blue eyes, a square determined face and a nose that looked as though it intended to tilt but stopped short. She wore a train 20 feet long, a crown on her brow and $100,000 worth of diamonds on her stomacher, which looked like a waistcoat. It was perfectly astonishing how Mrs. Astor managed to find a place for so many jewels; they covered her like a cuirass. She was gowned as a Venetian lady in a dark-blue velvet costume. It was laden with $200,000 worth of jewels. The supper, at which the guests behaved like children afraid of mussing their clothes, consisted largely of champagne with a few things thrown in like bouillon, truffles and duck. There was no stint in the champagne, like the usual stingy one quart to a person at most New York balls."

Everybody, even the *World*, admitted the superlative quality and unending quantity of the wine. It afterward proved to have been purchased the year previous by Mr. Bradley-Martin at a favorably priced sale in London and shipped across the Atlantic where it occupied the entire hold of a small freighter. The management of the Waldorf, miffed at not serving its own champagne, charged $1.50 corkage on every bottle. Since Mumm's and White Seal then sold for $3.50 at the table, the saving to the Bradley-Martins was not so much.

Revolution failed to materialize, and at an early hour Assistant Commissioner Roosevelt left the scene, assured that anarchists or other antisocial intruders who had contrived an entry to the Waldorf ballroom were by now being humanized by the Bradley-Martin roast suckling pig and champagne. Favored members of his police force, in any event, were wiping their constabulary mustaches in the hotel kitchens and finding no fault at all with the supper or its subsequent buffet.

Even in the light of the inflammatory reportage of the *World* and other sensational New York papers, the ball appears in retrospect to have been decorous to the point of ennui. The reverend clergy took a disparaging look at the whole affair, however, and called upon a just heaven to avenge what it widely hailed as an affront to the Almighty in person. "God pity the shivering, starving poor these days and send a cyclone of justice upon the ball of selfishness," proclaimed the occupant of a Brooklyn pulpit, impervious to the fact that the party was over with no manifestation of displeasure from heaven. The Reverend Madison Peters, in a sermon on "The Use and Misuse of Wealth," said: "Sedition is born in the lap of luxury—so fell Rome, Thebes, Babylon and Carthage." The cities of antiquity got quite a workout from other divines, with Rome the all-time favorite as a conspicuous consequence of depravity.

"The guests freely used cosmetics in making up for the ball," pondered *Truth* in London. "An estimate of the material so used ran to more than 500 pounds of rouge and *blanc de perle*, impalpable powder (a popular basic cosmetic), two and one half flour barrels, powder puffs that would make a bouquet ten feet high and six feet wide. The sermons that will be preached, the morals to be pointed, the tales to be adorned from the material here furnished would certainly fill 83 issues of the great *Sunday World*."

The *Herald* and the *Times* gave over most of their front pages to the ball, and a reprint of the *Herald*'s account was, of course, cabled at James Gordon Bennett's express order to the Paris edition, where it aroused premature hopes in American exiles and unemployed European royalty that at long last the United States was about to renounce democracy and become a monarchy. "It seemed exactly like a stately court function in one of the capitals of Europe," wrote the *Herald*, "even to the liveried lackey who stood at the foot of Mrs. Bradley-Martin's dais and announced every guest by name, character represented and historical period in a loud tone."

Allowing for the transatlantic time lag, readers of *The London Daily Mail* were told over their morning kippers and tea, "Mrs. Bradley-Martin, we have every reason to believe, is dressed at this very moment in a train of black velvet lined with cerise satin, and a petticoat, if it is not indiscreet to say so, of white satin embroidered with flowers and arabesques of silver." *The London Chronicle* ponderously wrote: "We congratulate New York society on its triumph. It has cut out Belshazzar's feast and Wardour Street and Mme. Tussaud's and the Bank of England. There is no doubt

about that." Oscar Hammerstein burlesqued it at the Olympia with a skit called "The Bradley-Radley Ball."

Confronted with the printed evidence that August Belmont appeared in a full suit of gold-inlaid steel armor from the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art worth $10,000 and that Mrs. Bradley-Martin, in addition to her disputed $60,000 or $100,000 diamonds, wore a massive ruby necklace that had belonged to Marie Antoinette and was valued at $75,000, *The London Chronicle* asked innocently: "Were all the costumes ticketed with the price?"

Regardless of the value of the various diamond, ruby, pearl and emerald necklaces, bracelets, dog collars and stomachers worn by their guests, the final bill for the Bradley-Martins' big evening came to $369,200, with the unforeseen result that the New York City tax authorities immediately doubled the lawyer's tax assessment. In a magnificent huff at this churlish ingratitude for their benevolence, the Bradley-Martins removed themselves permanently to England and Scotland, pausing only long enough en route to the steamer to give a farewell dinner for 86 persons which cost $116.28 per plate. The *World*, still unreconciled, estimated that at least a dozen of the gentlemen present at this stylish Last Supper were worth more than $10,000,000, while twice that number were worth $5,000,000 and that among their ladies there were worn "enough diamond crowns to fit out all the crowned heads of Europe and have some left over for Asia and Africa."

The Bradley-Martin Ball is remembered to this day with mixed emotions by social commentators and historians, but one aspect of New York journalism that emerged as a firmly fixed precept of the profession was, in reporting the extravagances of the upper crust, invariably to quote the price of everything. Hereafter, the price of the consommé at supper, the boutonniere in the best man's lapel and the cost of cabs for the participants was a part of reporting anything even vaguely connected with the 400.

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The most significant aspect, at least for social historians, of the James Hazen Hyde Ball of Tuesday, January 31, 1905, was not its voluptuousness, for it cost a mere $200,000, nor any indecorum, for its conduct was on a scale of unimpeachable propriety. What made it a bench mark in social history was the fact that it was the first gold-plated romp to be extensively covered by the modern technique of photography. And while the photographs themselves depicted no thinkable departure from the most formal conduct, they were, nevertheless, instrumental in bringing about the eventual exile of the host almost exactly as the Bradley-Martins had been forced into exile back in 1897. It was a very peculiar business, indeed. Until young Mr. Hyde took it into his head to give a ball on a theme of unabashed Francophilia, photography of these events had been conducted on a very abated scale and the candid camera of such practitioners as Jerome Zerbe, the yet unborn silver-bromide jongleur of café society, was in the unforeseen future. Hosts often had photographers in to take still pictures of the setting for their more opulent sarabands. Table settings for dinners, the floral decorations for balls and weddings were pictured as a matter of record, but not for publication in the periodical press, if only because the halftone process was as yet imperfect, and until the middle Nineties illustrated weeklies such as *Leslie's* and *Harper's* relied almost exclusively on wood engravings made by staff technicians from photographic originals.

Guests, too, at galas, especially costume routs where their attire represented great outlays of effort and money, were privately photographed, usually at their costumer's or at home before setting out for the evening. Nobody before Mr. Hyde had ever conceived of complete photographic coverage of a party by professionals retained by the host and afforded every facility for the exercise of their professional expertise. It was to have resounding repercussions.

At the age of 28 James Hazen Hyde had inherited from his energetic father, Henry Baldwin Hyde, the control and absolute direction of the affairs of the far-flung Equitable Life Assurance Company of New York. With this position of authority vested in the title of first vice-president, *honoris causa*, went directorates in no fewer than 46 allied or subsidiary corporations or those doing business on a considerable scale with Equitable. Hyde had an enviable estate at Bay Shore, Long Island. He also owned a private Pullman car named Bay Shore whose home railroad was the lordly Union Pacific in Omaha. An ardent partisan of the Coaching Club whose membership averaged a far more advanced age, Hyde maintained one of the best stables and some of the handsomest turnouts in Manhattan, a habit he was to follow, with necessary modifications, until his death.

At one time, it was his whim, follow-

"For a shorter and more economical trip, let me suggest my place on the other side of town."

ing exalted examples in the British peerage and within the Coaching Club itself, to maintain a coaching service from the front of the Holland House, a resort of conservative fashion, to George Gould's incredible Georgian Court at Lakewood, New Jersey, a distance of 78 miles. Halfway between the terminals, at New Brunswick, Hyde purchased a wayside inn which he had redecorated with commendable restraint as an old English coaching tavern where patrons of his service could have lunch off Melton Mowbray pie, stilton cheese and Alsopp's draft lager before continuing their journey. The stockholders of Equitable, although they didn't know it at the time, picked up the tab for that one, too.

There was also, back in 1902, the dinner party Hyde had given in honor of the French ambassador to the United States. The check in the sum of $12,600 had been paid by the Equitable stockholders and nobody had said a word. It wasn't that Hyde couldn't afford these things out of his own pocket. His salary as first vice-president of a $400,000,000 corporation was a tax-free $100,000 a year, but he felt that Equitable ought to pick up the tab now and then. It was only good public relations.

A guest at one of the intimate supper parties that Hyde had given at Bay Shore remembered their exquisite details of culinary hospitality, after which "ladies donned old postilion hats or bullfighters' bonnets and blew hunting horns while everybody did the cakewalk."

Above all, Hyde's interests lay in the direction of things French: French art, French literature, French fashions, French history, food, actresses, formal society—in a word, anything and everything that was French. While other college youths of his gilded generation at Harvard sought the rowdier delights of the Folies-Bergère and Maxim's, where they could encounter such notables as the Grand Duke Cyril and James Gordon Bennett in their more relaxed moments, Hyde spent his time in art museums and among the châteaux of the Loire or in fluent conversation with old ladies in airtight salons whose memories went back to the Empress Eugénie and the coaches of the Third Napoleon dashing up the ramp to the Paris Opera. He brought home memories of these delightful excursions into golden yesterdays with which to regale intimates at supper parties that were remembered by their participants long after the last soufflé had been consumed and the last drop of Comet Year cognac inhaled from a balloon glass.

From these modest supper parties and theater parties it was no very great elevation of Hyde's sights to a grand gala deluxe that would pop the eyes of his social peers and show the world how that sort of thing should be done. The theme, of course, was to be French of a sufficiently dated period to make costumes mandatory, and an exponent of French *savoir-vivre* was at hand in the person of Mme. Gabrielle Rejane, a Parisian actress of mediocre talents but attractive personality who was playing in a French version of *Ma Cousine* at the Liberty Theater.

Hyde took thought with the management of Sherry's and the result was all that an imaginative young man and a stylish restaurateur could wish in terms of $200,000 of somebody else's money. For when the dust had settled and a New York attorney general named Charles Evans Hughes had sifted it with a fine mesh, it appeared that the stockholders of Equitable Life had been the real hosts and that Hyde was, in effect, only their impresario. This made a profound impression on the stockholders, most of whom inclined to be narrow-minded about the whole business.

The theme of Hyde's ball was, as Walter Lord had remarked, almost inevitably the Court of Louis XV, for which he had employed the fashionable architect Whitney Warren to convert Sherry's ballroom into a reasonable facsimile of a wing of the Palace of Versailles. As in the case of the fatal Bradley-Martin Ball of only a few years previous, roses were present in almost overwhelming abundance. They formed barricades around the edge of the ballroom floor. Lattices, screens, arbors, trellises, canopies, arches and blankets of roses were hung, festooned, draped and emplaced wherever a blossom could be accommodated and some where they manifestly couldn't. Again, "cunningly concealed electrical lamps" peeped coyly through the encircling forest of roses. The host's preoccupation with flowers seemed to some to be positively psychopathic. It was an aspect of the evening which didn't bother Wadley and Smythe, the florists, whose rose bill alone came to $28,500.

The guests, rising nobly to the occasion, for the most part were reluctant to let down their host or his architect and arrived in attire to match the florid opulence of the setting. Hyde, flanked by a niece whom he had hastily recruited to serve as the nominal guest of honor, wore his French beard, knee breeches with silver-buckled pumps and the handsome dark-green evening tailcoat of the Coaching Club, with the various decorations with which a grateful French government had seen fit to invest him.

Startling everybody by her prompt appearance, since her reputation for tardiness was well established, among the first to make her bow was Mamie Fish, who rode herd on a contingent of 60 dinner guests rendered docile to the point of subservience by 12 courses including quail in aspic and a *bombe Moscovite* eaten from the solid-gold Fish table service. They were to eat three more meals that evening. Mrs. George Gould, wearing all her diamonds and most of her pearls, but not all, since one of her minor necklaces worth a mere $150,000 was being restrung at Cartier's, impersonated Marie, Queen of France and wife of Louis XV, with a long train of green velvet lined with white satin and trimmed with gold and emeralds. The private detective whom George Gould retained to follow his wife whenever she wore more than $250,000 worth of anything, spent an uncomfortable night of it prowling the outer lobby in full evening dress amid tide rips of courtiers dressed for another era and attended by shoals of small Nubian slaves. Major Creighton Webb, an individualist if ever there was one, refused point-blank to get himself rigged out as a bogus marquis and appeared in a Spanish bullfighter's outfit left over from another masquerade. Louis XV would have had a bullfighter or two around if he was any sort of king, was the way he put it.

Most pathetic of the guests because she had gone to inestimable trouble and expense for the occasion, was Mrs. Clarence Mackay, wife of the Atlantic cable and telegraph tycoon whose mother-in-law had been Louise Hungerford who, until she had married Bonanza Mackay of Virginia City, had taken in gentlemen's sewing and mending in the mining camps of the mother lode. Now the second-generation Mrs. Mackay had made up her mind to represent Adrienne Lecouvreur, an 18th Century actress, in her starring role of Phèdre, for which Mrs. Mackay was so burdened with watered silk, cut velvet, looped and ball-fringed like Pullman portieres, stayed in whalebone and invested with various heavy properties including a gold scepter, that she was unable to move more than a few steps at a time without sinking down from exhaustion. When she was able to move at all, two small Nubians in pink-brocade court attire carried the ends of her 16-foot satin train.

The entertainment matched the elegance of Mrs. Mackay's costume, but it, too, to the frivolous-minded, might have appeared attenuated, ponderous and fatiguing. To begin with, there had been an overture danced by eight debutantes and eight reluctantly recruited college youths in Pierrot suits, who nervously performed a gavotte to the music of the Metropolitan Opera's only slightly overpowering 40-piece orchestra led by Nathan Franko. They had been followed by something more professional when the entire *corps de ballet* from the

Metropolitan went through the complex routine of an ensemble number that may or may not have had its origins in the court of the Louis of the evening. Their professional dexterity did nothing to comfort the amateurs who had preceded them.

At midnight there arrived on schedule the *pièce montée* of the evening in the person of Mme. Rejane herself, carried to the middle of the dance floor in a richly upholstered and historically correct sedan chair by four stalwart footmen. After a few well-chosen words of welcome from the host, Mme. Rejane stepped onto the rose-embowered stage and took part in an innocuous bedroom farce, specially written for the occasion, in words of one syllable so that everyone might understand, called *Entre Deux Portes*. Some of the gentlemen, spelling it out with their lips, concluded that it meant *Between Two Doors*.

After this was over, a corps of trumpeters led the by-now slightly perspiring 350 guests to a lower floor, where Whitney Warren transported them to a different wing of the same Palace of Versailles for supper. Before the service of the clear turtle soup, Mme. Rejane was again called into service to recite a short poem, also specially written for the occasion in easy French, hymning the enlightened joys of Franco-American amity and, presumably, a reduction of the tariff on articles of French import such as the White Seal 1898 champagne which was served immediately after the applause had died down.

Everybody who could make it now made their stately way upstairs again, where there was dancing until three o'clock, when the staff of Sherry's had reset the tables on the lower floor and it was time for a second seating, with this difference from the custom as it then obtained on ocean liners—that the occupants were the same ladies and gentlemen who had just gotten up from the first sitting. This made the third full meal since eight o'clock the previous evening for Mamie Fish's 60 veterans, who now faced *les médaillons de foie gras en timbale à la gelée de porto* and Pol Roger in magnums, like participants in a retreat from some gastronomic Moscow. Now they formed a hollow square to resist the combined assault of fresh troops of pastry chefs, flying squadrons of wine stewards and artillery fire from flanking batteries of Veuve Clicquot and Mumm's Extra. Their heroism under this final attack was noted by everyone. Napoleon, it was felt, had he been there, would have handed out field marshals' batons right and left.

At length it was six o'clock and the battered troops, still in possession of their colors but showing traces of an arduous

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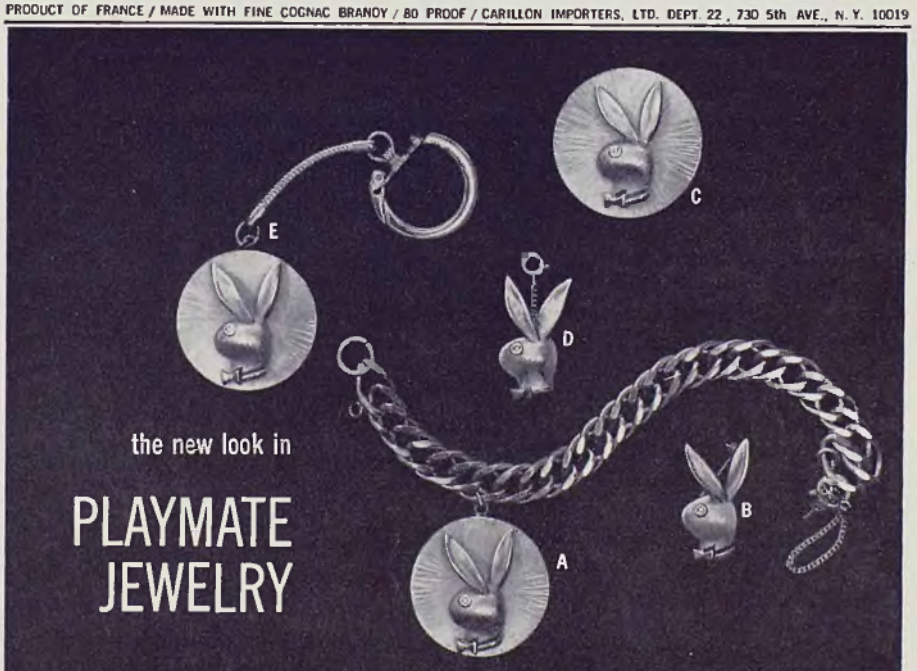

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engagement, were making their adieus to their still radiant host.

"Don't you think it's time for a little breakfast?" suggested Mrs. Joseph Widener to Hyde.

"Coming up," or words to that effect and Hyde snapped his fingers for a waiting maître d'hôtel. Everybody then sat down to New England fish cakes before staggering out into the cold Fifth Avenue dawn.

Last to leave, as the waiters were sweeping out the wilted roses and discarded handkerchiefs, fans and odd gloves in the hope of finding a fugitive diamond from Mrs. Potter Palmer's tiara, were the five tired members of the Byron photographic staff. The photographs taken by the industrious Byrons between eight in the evening and six the next morning required the continuous activity of five cameramen and plate holders. The plates themselves, no fewer than 189 11 x 14 glass negatives, required an enormous outlay of physical exertion to be manhandled into a huge view camera and returned to their wooden compartmented carrying cases. As a concession to the wishes of their host and employer, the Byrons were attired in formal evening dress topped by hooded gowns vaguely suggesting the witches in *Macbeth*, Act I, unaccountably in tailcoats and boiled shirts.

Among the finished prints was a stately solo of Mme. Rejane leaning regally on a long ribboned cane while a servitor in full court livery with white silk stockings emptied ashtrays in the background. Hyde himself was photographed posed benignly beside the Countess de Rougemont, nee Edith Clapp. In another group were Mrs. James A. Burden, Stanford White, Mrs. Sydney Smith and James Henry "Silent" Smith—the ladies in full court turnout with powdered hair, fans and opera-length gloves; the gentlemen having settled for formal evening attire with Court of St. James black-silk knee breeches and silver-buckled pumps. There were several groups in which appeared, of all people, Edward H. Harriman, toughest railroad mogul of his time, looking embarrassed in hunting dress with knee pants and a pained expression. Harriman, incidentally, was a director of Equitable and figured largely in the lurid scenes behind closed doors that were to be the consequence of the photographs in which he figured.

For, through some connivance or theft, a number of the Byron photographs found their way into the hands of editors of Joseph Pulitzer's still-rampaging and egalitarian *New York World*. Pulitzer himself, a blind sybarite with extravagant personal tastes, viewed with alarm the gilded ways of high society until his son married a Vanderbilt, which brought the hitherto obstreperous *World* into line with practically the speed of light.

Not that the photographs reproduced by the now fairly reliable halftone process were in themselves anything incriminating. The whole business reflected rectitude to the verge of dullness, but there was considerable discussion in the accompanying letterpress of the cost of the Hyde ball. Was it, as rumored, really $200,000, and if so, just who had paid the check? Newspaper readers got the wrong impression somehow that behind the entirely decorous façade of well-mannered boredom there had been scenes of riot and abandon. It was even rumored that the *corps de ballet* from the Metropolitan had performed a cancan in the advancing hours of the morning. The very notion of E. H. Harriman figuring in a setting of Roman riot and proconsular debauch was hilarious to businessmen who knew him and were privately of the opinion that it had been necessary to drug him in order to assure his presence there at all.

Schism, however, raised its head inside the councils of Equitable Life itself. A dissident faction of the management there had long cast disapproving looks at Hyde's extravagant ways and especially at the publicity they garnered in the sensational press. Notoriety was the word they used and here was a radiant example of it. Inevitably, newspaper-headline writers were making puns about "HIGH LIFE INSURANCE" and public reaction wasn't good.

A faction in the inner councils of the company, which included E. H. Harriman, inclined to a charitable view of Hyde's perfumed escapades. Insurgents, led by Judge William Cohen, after toying with various stopgap compromises, flatly demanded Hyde's ouster and a complete reorganization of the company's internal economy. If Hyde were not replaced, they said plainly, they would ask for an investigation by grand jury and New York State officials. Breaches in Equitable's security arrangements leaked details of the controversy to the *World*, and the schism became a full-blown public scandal, not without its overtones of comedy on a very elevated financial plane. During one of the directorial meetings behind presumably closed doors, Harriman became so incensed as to be for some moments incoherent, during which time he was able to utter only the words: "Wow, wow, wow." Judge Cohen remarked blandly: "Mr. Harriman, that is an aspect of the matter which until now has escaped my attention."

Inevitably, politicians latched onto a heaven-sent opportunity for self-advancement in the specious name of the general interest. Charles Evans Hughes,

"You'll never guess what I forgot for the first time in my twenty years as a gunbearer!"

then a rising young lawyer with the highest imaginable aspirations, was retained by a legislative committee to give a thorough sifting of the evidence of interlocking interests, rebates and reciprocal financial favors among the directors. He discovered political corruption, nepotism and a scandalous laxity of general business morality in the entire fabric of Equitable and, by implication, the other giant insurance companies of the land. But by this time James Hazen Hyde was beyond caring. He had taken passage aboard La Lorraine of the French Line, denying to the last that he had any intention of living abroad; but it was nearly 40 years before he returned, and during that time he had become one of the most celebrated of all fixtures in the colony of American expatriates in Paris.

Whatever moral, if any, may be drawn from the Bradley-Martin Ball and James Hazen Hyde's fatal entertainment, it certainly is not one that paints New York society at the turn of the century as the new Babylon or another Imperial Rome far gone in carnality and voluptuary riot. The Awful Seeley Dinner had confirmed for some Americans, preconditioned to the worst and hoping not to be disappointed, the belief that the upper classes lived not only in blizzards of extravagance but on a level of personal morality and licentiousness comparable to that of Petronius' *Satyricon* in its franker moments. The lamb potpie laden with emergent chorus-line beauties in diaphanous attire or none at all became the ultimate symbol of enviable sensuality, and the pages of Mr. Hearst's *American Weekly*, under the management of Merrill Goddard, were gladdened with the image of a dress-suited playboy, often invested with monocle and opera hat for good measure, mounting a banquet table with a dripping champagne bottle in hand to pursue a nymph in the thicket of hothouse blooms that formed the centerpiece.

It was a gratifying image and sold incalculable numbers of Sunday papers, where it was a staple of bourgeois outrage as late as the 1920s, after which other rich disorders occupied its space. But neither the Bradley-Martins nor Mr. Hyde contributed to it in any appreciable degree. The participants in these revels were little more than overfed to stupefaction and, like Mrs. Clarence Mackay, overdressed into immobility.

Nor, in actual fact, were the Bradley-Martins or young Mr. Hyde "driven" into exile. Public opinion generally couldn't have cared less, and their flights must be attributed either to uncommonly thin-skinned timidity or to an entire willingness to dramatize themselves as martyrs on an altar of Strasbourg *foie gras*. There is evidence that both the Bradley-Martins, who had a married daughter in England, and Hyde, who had frequently and articulately yearned for the good life of France where art was truly appreciated, had contemplated permanently removing themselves from the American scene before their own poor judgment hastened their departures. The pulpit denunciations and rolling eyes of the clergy meant nothing in their lives, still less the editorial ah-has of the *World* and the penny press generally. The by-now well-established legend of Hyde and the Bradley-Martins being "driven into exile by public opinion" is simply part of the great body of American social mythology. All concerned made exits of varying magnificence and theatricality and took passage more willingly than, say, Napoleon embarking for Elba.

The expenses involved in the two celebrated fetes—$360,000 for the Bradley-Martin Ball and $200,000 of the Equitable stockholders' money for Hyde's guests—were indeed considerable and, translated into the dollar value of the 1960s which would multiply them by three or four times, fairly astronomical. As late as 1912, the George Jay Goulds spent the sum of $200,000, say $800,000 in today's depreciated currency, on a coming-out party for their daughter Marjory. As a comparative bench mark of extravagance, when Henry Ford II in 1939 gave a $100,000 ball at the Detroit Country Club for his daughter Charlotte, it was universally hailed as "the party of the century." Translated backward in terms of currency to the Bradley-Martin era, it would have been nothing more glamorous or remarkable than a $25,000 supper party peopled with the business associates of the host.

That hypocrisy, or at least a singular divergence between practice and preachment, was characteristic of most of the sensational newspaper publishers of the late 19th Century and opening decades of the 20th cannot be denied.

Joseph Pulitzer, whose editorialists held up horrified hands in holier-than-thou attitudes about almost all the capers of the well-to-do, including both Hyde and the Bradley-Martins, himself was given to grandiose gestures of phenomenal extravagance, such as importing the New York Symphony Orchestra in its entirety to Bar Harbor to play for guests at a private dinner party and building a yacht deliberately calculated to establish the owner on a footing of equality with Morgan's giant Corsair and Vincent Astor's Nourmahal. While the *World* was chiding the idle rich of Murray Hill and Fifth Avenue on the Babylonish extravagance of their entertainments, the Society Grocery at Bar Harbor in a single shipment loaded $5600 worth of out-of-season strawberries and Scotch grouse aboard the Liberty where, if Pulitzer's guests tired of gastronomy, there was also a music room and a gymnasium comparing favorably in magnitude and equipment to that at the New York Athletic Club.

A notable inhabitant of glass houses himself, James Gordon Bennett in the columns of *The New York Herald* once denounced Saratoga Springs as "a seraglio of the prurient aristocracy" at a time when the major part of the *Herald*'s revenue, and his own income as a result, derived from the advertising of parlor houses that at length got it barred from the mails. Bennett's own personal reputation was such a scandal in his lifetime that he was justified in remarking: "American society largely consists of people who don't invite me to their parties."

Perhaps the most notorious of all stone-shiers among the greenhouses was William Randolph Hearst who, in the early days of his political ambitions and before it was apparent that he couldn't get himself elected dogcatcher on Bannerman's Island in the Hudson River, was a professional champion of the workingman and peepul's friend in editorial stances suggesting the barricades. His professions of egalitarianism and blood brotherhood with the working stiff continued long after he was paying $250,000 each for Cellini saltcellars and having Spanish monasteries knocked down and transported in their entirety to a California mountaintop.

In the case of Hearst, a large segment of the American public felt that the most accurate journalistic reflection of his personality was in the Sunday pages of *The American Weekly*, where everybody wore silk hats to bed with heiresses and brushed their teeth with a light moselle. Nor did the master of San Simeon command an altogether respectful hearing when he denounced society divorces and bon ton lechery while conducting a marathon affair with Miss Marion Davies, to whom he was demonstrably not married.

Other manifestations of palatial hospitality, as the echoes of the three parties recorded here subsided, were in the then-unforeseen future: the half-million-dollar debutante parties of the 1920s, the dinners of A. Atwater Kent at Bar Harbor and of Mrs. E. H. Hutton at Palm Beach. But at none of them, it is safe to say, did both the guests and the uninvited public participate with such appreciative gusto as they did when the Seeleys, the Bradley-Martins and James Hazen Hyde represented knighthood in its finest flower. The years of the ortolans vanished with the ortolans themselves and a generation of men and women who knew what ortolans were for.

despair *(continued from page 158)*

part. Mention has already been made of the station of Eichenberg which comes after Koenigsdorf when you travel east. Now comes a technical question: can a person starting from the neighborhood of Ardalion's lake reach Eichenberg on foot? The answer is: yes. We should go round the southern side of the lake and then bear east through the wood. After a four-kilometer walk, keeping in the wood all the time, we come out to a rustic lane, one end of which leads no matter where, to hamlets we need not bother about, while the other brings us to Eichenberg.

My life is all mangled and messed, but here I am clowning away, juggling with bright little descriptions, playing on the cosy pronoun "we," winking at the tourist, the cottage owner, the lover of Nature, that picturesque hash of greens and blues. But be patient with me, my reader. The walk we shall presently take will be your rich reward. These conversations with readers are quite silly, too. Stage asides. The eloquent hiss: "Soft now! Someone is coming . . ."

That walk. I was dropped by the bus at the yellow post. The bus resumed its course taking away from me three old women in polka-dotted black; a fellow wearing a velvet waistcoat, with a scythe wrapped in sackcloth; a small girl with a large parcel; and a man in an overcoat despite the heat, with a heavy-looking traveling bag on his knees: probably a veterinary surgeon.

Among the spurge and scutchgrass I found traces of tires—the tires of my car which had bumped and bounced here several times, during the trips we had made. I wore plus fours, or as Germans call them: "knickerbockers" (the "k" is sounded). I entered the wood. I stopped at the exact spot where I and my wife had once waited for Ardalion. I smoked a cigarette there. I looked at the little puff of smoke that slowly stretched out in mid-air, was folded by ghostly fingers, and melted away. I felt a spasm in my throat. I went on to the lake and noticed, on the sand, a crumpled black and orange scrap of film wrap (Lydia had been snapping us). I went round the lake on its south side and then straight east through the thick pine wood.

After an hour's stroll I came out on the country road. I took it and in another hour was in Eichenberg. I boarded a slow train. I returned to Berlin.

Several times I repeated this monotonous walk without ever meeting a soul in the forest. Gloom and a deep hush. The land near the lake was not selling at all; indeed, the whole enterprise was in a bad way. When we three used to go out there for a swim, our solitude all day long remained so perfect that one could, if a body desired, bathe stark naked; which reminds me that once, at my order, frightened Lydia peeled off her bathing suit and, with many a pretty blush and nervous giggle, posed in the buff and the brown (fat thighs so tightly pressed together she could hardly stand) for her portrait before Ardalion, who all of a sudden got huffed about something, probably about his own lack of talent and, abruptly ceasing to draw, stalked away to look for edible toadstools.

As to my portrait, he worked at it stubbornly, continuing well into August, when, having failed to cope with the honest slog of charcoal, he changed to the petty knavishness of pastel. I set myself a certain time limit: the date of his finishing the thing. At last there came the pear-juice aroma of lacquer, the portrait was framed, and Lydia gave Ardalion 20 German marks, slipping them, for the sake of elegancy, into an envelope. We had guests that evening, Orlovius among others, and we all stood and gaped; at what? At the ruddy horror of my face. I do not know why he had lent my cheeks that fruity hue; they are really as pale as death. Look as one might, none could see the ghost of a likeness! How utterly ridiculous, for instance, that crimson point in the canthus, or that glimpse of eyetooth from under a curled, snarly lip. All this—against an ambitious background hinting at things that might have been either geometrical figures or gallow trees . . .

Orlovius, with whom shortsightedness was a form of stupidity, went up to the portrait as close as he could and after having pushed his spectacles up on his forehead (why ever did he wear them? They were only a hindrance) stood quite still with half-opened mouth, gently panting at the picture as if he were about to make a meal of it. "The modern style," he said at length with disgust and passed to its neighbor, which he began to examine with the same conscientious attention, although it was but an ordinary print found in every Berlin home: *The Isle of the Dead.*

And now, dear reader, let us imagine a smallish office room on the sixth story of an impersonal house. The typist had gone; I was alone. In the window a cloudy sky loomed. On the wall a calendar showed a huge black nine, rather like the tongue of a bull: the ninth of September. Upon the table lay the worries of the day (in the guise of letters from creditors) and among them stood a symbolically empty chocolate box with the lilac lady who had been untrue to me. Nobody about. I uncovered the typewriter. All was quiet. On a certain page of my pocket diary (destroyed since) there was a certain address, written in a half-illiterate hand. Looking through that trembling prism I could see a waxen brow bending, a dirty ear; head downward, a violet dangled from a buttonhole; a black-nailed finger pressed upon my silver pencil.

I remember, I shook off that numbness, put the little book back into my pocket, took out my keys, was about to lock up and leave—*was* leaving, but then stopped in the passage with my heart going pit-a-pit . . . No, it was impossible to leave . . . I returned to the room and stood awhile by the window looking at the house opposite. Lamps had already lit up there, shining upon office ledgers, and a man in black, with one hand behind his back, was walking to and fro, presumably dictating to a secretary I could not see. Ever and anon he appeared, and once, even, he stopped at the window to do some thinking, and then again turned, dictating, dictating, dictating.

Inexorable! I switched on the light, sat down, pressed my temples. Suddenly, with mad fury, the telephone rang; but it proved a mistake—wrong number. And then there was silence once more, save for the light patter of the rain quickening the approach of night.

"Dear Felix, I have found some work for you. First of all we must have an eye-to-eye monolog and get things settled. As I happen to be going to Saxony on business, I suggest that you meet me at Tarnitz, which I hope is not far from your present whereabouts. Let me know without delay whether my plan suits you. If it does, I shall tell you the day, the hour and the exact place, and send you such money as your coming may cost you. The traveling life I lead prevents me from having any fixed abode, so you had better direct your answer 'post office' (here follows the address of a Berlin post office) with the word 'Ardalion' on the envelope. Goodbye for the present. I expect to hear from you." (No signature.)

Here it is before me, the letter I finally wrote on that ninth of September, 1930. I cannot recollect now if the "monolog" was a slip or a joke. The thing is typed out on good, eggshell-blue note paper with a frigate for watermark; but it is now sadly creased and soiled at the corners; vague imprints of his fingers, perhaps. Thus it would seem that I were the receiver—not the sender. Well, so it ought to be in the long run, for haven't we changed places, he and I?

There are in my possession two more letters written on similar paper, but all the *answers* have been destroyed. If I still had them—if I had, for instance, that idiotic one which, with beautifully timed nonchalance, I showed to Orlovius (and then destroyed like the rest), it would be

possible now to adopt an epistolic form of narration. A time-honored form with great achievements in the past. From Ex to Why: "Dear Why"—and above you are sure to find the date. The letters come and go—quite like the ding-dong flight of a ball over a net. The reader soon ceases to pay any attention whatever to the dates; and indeed what does it matter to him whether a given letter was written on the ninth of September or on September the sixteenth? Dates are required, however, to keep up the illusion.

So it goes on and on, Ex writing to Why and Why to Ex, page after page. Sometimes an outsider, a Zed, intrudes and adds his own little contribution to the correspondence, but he does so with the sole aim of making clear to the reader (not looking at him the while except for an occasional squint) some event, which, for reasons of plausibility and the like, neither Ex nor Why could very well have explained.

They, too, write with circumspection: all those "do-you-remember-that-time-whens" (detailed recollections follow) are brought in, not so much with the object of refreshing Why's memory as in order to give the reader the required reference —so that, on the whole, the effect produced is rather droll, those neatly inscribed and perfectly unnecessary dates, being, as I have already said, especially good fun. And when at last Zed butts in suddenly with a letter to his own personal correspondent (for it is a world consisting of correspondents that such novels imply) telling him of Ex's and Why's death or else of their fortunate union, the reader finds himself feeling that he would prefer the most ordinary missive from the tax collector to all this. As a rule I have always been noted for my exceptional humorousness; it goes naturally with a fine imagination; woe to the fancy which is not accompanied by wit.

One moment. I was copying that letter and now it has vanished somewhere.

I can continue; it had slipped under the table.

A week later the answer arrived (I had been to the post office five times and my nerves were on edge): Felix informed me that he gratefully accepted my suggestion. As often happens with illiterate people, the tone of his letter was in complete disagreement with that of his usual conversation: his epistolary voice was a tremulous falsetto with lapses of eloquent huskiness whereas in real life he had a self-satisfied baritone sinking to a didactic bass.

I wrote to him again, this time enclosing a ten-mark note, and asking him to meet me on the first of October at five P.M. near the bronze equestrian statue at the end of the boulevard which starts left of the railway-station square, at Tarnitz. I did not remember either that bronze rider's identity (some vulgar and mediocre *Herzog*, I believe), or the name of the boulevard, but one day, while driving through Saxony in the car of a business acquaintance, I got stranded for two hours at Tarnitz, my companion trying to perform some complicated telephoning; and as I have always possessed a memory of the camera type, I caught and fixed that street, that statue and other details—quite a small-size photo, really; though if I knew of a way of enlarging it, one might even discern the lettering of the shop signs, for that apparatus of mine is of admirable quality.

My letter of "Sept. the 16th" is handwritten: I dashed it off at the post office, being so excited by receiving a reply to "mine of the 9th inst.," that I had not the patience to wait till I got to a typewriter. Also, there was yet no special reason to be shy of any of my several hands, for I knew that I should prove the recipient eventually. After posting the letter, I felt what probably a purple red-veined thick maple leaf feels, during its slow flutter from branch to brook.

A few days before the first of October I happened to walk with my wife through the Tiergarten; there on a footbridge we stopped, with our elbows upon the railing. Below, on the still surface of the water, we admired the exact replica (ignoring the model, of course) of the park's autumn tapestry of many-hued foliage, the glassy blue of the sky, the dark outlines of the parapet and of our inclined faces. When a slow leaf fell, there would flutter up to meet it, out of the water's shadowy depths, its unavoidable double. Their meeting was soundless. The leaf came twirling down, and twirling up there would rise toward it, eagerly, its exact, beautiful, lethal reflection. I could not tear my gaze away from those inevitable meetings. "Come on," said Lydia and sighed. "Autumn, autumn," she said after a while. "Autumn. Yes, it is autumn." She already wore her leopard-

"May I say, Miss Roswell, that when I hired you, I had no idea that a British secretary could demonstrate such an amazing grasp of American business practices."

"By the way, I took care of the elevator man . . ."

spotted fur coat. I lagged behind and pierced fallen leaves with my cane.

"How lovely it ought to be in Russia now," she said (similar utterances came from her in early spring and on fine winter days: summer weather alone had no action at all upon her imagination).

". . . There is no bliss on earth . . . There's peace and freedom, though . . . An enviable lot long have I yearned to know. Long have I, weary slave——"

"Come on, weary slave. We are dining a little earlier."

". . . been contemplating flight . . . You'd probably find it dull, Lydia—without Berlin, without Ardalion's vulgar rot?"

"Why, no. I want awfully to go somewhere too . . . Sunshine, sea waves. A nice cosy life. Can't understand why you should criticize him so."

". . . 'Tis time, my dear, 'tis time . . . The heart demands repose . . . Oh, no, I'm not criticizing him. By the way, what could we do with that monstrous portrait? It is an absolute eyesore. Day after day flits by . . ."

"Look, Hermann, people on horseback. I'm sure she thinks she's a beauty, that female. Oh, come on, walk. You are dragging along like a sulky child. Really, you know, I am very fond of him. I have long wanted to give him a lot of money for a trip to Italy."

". . . An enviable lot . . . Long have I . . . Nowadays Italy would not help a bad painter. It may have been like that once, long ago. Long have I, weary slave . . ."

"You seem quite asleep, Hermann. Do let us buck up, please."

Now, I want to be quite frank: I did not experience any special craving for a rest; but latterly such had become the standing topic between me and my wife. Barely did we find ourselves alone than with blunt obstinacy I turned the conversation toward "the abode of pure delight"—as that Pushkin poem has it.

Meanwhile I counted the days with impatience. I had put off the appointment till the first of October, because I wanted to give myself a chance of changing my mind; and I cannot help thinking today that if I *had* changed my mind and not gone to Tarnitz, Felix would still be loitering about the bronze duke, or resting on a neighboring bench, drawing with his stick, from left to right and from right to left, the earthen rainbows drawn by every man with a stick and time to spare (our eternal subjection to the circle in which we are all imprisoned!). Yes, thus he would still be sitting to this day, and I would keep remembering him, with wild anguish and passion; a huge aching tooth and nothing with which to pull it out; a woman whom one cannot possess; a place, which, owing to the peculiar topography of nightmares, keeps agonizingly out of reach.

On the eve of my departure, Ardalion and Lydia were playing patience, whereas I paced the rooms and surveyed myself in all the mirrors. At that time I was still on admirable terms with mirrors. During the last fortnight I had let my mustache grow. This altered my countenance for the worse. Above my bloodless mouth there bristled a brownish-red blotch with an obscene little notch in the middle. I had the sensation that it was glued on; and sometimes it seemed to me that a small prickly animal was settled on my upper lip. At night, half asleep, I would suddenly pluck at my face, and my fingers did not recognize it. So, as I was saying, I paced about and smoked, and out of every speckly psyche in the flat there glanced at me, with eyes both apprehensive and grave, a hastily made-up individual. Ardalion, in a blue shirt with a pseudo-Scotch tie, clapped down card after card, like a tavern gambler. Lydia sat sideways to the table, legs crossed, skirt up to above stocking line, and exhaled the smoke of her cigarette upward, with her underlip thrust out and her eyes fixing the cards on the table. It was a black and boisterous night; every five seconds there would come, skimming across the roofs, the pale beam of the Radio Tower: a luminous twitch; the mild lunacy of a revolving searchlight. Through the narrow window ajar in the bathroom there arrived from some window across the yard, the creamy voice of a broadcaster. In the dining room the lamp illumined my hideous portrait. Blue-shirted Ardalion clapped down the cards; Lydia sat with her elbow on the table; smoke rose from the ashtray. I stepped out onto the balcony.

"Shut the door—there's a draft," came Lydia's voice from the dining room. A sharp wind made the stars blink and flicker. I returned indoors.

"Whither is our pretty one going?" asked Ardalion without addressing either of us.

"To Dresden," replied Lydia.

They were now playing *durachki*, dupes.

"My kindest regards to the Sistine," said Ardalion. "No, I can't cover that, I'm afraid. Let's see. This way."

"He'd do better if he went to bed, he's dead tired," said Lydia. "Look here, you've no right to feel the pack, it's dishonest."

"I didn't mean to," said Ardalion. "Don't be cross, pussy. And is he going for long?"

"This one too, Ardy dear, this one too, please, you haven't covered it, either."

So they went on for a good while, talking now of their cards and now about me, as though I were not in the room or as though I were a shadow, a ghost, a dumb creature; and that joking habit of theirs, which before used to leave me indifferent, now seemed to me loaded with meaning, as if indeed it were merely my reflection that was present, my real body being far away.

Next day in the afternoon, I got out at Tarnitz. I had a suitcase with me, and it hampered my movements, for I belong to that class of men who hate carrying anything; what I like is to display expensive fawn gloves, spreading my fingers and swinging my arms freely, as I saunter along and turn out the glistening toes of my handsomely shod feet, which are small for my size and very smart in their mouse-gray spats, for spats are similar to gloves in that they lend a man mellow elegancy akin to the special cachet of high-class traveling articles.

I love those shops where suitcases are sold, smelling good, creaking; the virginity of pig leather under the protective cloth; but I am digressing, digressing—maybe I *want* to digress . . . never mind, let us go on, where was I? Yes, I resolved to leave my bag at the hotel. What hotel? I crossed the square, looking about me not only for a hotel, but also attempting to recall the place, as I had passed there once and remembered that boulevard yonder and the post office. I had no time, however, to exercise my memory. All of a sudden my vision was crowded with the signboard of a hotel, its entrance, a pair of laurel bushes in green tubes on either side . . . but that hint at luxury proved to be a deception, for as soon as you went in, you were knocked silly by the reek from the kitchen; two hirsute nincompoops were drinking beer at the bar, and an old waiter, squatting on his haunches and wagging the end of the napkin under his armpit, was rolling on the floor a fat, white-bellied pup, which was wagging its tail, too.

I asked for a room (adding that my brother might spend the night with me) and was given a fair-sized one with a couple of beds and a decanter of dead water on a round table, as at the chemist's. The waiter gone, I stood there more or less alone, my ears ringing and a feeling of strange surprise pervading me. My double was probably already in the same town as I; was already waiting, maybe, in that town; consequently, I was represented by two persons. Were it not for my mustache and clothes, the hotel staff might—but maybe (I went on, skipping from thought to thought) his features had altered and now were no longer like mine, and I had come in vain. "Please, God!" I said with force, and failed to understand, myself, why I said so; for did not the sense of my whole life consist now in my possessing a live reflection? So why then did I mention the name of a nonex-

istent God, why did there flash through my mind the foolish hope that my reflection had been distorted?

I went to the window and looked out: there was a dreary courtyard down there and a round-backed Tartar in an embroidered skullcap was showing a small blue carpet to a buxom barefooted woman. Now I knew that woman and I recognized that Tartar too, and the patch of weeds in one corner of the yard, and that vortex of dust, and the Caspian wind's soft pressure, and the pale sky sick of looking on fisheries.

At that moment there was a knock, a maid entered with the additional pillow and the cleaner chamber pot I had demanded, and when I turned to the window again it was no longer a Tartar whom I saw there but some local peddler selling braces, and the woman was gone. But while I looked there started afresh that process of fusion, of building, that making up of a definite remembrance; there reappeared, growing and clustering, those weeds in a corner of the yard, and again red-haired Christina Forsmann, whom I had known carnally in 1915, fingered the Tartar's carpet, and sand flew, and I could not discover what the kernel was, around which all those things were formed, and where exactly the germ, the fount—suddenly I glanced at the decanter of dead water and it said "warm"—as in that game when you hide objects; and very possibly I should have finally found the trifle, which, unconsciously noticed by me, had at once set going the engine of memory (or, again, I should not have found it, the simple, nonliterary explanation being that everything in that provincial German hotel chamber, even the view, vaguely and uglily resembled something seen in Russia ages ago) had I not thought of my appointment; and that made me draw on my gloves and hurry out.

I turned down the boulevard, past the post office. A brutal wind was blowing and chasing leaves—scurry, cripples!—athwart the street. In spite of my impatience I was as observant as usual, noting the faces and trousers of passers-by, the tramcars which seemed like toys compared to the Berlin ones, the shops, a giant's top hat painted on a peeling wall, signboards, the name of a fishmonger: Carl Spiess, reminding me of one Carl Spiess whom I used to know in that Volga village of my past and who likewise sold spitchcocks.

At last, reaching the end of the street, I saw the bronze horse rearing and using its tail for a prop, like a woodpecker, and if the duke riding it had stretched out his arm with more energy, the whole monument in the murky evening light might have passed for that of Peter the Great in the town he founded. On one of the benches an old man was eating grapes out of a paper bag; on another bench sat two elderly dames; an invalid old woman of enormous size reclined in a Bath chair and listened to their talk, her round eyes agog. Twice and thrice did I go round the statue, observing as I went the snake writhing under that hind hoof, that legend in Latin, that jackboot with the black star of a spur. Sorry, there was really no snake; it was just my fancy borrowing from Czar Peter—whose statue, anyway, wears buskins.

Then I sat down on an empty bench (there were half a dozen in all) and looked at my watch. Three minutes past five. Sparrows hopped about the turf. On a ridiculously curved flowerbed there grew the filthiest flowers in the world: Michaelmas daisies. Ten minutes elapsed. No, my agitation refused to keep seated. Moreover, I was out of cigarettes and craved frantically for a smoke.

I turned into a side street, passing, as I did so, a black Protestant church which affected an air of antiquity, and espied a tobacconist's. The automatic bell continued to whirr after my entering, as I had not closed the door: "Will you please——" said the bespectacled woman behind the counter, and I stepped back and shut the door sharply. Just above it was one of Ardalion's still-life pictures: a tobacco pipe, on green cloth, and two roses.

"How on earth did you——?" I asked with a laugh. She did not understand at first, and then answered:

"My niece painted it—my niece who died recently."

Well, I'm damned! (thought I). For had I not seen something very similar, if not identical, among Ardalion's pictures? Well, I'm damned!

"Oh, I see," said I aloud: "have you got—" I named the brand I usually smoke, paid for the cigarettes and went out.

Twenty minutes past five.

Not daring to return to the assigned place (so giving fate a chance of altering its program) and still feeling nothing, neither annoyance, nor relief, I walked for a pretty long time down the side street which led me away from the statue, and at every other step I stopped, trying to light my cigarette, but the wind kept filching my light until I took shelter under a porch, thus blasting the blast—what a pun! I stood under the porch and looked at two little girls playing marbles; rolling by turn the iridescent orb, now bending to give it a push with the back of the finger, now compressing it between the feet to release it with a hop, and all this in order that the marble should trickle into a tiny pit in the ground under a double-trunked birch tree; as I stood looking at that concentrated, silent and minute game, I somehow found myself thinking that Felix could not come for the simple reason that he was a product of my imagination, which hankered after reflections, repetitions, masks, and that my presence in a remote little town was absurd and even monstrous.

Well do I remember that little town—and feel oddly perplexed: should I go on giving instances of such aspects of it, which in a horribly unpleasant way echoed things I had somewhere seen long ago? It even seems to me now that it was, that town, constructed of certain refuse particles of my past, for I discovered in it things most remarkably and most uncannily familiar to me: a low pale-blue house, the exact counterpart of which I had seen in a St. Petersburg suburb; an old-clothes shop, where suits hung that had belonged to dead acquaintances of mine; a street lamp bearing the same number (I always like to notice the numbers of street lamps) as one that had stood in front of the Moscow house where I lodged; and nearby the same bare birch tree with the same forked trunk in an iron corset (ah, that is what made me look at the number on the lamp). I could, if I chose, give many more examples of that kind, some of which are so subtle, so—how shall I put it? . . . abstractly personal, as to be unintelligible to the reader, whom I pet and pamper like a devoted nurse. Nor am I quite certain of the exceptionality of the aforesaid phenomena. Every man with a keen eye is familiar with those anonymously retold passages from his past life: false-innocent combinations of details, which smack revoltingly of plagiarism. Let us leave them to the conscience of fate and return, with a sinking heart and dull reluctance, to the monument at the end of the street.

The old man had finished his grapes and was gone; the woman, dying from dropsy, had been wheeled away; there was nobody about, save one man, who sat on that very same bench where I had been sitting a while ago. Leaning forward a little and with knees set apart, he was dealing out crumbs to the sparrows. His stick, which was carelessly set against the seat near his left hip, came slowly into motion the moment I noticed its presence; it started sliding and plopped down on the gravel. The sparrows flew up, described a curve and settled on the surrounding shrubs. I became aware that the man had turned toward me.

You are right, my intelligent reader.

This is the second installment of "Despair," a major novel of existential fantasy and wit, by Vladimir Nabokov. Part III will appear in PLAYBOY *next month.*

Playboy Mansion (continued from page 118)

The house was originally built for Dr. George S. Isham, a socially and civically prominent turn-of-the-century physician whose family helped found what is now the Northwestern University College of Medicine. Dr. Isham secured the services of noted architect James Gamble Rogers, from Paris.

From the first day the Ishams took up residence in 1903, the house was one of the principal show places of the city, and a mecca for the great men of the day. George Washington never slept here, but when Teddy Roosevelt came to Chicago, he preferred the comfort of the Isham house to the town's poshest hotel. And even the austere Admiral Robert Peary, as frosty an old gent as the North Pole he discovered, would thaw out just a bit before the crackling flames of the ballroom's magnum fireplace.

When the doctor passed away in 1926, the house was sold; subsequently, a portion was broken up into apartments, and it began to suffer the abuse and decline that is the fate of so many fine old houses—until Hefner happened onto it in 1959, recognized its potential and purchased it. His refurbishing and remodeling of the manor re-established its original grandeur and added a contemporary style and sophistication it had never known before.

As in earlier times, the immense marble fireplace that dominates the west end of the main room is a favorite gathering place when relaxation is the order of the day or evening, but instead of arctic-acclimated Admiral Peary standing before the hearth, you may find a half-dozen warm-blooded Mansion Bunnies unbending there, chatting, popping popcorn, playing games, or listening to their favorite records on the Mansion hi-fi.

An enormous rust-colored Dunbar couch faces the fireplace, with a brace of oversized, matching armchairs and ottomans completing the conversational circle. The chairs are big enough to permit a well-proportioned Bunny to curl up comfortably for a nap on the seat, or to accommodate a tête-à-tête couple. There is a long, low black-marble and walnut cocktail table in front of the couch, with a pair of matching end tables at either end. Stacked on both sides of the fireplace are a couple of dozen brightly colored, king-sized cushions which can turn the carpeted area in front of the hearth into as many additional seats as desired.

The hairy hulk asleep near the fire is Humphrey, the Mansion mascot—an 18-month-old, 200-pound (and still growing) Saint Bernard. Humphrey was named for Bogart (Hefner is a Bogie fan)—although Hef grudgingly admits that as the dog gets bigger, he looks less like his namesake than like a shaggy Sidney Greenstreet, who was often cast as Bogart's nemesis. Humphrey—a relative of a Saint Bernard pup named Playboy that Hef gave to Sammy Davis Jr. a few years ago—has the run of the house and, on special occasions, carries a Saint Bernard–style keg attached to his collar. Those who ask are informed that this is to aid anyone who happens to get lost in the Mansion. The contents of the keg might prove a disappointment to a serious imbiber, however, since, to complete the gag, the keg is filled with Hefner's favorite tipple, Pepsi-Cola. Hef insists that he originally put liquor in the keg, but that the Bunnies kept swiping it every time Humphrey ventured above the second floor.

Behind the giant couch—and, with it, acting as a room divider—is the main room's custom-built, 15-foot, free-standing stereo hi-fi console, with a pair of turntables (Rek-O-Kut manual and Garrard automatic), an Ampex professional-sized stereo tape recorder, Scott AM/FM-stereo tuner, McIntosh amplifiers, Marantz preamp—and enough dials, knobs, buttons and switches to satiate the most dedicated gadgeteer. The custom console pours forth lush stereo sounds from clusters of speakers in the four corners of the room; the flick of a switch also feeds music from this main hi-fi to several other areas of the house that are customarily used for parties. Covering the recessed controls, turntables and tape deck is a sliding, clear-lucite top which permits the hi-fi neophyte to gander at the gear without messing with it. There is a vertical bin at one end of the console to keep the current LP favorites close at hand, but it is just a few steps to the record room, where the Mansion's entire 3000-album LP library is available. In addition to the hi-fi controls, the console also has switches and rheostats within easy reach of the couch to cut or romantically dim any combination of the room's lights when the occasion calls for it.

The entertainment facilities of the main room also include motion-picture equipment comparable to that in a top theater; first-run films are shown regularly at the Mansion. Behind a pair of paneled doors in the middle of the north wall is a projection room that contains two 35mm projectors capable of running either standard or wide-screen movies. A bank of wall switches inside the projection room also permits complete control of the ballroom lights and the automatic lowering of a full Cinemascope-size screen that covers the opposite wall.

In one corner an ebony grand piano serves as focal point for the musical combos that Hefner customarily provides for his parties. And there's ample floor space left over in the center of the room to turn these gatherings into a swinging Playboy-à-go-go.

Set at right angles to the hi-fi cabinet is a 14-foot banquet table used for formal dining and informal buffets—the latter being a sumptuous standard feature of house happenings. In addition to its physical proximity, the table is visually linked to the hi-fi by its similar contemporary design, which is carried through in the octagonal table and the secondary seating area on the north side of the room. The brushed steel that has been used in all of this furniture—which was custom-designed and built expressly for this room—is picked up again as an accent in the framing of the abstract art that hangs on two walls. To the north are the stark, black-and-white *Mister*, one of the most powerful paintings ever produced by modern master Franz Kline, and *The Final Veteran*, one of the four famous Civil War Centennial paintings by Larry Rivers; to the south are the vertical orange-and-green *Wednesday* by Jack Tworkov, and *Playboy of the Western World*, which was painted expressly for the Playboy Mansion by Alfred Leslie.

On either side of the entranceway stand suits of medieval armor, described by *Elegante Welt* as "symbols of the playboys of the Middle Ages who fought for the favors of their ladies in tournaments on the field of honor"; but they were actually added to the room by Hefner as a tongue-in-cheek finishing touch—an indication that he doesn't take the larger-than-life aspects of his baronial domain, or himself, too seriously.

Shel Silverstein, a frequent house guest, has added his own whimsical contribution to the main room's attractions: Next to a rather grim-looking grille, covering the opening of an air-conditioning duct set in the wall near the piano, Shel has affixed a small sign that says, THE BUNNIES IN THIS CAGE ARE BEING PUNISHED. PLEASE DO NOT FEED THEM OR STAND TOO NEAR THE CAGE.

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Through oak-paneled double doors at the east end of the room, you will find the Red Room, one of the Mansion's opulent guest chambers, currently occupied by bearded, bald-pated Uncle Shelby—who's finishing several special projects for PLAYBOY's pages before setting out on another world-wandering cartoon junket for the magazine. Comfortably ensconced in this warmly monochromatic bedchamber, with its flocked wallpaper, thick drapes, deep-pile rug, Knoll couch and chair, bedspread and assorted throw pillows—all in various shades of red, Silverstein says, "All this exotic decor has an overpoweringly romantic effect on girls who've never been to the house before. I can only think of one chick who wasn't turned on by it—and she turned out to be color-blind."

An indigo mood prevails in the Blue Room, the adjacent guest quarters which share with their crimson counterpart a spacious connecting bathroom. Decorated entirely in vibrant shades of blue, this companion guest chamber is currently

occupied by last month's lovely Playmate, Dinah Willis, flown into town to help publicize the December issue.

Though this pair of elegant guest rooms—indeed, virtually every major room in the Mansion—has been used by PLAYBOY's staff photographers for Playmate shootings and various other pictorial features, the Red Room remains the favorite, having provided the scarlet setting for such outstanding Playmates as Christa Speck in the *Playmate Review*, January 1962, and Donna Michelle as Playmate of the Year in May 1964, and in the 1965 Playmate Calendar. Both Red and Blue Rooms, however, are equally popular with Hefner's house guests—visiting friends, associates, showbiz buddies, writers, artists and a plenitude of Playmates—past, present and prospective.

Residing in one of these sumptuous chambers can be a pleasantly unsettling experience, as house guest Harvey Kurtzman learned during his first overnight stay. When Harvey—a somewhat reserved fellow and a conscientious family man—discovered he was sharing the connecting bathroom with the then-current Playmate, who was staying in the Blue Room, he delivered himself of what he subsequently claimed was something of an understatement: "It shook me to the roots." Harvey, who drew *Little Annie*'s first *Fanny* at the Mansion, later summed up his ambivalent intoxication with the place when he said, "To me, this house is almost dangerous. When you walk in, you're not so much walking into a house; you're walking into Hefner's *world*. I don't know anyone more personally involved in his home than Hef is. It's really his personal 21st Century Disneyland—for adults only! I love it so much I can't wait to get out; I'm always afraid I'll get so I never want to leave."

Another memorable encounter involving the Red and Blue Rooms took place when writer Norman Mailer was invited to spend a week at the Mansion. Installed in the Red Room, he decided to introduce himself to the guest in the adjoining room, with whom Hefner had confided he'd find "a great deal in common." Trying the bathroom door, he found it unlocked, pulled it open, and there—completely nude, stepping out of the bathtub—was the ample figure of writer Budd Schulberg.

If Mailer was somewhat disappointed at the gender of his next-door neighbor, disappointments are few and far between in the Playboy Mansion; Hefner's house guests find it a haven. "Hef's the greatest host in the world," says Silverstein. "Almost anyone else, when he asks you to his place, wants you in the house for some reasons of his own. He wants to talk to you, to show off or show *you* off, or something. Hef never does that. He takes you in, but never makes any kind of social demand on you. He just tells you to act like the house was your own and then he leaves you to enjoy it any way you want."

Satirist Mort Sahl, another longtime friend and frequent house guest—currently quartered in the third-floor Gold Room, latest addition to the Mansion's monotonal suite of guest rooms—likes the house for different reasons. "Hef's is the only place I know of that, when I come in the front door, I don't have to ask if anyone's in. Having no home of my own, I really appreciate Hef's giving me some of his. I like to think that if I lived there all the time, I'd never have to worry about bringing a girl home to mother, because she'd already be there—the girl, I mean."

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Adjoining the main room to the south is the dining room, a favorite meeting place for house guests and Bunnies. Since the magazine's staff starts work at nine A.M. and the last Bunny shift at the Club doesn't finish work until four A.M. (five A.M. on Saturday nights), you're apt to find groups gathering here for breakfast, lunch and dinner at rather unusual hours of the day and night.

Through a door in the west wall of the main room is the kitchen of the Playboy Mansion—posh and spotless in appearance, but with facilities and staff sufficient to handle the gastronomic needs of a major hotel. The gastronomic needs of the Mansion are unique, however, and it is these that this kitchen has been especially designed and staffed to satisfy. In his book *The Presidential Papers*, Norman Mailer wrote: "Staying as a house guest in his home, there had been servants ready all 24 hours these last few days, one had been able to get the equivalent of any drink made at any bar at any hour of the world, one could have chili at four A.M. or ice cream at ten, the servants had been perfect, the peace of the house was profound."

To run a house that can keep Norman Mailer in chili in the predawn, serve brunch to Bunnies at noon, and be ready in case Hefner decides to bring home a roomful of friends from the Club for a midnight snack, the Mansion kitchen operates round the clock, seven days a week—and requires a kitchen staff of twelve full-time employees working in three eight-hour shifts.

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Departing, after a drink or dinner, from the massive elegance of the main room through a doorway just to the right of the fireplace, you descend a carpeted flight of stairs to the first-floor swimming pool—lagoonlike expanse of aquamarine in a languorous South Sea Island setting of thatched huts, palm trees and even a cascading waterfall. Available for a refreshing day-or-night dip, the pool is kept at a comfortable 82

Where to get Impala Slacks

(SEE AD ON OPPOSITE PAGE)

Abilene, Texas–Grissom's
Akron, Ohio – M. O'Neil
Allentown, Pa.
Hess Brothers
Amarillo, Texas – Fedway
Appleton, Wis.
H. C. Prange
Atlanta, Ga. – Rich's
Baltimore, Md.
The Hecht Co.
Hutzler's
Webster Clothes
Beaumont, Tex. – The Fair
Belleville, Ill. – Small's
Birmingham, Ala.
Loveman-Joseph & Loeb
Bloomington, Ill.
Marben's
Boston, Mass.
Jordan Marsh
Bristol, Tenn. – H. P. King
Buffalo, N. Y.
Adam-Meldrum-Anderson
Hens & Kelly
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Armstrong's
Kieck's Inc.
Killian's
Chicago, Ill.
Carson-Pirie-Scott
Erie
Marshall Field
Cincinnati, Ohio–Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio
Higbee Co.
The May Co.
Columbia, Mo. – Puckett's
Columbus, Ohio
F. & R. Lazarus
Council Bluffs, Iowa
H. Krasne & Son
Crowley, La.–Nichol's, Inc.
Dallas, Texas
Sanger-Harris
Dayton, Ohio
Elder-Beerman
Rike-Kumler
De Ridder, La.–West Bros.
Des Moines, Iowa
Younker's
Detroit, Mich. – Danby's
El Dorado, Ark.– J. A. West
Fayetteville, Ark.
Campbell-Bell
Festus, Mo. – Golman's
Flat River, Mo. – Golman's
Flint, Mich.
Smith-Bridgeman
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Charles A. Brown
Fort Smith, Ark.
S & Q Clothiers
Fort Worth, Texas
Clyde-Campbell
R. E. Cox
Leonards
Mitchell Stores
Monnig's
Freeport, Ill.
E & W Clothing House
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Cardinal Ties
Herpolsheimer's
Green Bay, Wis.
H. C. Prange
Hamilton, Ohio – Wilmur's
Harrison, Ark. – Walters
Hastings, Neb.
J. M. McDonald
Hot Springs, Ark.
Rephan's
Houston, Texas
Foley's
Oshman's
University Shop
Indianapolis, Ind.
L. S. Ayres
Jackson, Mich.
Jacobson Stores
Jackson, Miss.
Emporium
McRae's
Jacksonville, Fla.
May Cohen's
Kansas City, Mo. – Macy's
Kenosha, Wis.
Leader Store
Knoxville, Tenn.
Knox Dept. Store
La Fayette, La.
Maurice Heymann's
Lake Charles, La.– Mullers
Larimore, N. O.
Johnson Stores
Lawrence, Kansas – Obers
Leesville, La.
Lee Martin Co.
Lincoln, Neb.
Ben Simon's
Little Rock, Ark.
Gus Blass
Jimmy Karam's
Pfieffers
Louisville, Ky.
Lerman Bros.
Stewart's
Lubbock, Texas
Bray's Campus Toggery
Madison, Wis.
Clark's
Olson-Veerhusen
Marinette, Wis.
Lauerman Bros.
Memphis, Tenn.
John Gerber's
Goldsmith's
Lowenstein's
Park Belk
Shainberg's
Miami, Fla.
Jackson's–Byrons
Milwaukee, Wis.
Friedman's
Milwaukee Boston Store
Minden, La. – West & Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Brown's
Dayton Co.
L. S. Donaldson
Power's
S & L Stores
Minot, N. D.
Ellinson's
K & K Men's Stores
Mobile, Ala. – Gayfer's
Morrilton, Ark.
Van–Atkins
Muskegon, Mich.
Vets' Men's Wear
Nashville, Tenn.
Cain–Sloan
Harvey's
Lad & Dad Shop
Newark, N. J.
Bamberger's
Larkey Stores
New Orleans, La.
Holmes
Maison Blanche
Norfolk, Va.
Fine's Men's Shop
Norman, Okla. – McCall's
Odessa, Texas – Melvin's
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Brown–Dunkin
Emmer Bros.
Omaha, Neb.
J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Thomas Kilpatrick
Landon's
Richman Gordman
Opelousas, La.
Austin's Men's Wear
Peoria, Ill.
Carson-Pirie-Scott
Szold's
Philadelphia, Pa.
Gimbels
John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Kaufmann's
Plymouth, Wis. – Leys
Providence, R. I.
The Outlet
Richmond, Va.
Thalhimer's
Rochester, N. Y.
E. W. Edwards & Son
McCurdy's
Rugby, N. D. – Jacobson's
St. Joseph, Mo.
A. J. August
St. Louis, Mo.
Carps Inc.
Stix-Baer-Fuller
St. Paul, Minn. – Milbern
St. Petersburg, Fla.
Maas Brothers
Santurce, Puerto Rico
Gonzales Padin
San Juan, Puerto Rico
Telesforo Fernandez
Savannah, Ga.
Hogan's Store
Scranton, Pa.
Scranton Dry Goods
Sheboygan, Wis.
H. C. Prange
Sherman, Texas
The Toggery
Shreveport, La.
Selber Bros.
Sioux City, Iowa
Younker's
Sioux Falls, S. D.
Crawford's
Fantle's
South Bend, Ind.
Robertson's
Sturgeon Bay, Wis.
H. C. Prange
Sumter, S. C. – Brody's
Tampa, Fla.– Belk Lindsey
Temple, Texas
Johnsons Men's Wear
Toledo, Ohio
A. O. Sprenger
Waco, Texas—R. E. Cox
Waterloo, Iowa
James Black
Gildner's
Waukesha, Wis. – McCoy's
West Memphis, Ark.
Harry's
Wichita, Kansas
Trend Stores
Willmette, Ill.
The Toggery
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.
Johnson Hill's

degrees throughout the year. Adjoining dressing rooms are amply stocked with bathing suits for guests, but during the more private poolside hours many of the Mansion mermaids prefer to do their dipping in monokinied or unkinied comfort. The pool contains 28,500 gallons of water, covering approximately the same area as the main room, which is directly above. In addition to providing tropical charm, the palms serve the functional purpose of artfully camouflaging the structural beams supporting the floors directly above; since they couldn't be moved, Hefner chose to incorporate them into the Polynesian setting.

Behind the waterfall—and reachable only by swimming under it—is a not-so-secret retreat called The Cave or, as *Time* dubbed it, "The Woo Grotto." Cozily appurtenanced with cushions, soft lights and stereophonic background music, The Cave furnishes an idyllic spot for couples in search of seclusion at a Mansion party. Most guests, familiar with the anatomy of the house, know that there is a trap door in the ceiling directly above—installed there originally by the architect to provide access to what was then a storage room—and therefore act accordingly. But some Cave-dwelling couples have been caught unawares when it suddenly swung open to reveal the smiling faces of main-room revelers gazing down on their romantic interlude.

Even more popular than the pool as a watering place among the romantically inclined is the adjacent Underwater Bar, reachable via two routes. If you're the adventurous type, you'll elect to enter laughing—sliding down a brass fireman's pole through a circular hole in the floor to the Bar below; or you may prefer a more atmospheric, if less dramatic, descent by way of the narrow, winding, stone-walled staircase nearby, designed to resemble the entrance to one of those *in-time* underground Parisian boites. But the decor, you'll discover when your eyes have grown accustomed to the inviting darkness of this subterranean spa, is as palmy and Polynesian as the floor above. A den designed for quiet conversation and informal imbibing—while lounging amidst oversize cushions on the low couches that line two walls—it's illumined only by the soft glow of backlighted Playmate transparencies that adorn one wall; by the turquoise twilight filtering through a picture window which often affords an incomparable underwater view of bathing beauties splashing in the pool beyond; and by pulsing rainbow hues—waxing and waning to the ebb and flow of soft background music piped in from the main-room hi-fi—"orchestrated" by a unique visual-stereo console in the corner.

Back at poolside, behind a pair of bamboo doors on the north wall, is an elaborate sun room in which a guest can treat himself to both an electronic mas-

Impeccably tailored / Imperially slim / Im-Prest permanent creasing

THESE ARE impala slacks

Favorite campus casuals from coast to coast

KORATRON

The range of styles and colors behind the Impala label is practically unlimited. Young Bloods model above features Western-style pockets, extra wide dropped belt loops and hemmed bottoms in Steel Blue, Pewter, Black and Blue/Olive. Homespun fabric is 50% Fortrel/50% Combed Cotton. Suggested retail: $6.98. OBERMAN MFG. CO., Suite 5611-12, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y. 10001 and 706 Royal Ave., Memphis, Tenn. 38101.

AT LEADING MEN'S STORES (SEE LISTING OPPOSITE PAGE)

sage and an all-over tan on a king-size sunning table that's equipped with adjustable aluminum reflectors for simultaneous tanning on the sides. He can then step through a frosted-glass door into the tiled steam room for a half hour of Turkish delight.

It was less than delightful, however, for one young house guest who made the steam scene not long ago. All went well until he decided to leave the room—and found that he had locked himself in. After struggling vainly with the latch for several minutes, he began to shout and pound on the door—all to no avail. Hoarse and sore-fisted an hour later, he finally rescued himself—by breaking the glass in the door—and stalked upstairs. "For God's sake," he exclaimed to the first houseman he met, "didn't you hear me yelling and beating on the steam-room door?!" "Sure we did," replied the houseman, "but we figured you were having a party in there and didn't want to disturb you."

Behind an oak door at the east end of the swimming-pool area is a very different scene, indeed; this is the game room. The moment you walk in, you find yourself in a coolly quiet atmosphere reminiscent of a London men's club. A Georgian fireplace and walls of dark walnut and green felt are the setting for a massive, tournament-grade Brunswick pool table. Here, too, are a roulette table with inlaid casino-sized wheel, and a miniature *grand-prix* race course with remote-controlled electric "formula" race cars. A penny-arcade-type pinball machine rounds out the room on a pop-art note.

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Back upstairs, at the opposite end of the reception hall from the main room, you'll find a second pair of floor-to-ceiling French doors; behind them are the Mansion's master quarters.

Guests are asked to observe that venerable Japanese custom of removing their shoes before entering—not only for informality and comfort, but in order to preserve the pristine whiteness of the deep-pile, wall-to-wall carpeting within. Just inside the doorway is a handsome circular stairway of brass and oak that connects Hefner's private quarters with a third-floor suite of offices above; and to either side are giant portals with sliding doors that open and close by remote control.

Turning to your left takes you into Hef's personal study. Your first impression of this elegant room is less likely to be of any detail of decor or decoration than of the incredible maze of paperwork—layouts, cartoon roughs, photographs, manuscripts, galley proofs, correspondence, folders, envelopes, books—piles and piles of them, everywhere—covering the floor, on the desk, atop the Ranger Paragon stereo speakers, on the walnut filing cabinets, on chairs, on the couch, even on your hat, if you happen to leave one lying around for more than a couple of minutes. The entire room is an obstacle course of Hef's current editorial work; but contrary to the cluttered appearance, everything is in a specific place where he is able to unhesitatingly put his hands on whatever he needs at the moment. When the carpet is shampooed, his secretaries have to make a "map" of the study, carefully outlining the position of each island of paperwork so that they can all be replaced exactly as before when the cleaning is finished.

Hef keeps two dictating machines going constantly—one with interoffice memos to his staffers and the other with correspondence to people outside the organization. In the north wall of the study is a fireplace, flanked by bookcases filled with reference books on psychology, sociology, comparative theology, political science and law for use in writing *The Playboy Philosophy*. A former cartoonist himself, Hef has also compiled an extensive library of American cartoonery, ranging from rare Peter Arno limited editions to the latest cartoon compendium published by Playboy Press. Many of his favorite novelists—Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Nabokov, Lawrence—share the remaining shelf space with art volumes encompassing the works of both modern and classic masters.

Ringed by research and deluged with data, Hefner turns out the *Philosophy* at an oversized L-shaped desk, typing his copy in staccato two-finger fashion. On the wall above the desk are a number of framed photographs, cartoons, certificates and sketches collected by Hef over the years, including: a wide-angle photo of Chicago Stadium filled to capacity on the opening night of the historic 1959 Playboy Jazz Festival, which critic Leonard Feather called "the greatest single weekend in the history of jazz"; a Good American Award, presented by the Chicago Committee of One Hundred, for his efforts in behalf of racial equality; a gag photo of screen star Stella Stevens re-creating her January 1960 Playmate pose, only this time with her eyes crossed and tongue stuck out; an autographed portrait of Little Annie Fanny, inscribed "To Hef—the only man in my life . . . practically—love, Annie"; and an original cartoon from *The Realist* depicting a disreputable-looking graffiti artist scrawling across a wall the heresy, "Hugh Hefner is a virgin." On the other side of the circular stairway—through the portal that was on your right as you entered the master quarters—is a small sitting room and beyond that, Hef's bedroom. A miniature version of the main room, with the same kind of ornately carved oak paneling and beamed ceiling, the room is dominated by a Brobdingnagian circular bed that Tom Wolfe described as "a bed and a half . . . the biggest roundest bed in the history of the world." Eight and one half feet in diameter, fitting into a bank of curved cabinets, the bed is equipped with motorized controls that enable Hefner to rotate himself—and a dozen passengers, if he wishes—a full 360 degrees in either direction. "It goes 33⅓, 45 and 78," Hef says.

When the hinged center panel in the black-leather headrest is lowered, it reveals not only the buttons controlling the rotation of this automated innerspring, but also a set of dials that operate an ingenious three-motor vibrator system which can supply a restful presleep massage or a clock-regulated wake-up shake. Behind a sliding panel in the stationary walnut headboard is an intercom-phone system that permits direct communication with any room in the Mansion. For outside calls there is a Rapidial telephone which, with the push of a single button, will automatically dial any one of 200 prerecorded numbers anywhere in the country. The headboard also houses remote controls for a video-tape recorder; a rheostat for romantically dimming the bedroom lights; and outlets for two pairs of stereo headphones, with complete controls for the room's elaborate hi-fi system.

A touch of his bed-rotating button allows Hef to create, in effect, four distinctly different rooms. With the bed turned toward the east wall, the bed faces the video–hi-fi area: a twin-screened Philippine-mahogany custom TV console, operated from the bed; and a rosewood Clairtone stereo hi-fi, with its unconventional spun-aluminum globe speakers, which rotate freely outside the cabinet in a 340-degree arc. Turned north, the bed faces the conversation area, created by a long Knoll couch and low marble coffee table. Turning to the west, the bed faces its stationary headboard, which offers a polished expanse of walnut that can be used as a desk, a private bar, or a table for any-hour dining. And turning south, the bed faces the romantic glow emanating from the Italian marble fireplace, with its handsome lion's-head design and warm white polar-bear hearthrug.

You may do a double take if you happen to glance in the corner near the fireplace, for there in the shadows sits a nude girl lounging in a free-form chair—or so it seems. A closer look will reveal that it's actually Frank Gallo's statuary tour de force, *Girl in Sling Chair*, a lifelike figure of epoxy rather than flesh and blood. (A duplicate of this voluptuous modern masterpiece is in the permanent collection of New York's Museum of Modern Art.) Gallo's girl is complemented by Willem de Kooning's painting *Duck Pond*, which hangs above the mantel.

Hef's day begins whenever he awakens—sometimes morning, sometimes midnight; when he retires again, 24 hours may have passed, or 30, or 40. "Inside, in the afternoon, *he* is asleep," Wolfe observed in the *Herald Tribune*. "Hefner's

geographic position, whether he is horizontal, on his feet, sitting down, is a major piece of information inside the house and at the PLAYBOY office. He just got up, he just went to bed, he is in there working on the *Philosophy*—but Hefner does these things at unusual hours, which is to say, whenever he feels like it."

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Through an oak-paneled door in the north wall of the bedroom is Hefner's futuristic Electronic Entertainment Room; patterned after PLAYBOY's *Electronic Entertainment Wall* (October 1964), it is a gadget buff's dream.

"One can stand there," Wolfe wrote, "and just look and almost *feel* how smooth, how thick, what a gleaming galaxy of speakers, tubes, rheenters, wheepers, flottoes and dials must be behind those panel doors."

The walnut walls are filled from floor to ceiling with every imaginable variety of electronic gear—including eight separate eight-inch TV monitors, one for each channel in Chicago, that come on simultaneously with the touch of a brass button. With a professional Ampex VR 660 video-tape recorder—which he can operate from his bedside by remote control—Hef can record any TV program in which he is interested (even while he's watching a different channel) for playback at another time. A custom-built clock-control can be preset to automatically activate the recorder at the prescribed times to tape any number of programs over a 24-hour period. One reel of the Ampex two-inch tape will hold up to five hours of video recording that can be replayed any number of times or, like the audio variety, reused by simply recording a new picture in place of the old. A confirmed movie buff, Hef has a video-taped library of several hundred feature films, which he can watch at his leisure on one of the television screens in his bedroom.

The Electronic Entertainment Room also includes a Marconi TV camera, with zoomar lens, and related camera-control and wave-form monitors, for video recording inside the Mansion itself. There are also a Marantz FM-AM tuner, Thorens automatic turntable, Ampex tape recorder, James B. Lansing Graphic Controller and Fisher amplifier that supply the finest in stereo sound to the various speakers throughout the master quarters and the executive offices above. The electronic gear in the Mansion requires the services of a full-time audio-video engineer, who was trained especially for the job at the Ampex instruction center in San Francisco.

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Atop the spiral staircase in the foyer of the master quarters are the Mansion's third-floor executive offices. In the walnut-walled conference room, Hefner meets with various members of his executive staff to make policy decisions affecting the future expansion of his $70,000,000 Playboy empire. In addition to a 12-sided walnut conference table, this room includes a giant, rheostat-controlled, built-in light box for editing color transparencies; a press table where color proofs and press sheets can be spread out under a special lamp that provides the optical equivalent of full daylight for judging quality control in color separation and printing; and a small screen recessed in the ceiling, that can be lowered automatically with the flick of a switch, for projecting either slides or film during a conference or the editing of a picture story.

Next to the conference room are the offices of Hef's staff of personal assistants —Executive Assistant Richard Rosenzweig and five full-time secretaries, who work on staggered shifts beginning at nine A.M. and frequently continuing until midnight, to help cope with the monumental administrative and editorial load their boss carries. Because this has always been a highly personalized operation, a tremendous amount of detail is directed to Hef's attention from both inside and outside the organization. Hef's assistants handle as much of this material for him as possible, redirecting a large part of it to other executives in the company. Of what remains, Rosenzweig explains: "I keep two piles of important material on hand continually, to be discussed with Hef whenever he has a spare moment. The big one includes things that Hef really *ought* to see right away, and the small one is things he absolutely *must* see right away. We just work through the two piles as best and fast as we can."

"Nobody believes it when you tell them, but people really work in that place," says Mort Sahl. "I stayed there for four weeks once, and almost every time I saw him, Hef was working on the *Philosophy*."

Richard Gehman describes Hefner and his work habits thusly in "The Private Life of Hugh Hefner," for *Fact* magazine: "There is an antic vitality about this man quite unlike any subject I have ever interviewed in 30 years as a reporter. When Hefner is around, things *go* . . .

"Shel Silverstein and artist LeRoy Neiman are playing pool with two delectable girls—one a Playmate, the other a Bunny from the Club.

" 'Where is Hef?' I ask Silverstein.

"Concentrating on putting a 6-ball in the corner pocket, Shel says, 'I haven't seen him. . . . I've been here three days and he hasn't surfaced . . .'

"Fourth day, 2 P.M.—Silverstein and I are at the Brunswick again. 'I can't say he's changed much,' says Shel, dropping the 3-ball into a corner. 'In the old days when he first started the magazine, he lived in a room above the office. He used to work in pajamas then. He still works in pajamas.'

"Fourth day, 4:30 P.M.—'I can't say he's changed much either,' says LeRoy Neiman, plunking the 7-ball—and missing. Neiman chews on his cigar. 'He frets over not having enough time to do all the things he wants to do, but basically he's the same Hef he was in the beginning. Still keeps the same goofy hours—works for long periods, sleeps when he feels like it, eats when he feels like it. He's basically a guy dedicated to his work.' "

To the enigma of *What is Hugh Hefner really like?*, Paul Krassner, editor of *The Realist*, adds:

"Hefner is an urban Thoreau. He spends the day wearing pajamas and a pipe, drinking Pepsi-Cola, dictating memos and writing his philosophy. He shows first-run feature films in his huge living room every Sunday afternoon. He provides Thanksgiving dinner every year for all the homeless Bunnies-in-residence. . . . In his basement, there is a billiard room, a steam room and a swimming pool. Next to that is a garage containing a sleek roadster.

"Hugh Hefner is really The Green Hornet."

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Across the third-floor hall from the headquarters of Hefner's personal staff are the Mansion's household offices, presided over by Sally Beals, the house manager, formerly food director for the dormitories at Bryn Mawr—an appropriate background for her additional daily duties as housemother to the double dozen Bunnies who call Hef's house their home.

Occupying the four Bunny Dormitories which comprise the remainder of the third floor and all of the fourth, Sally's cottontailed charges wouldn't trade their Mansion digs for anything less than manors of their own. Besides affording them the full run of its opulent facilities, the Mansion offers resident rabbituettes the off-duty pleasure of one another's company and a standing invitation to all of Hefner's parties. Added to the comfort and conviviality of their Hefnerian habitat, moreover, is the convenience of a tony Near North address that places them within easy walking distance of such popular Chicago locales as Lincoln Park, a favorite lakeside haunt for the equestrian and sailing sets; Oak Street Beach, where most of the Near North naiads spend their summers basking in the briefest of bikinis; Old Town, with its bohemian array of art galleries, coffeehouses, folk and jazz emporiums, *discothèques* and bistros; and Rush Street —the Windy City's neon-lit night-life district, just a hare's breadth or two from the Chicago Playboy Club on Walton Street, where these Bunnies earn their lettuce.

In addition to its full house of do-

"Don't think I haven't noticed how you've been neglecting me this evening, Arnold."

mestic cottontails, the Mansion is currently providing food and shelter for six fledgling British Bunnies—chosen from nearly 1000 European hopefuls—who have come to Chicago to train for their rabbit-eared roles at the London Playboy Club, which will premiere this spring. Overwhelmed by her temporary Chicago home, British bundle Dolly Read—who is currently being test-shot as a possible Playmate during breaks in Bunny training—exclaimed to her cottontail compatriots: "I'll wager there are landed lords and ladies back in England who'd trade their titles for a pad like this one!"

Topping off the house is a sequestered rooftop sun deck installed for the benefit of Mansion misses who often prefer to do their summer sun worshiping *au naturel*. The surrounding area's recent increase in high-rise-apartment construction has cut down somewhat on their privacy, but it hasn't yet managed to inhibit the sun deck's pretty patrons. One local landlord, in fact, reports a neighborhood boom in high-rise rentals among male apartment hunters who willingly forgo fashionable lake-view pads for those with suitable sundeck views. And it's been rumored that some city builders are concerned about slowdowns that keep occurring because their construction crews are logging too many man-hours on lofty girders overlooking the Mansion's rooftop retreat. A feature story on this new male hobby appeared on the society page of *Chicago's American* late last summer:

"One of the last places you'd expect to see girl-watching in full swing is a gathering of a women's benefit committee. But the men's advisory board had been invited. . . . The site of the luncheon, Mrs. William R. Smyth's 29th-floor apartment on Ritchie Court, couldn't have been more acceptable to the male contingent. It overlooks the patio of Hugh Hefner's mansion . . . and the men had high hopes of seeing a few Bunnies running around." Alas, the society writer reported, though the men had the foresight to bring high-powered binoculars with them, it was a cool day, so these resourceful Bunny buffs spotted neither hide nor hare during their lengthy sundeck surveillance.

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The verity of the cliché that variety is the spice of life may be open to debate, but it certainly applies to Hefner's wide circle of friends and professional acquaintances as well as to those who share his residence. Few men's homes have ever entertained so distinguished a list of celebrated contemporaries or, even more notably, served as a common meeting ground for so diverse an assortment of house guests and visitors: artists, authors, attorneys, actors, jazz musicians, nightclub entertainers, sportsmen, royalty, jet setters, Playmates, sociologists, theologians. Some see the Mansion as a restful retreat from their own overcrowded milieus; others seek it out as a scene of sybaritic pleasure; and still others regard it as a unique forum for the private exchange—with Hefner and one another—of new ideas and personal opinions. Whatever their reasons for enjoying Hefner's hospitality, they generally find their stay a satisfying one.

In town recently for a two-week personal appearance, comedian Danny Kaye, a thoroughgoing fan of the Playboy scene, spent several afternoons at the magazine's offices, where, among other things, he disconcerted PLAYBOY's staff photographers by shooting pictures of *them* while they took test shots of a comely candidate for the centerfold; spent several evenings at the Playboy Club; and wound up almost every night at the Playboy Mansion.

Don Adams, star of TV's spy spoof *Get Smart*, is a longtime friend, whose one-day visits to the Mansion have a way of lengthening into a week. Whenever Don is in town, chances are that he, Hef and a couple of their Chicago buddies will be found huddled at one end of the main-room banquet table meditating over their next move in a marathon round of Risk, a board game wherein each participant attempts to conquer the world with the help of some dice, the bad judgment of his fellow combatants and his own lust for power. Pretending to take the game very seriously, Don cracked up the table's would-be world beaters one night by donning a Nazi arm band and SS cap to supervise the Panzer tactics of his army as it marched across the board.

Mort Sahl so enjoyed a recent stay at the Mansion that he returned the favor without request by performing for free at the opening of the San Francisco Playboy Club. Nor is Sahl alone when it comes to such gestures of appreciation. In gratitude for Hef's help in launching his comedy career and for PLAYBOY's editorial and financial support of the civil rights movement, Dick Gregory annually sets aside two weeks from his busy schedule as a comic and a civic leader to appear at the Playboy Club of Hefner's choosing—and refuses to accept any payment for same. When Gregory announced his independent candidacy for the Chicago mayoralty a few weeks ago, he became the second underdog candidate for mayor to visit the Mansion: The first was John Lindsay, New York City's new chief executive, who stopped off at the house for a chat with Hefner during a visit to Chicago shortly before he began his campaign.

Time being something he never has enough of, Hefner occasionally has to bow out of his role as Mansion host to closet himself—sometimes for three or four days running—in round-the-clock conferences and deadline work on closing issues or installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*. But he sees to it, even *in absentia*, that his house guests and visitors have a good time anyway. Hef was behind closed doors recently when old friend Bill "José Jiménez" Dana dropped in unexpectedly, but Bill didn't seem to mind his host's absence; as a matter of fact, he didn't even seem to notice it, perhaps because Bunny-Playmate Nancy Scott, whom he'd admired in pictures and wanted to meet in person, happened to be staying at the house.

Another unexpected visitor, the Maharaja of Jaipur, received a royal reception when he dropped by one afternoon, but an out-of-town business conference prevented Hefner from exchanging amenities with the Indian potentate. Fortunately, the host was at home the night Nathan Leopold, partner in the Leopold-Loeb killing of the Twenties, stopped off at the house en route through Chicago shortly after his widely publicized parole. Introduced by Jeanne Hall, a mutual friend and former Mansion manager, the two men spent several hours together engrossed in earnest conversation about the contradictions between juridical theory and penal practice.

At another late-night get-together—this one with vocalist Mel Tormé and TV's *Fugitive*, David Janssen—Hef literally put his guests to sleep with a demonstration of his prowess as a hypnotist. Nobody slept, however, the night Bob Hope dropped by the house and found fellow funnymen Shel Silverstein, Mort Sahl and Jules Feiffer—house guests all—lounging around the fireplace. The four men sat around trading wisecracks with Hef, one another, and a septet of delighted Mansion misses until almost sunrise.

Another impromptu evening of entertainment was provided by Tony Bennett, who finished an opening-night stint at the Palmer House not long ago, repaired to Hef's house to unwind, had himself a drink, lit a cigarette, loosened his tie, sat down at the piano, tinkled a few bars of *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*, and proceeded to stage an all-night one-man musicale for Hefner, his friends and a roomful of late-blooming Bunnies. The Bunnies themselves were the center of attention another night, when leading legal light Melvin Belli stopped in to chat with Hefner after a recent visit to Russia. Deep in a discussion of the Soviet judicial system, Belli was derailed from his train of thought when a pair of abundantly endowed cottontails sashayed by in Turkish towels on their way to the steam room. "What a relief to be back in Chicago," said Belli. "Did you know that Moscow is the worst major city in the world for meeting attractive women?" Another easily distracted fellow, Robert Mitchum, interrupted a fireside chat with Hefner about quarter horses—a pet interest of his—to cast a long, appraising glance at the thoroughbred form of a passing filly en route downstairs for a midnight dip in her abbreviated bikini.

A former adversary who has become a welcome friend is Reverend Harvey Cox,

a professor at the Harvard Divinity School and author of the highly acclaimed theological tome *The Secular City*. Reverend Cox has frequently appeared with Hefner in campus lecture halls and on network television shows, where they continue a spirited and probing dialog on the drift of the American Sexual Revolution; although they originally approached their subject from diametrically opposed viewpoints, the two men have found a remarkably wide area of agreement in their discussion and debate, not only in public, but in private conversations at the Mansion as well. Debate was also the order of the day when 25 of the nation's highest-ranking social scientists—in Chicago to attend a recent convention of the American Sociology Association—convened at the Mansion for a cocktail buffet and several hours' worth of lively polemical give and take with Hefner and co-host Dr. Paul Gebhard, Director of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University.

Less formal occasions, but no less enjoyable ones for Hefner, are his unplanned fireside tête-à-têtes with such diverse friends as jazzman Gerry Mulligan, who often drops by after a gig for a few rounds of Scotch-and-milk ("The milk," he explains, "is to soothe the ulcer I got from drinking too much Scotch"); and couturier Oleg Cassini, who candidly admits to a personal preference for the configuration of PLAYBOY's Playmates over the swizzle-stick figures of the *haute-couture* mannequins.

No less candid than Cassini, on a recent visit to the Mansion, was movie director Otto Preminger, in commenting on PLAYBOY's nude pictorial of Carol Lynley, the shapely star of his then-forthcoming picture *Bunny Lake Is Missing*. "I cannot promise you," he told Hefner with a smile, "that Miss Lynley will look as good when working for me as she does when working for you."

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No phase of the good life at the Mansion matches in reputation the far-flung fame of Hefner's legendary parties—Gatsbyesque whee-for-alls in the grand manor (and the grand manner) that leave the launching pad at midnight and orbit until dawn, with a passenger list of 400 or 500 revelers aboard. No sooner will you enter the main room—arriving at a fashionable three or four, when the revelry has reached its apogee—than you'll find yourself swept up in the heady atmosphere that prevails at these sumptuously swinging galas, and greeted by a phantasmagoria of sight and sound: crimson-liveried housemen threading their way through the throngs bearing trays of hot and cold canapés, mixed drinks and champagne; the throbbing go-go beat of the combo in the corner, where Sal Mineo's sitting in on drums tonight; June "The Bosom" Wilkinson, in a skintight sheath, fruging up a storm in the middle of the dance floor; Hugh O'Brian chatting over cocktails with an elegantly gowned Chicago socialite just arrived from an evening at the opera; bikinied beauties still dewy from a dip in the pool checking out the action in the ballroom—and male scouting parties checking *them* out.

Girlwise throughout the house, the eyes emphatically have it. Bunnies from the Club, secretaries and other fetching distaffers from the magazine, modish mannequins from Playboy Models, ladies fair from Hefner's personal party list of the most attractive unattached girls in town, they often outnumber the male guests by a delightfully disproportionate two to one.

Thus inspired, you'll find that these feteful occasions offer golden opportunities (not to mention redheads and brunettes) for kindling new acquaintances and reviving old ones: in the overflowing main room; in the halls; on the stairways; in the Underwater Bar, already romantically abrim with couples in the mood for low-key lighting and stereo to match; around the swimming pool, and even in it, where misses in minimal swimwear splash about among friendly all-male schools of pool sharks. Just a few steps away—in a sporting world apart—the party's smaller but no less festive contingent of terra-firma pool sharks, slot-car racers, roulette players, devotees of the pinball machine, and their kibitzers, are busy pursuing their respective predilections in the quietly elegant environs of the game room.

Back upstairs, meanwhile, hungry guests are converging on the main room's groaning banquet board—a *haute-cuisine* buffet of glazed hams, roasts of beef, smoked turkeys, shrimps Creole, asparagus Hollandaise, *rissolé* potatoes, heaping salad boats, strawberry mousse, Mansion-baked pastries, fresh fruits in and out of season, and trays of domestic and imported cheeses, among other Lucullan provender. A choice of choice vintages from the Mansion's wine cellar augments the free-flowing bubbly.

A little later, around four or five, Bunnies just off work from the Club begin to make the Mansion scene—comfortably cottontailless in muumuus, grannies, halters and hip-huggers—for a late raid on the buffet, a nightcap, or perhaps simply for a deep draught of exhilarating party atmosphere. Songster-satirist Allan Sherman was so snowed by the Bunnies he met at a Hefner bash that he later penned a touching love ballad in their memory: *You're Getting to Be a Rabbit with Me*.

One of the hallmarks of a full-scale Mansion revel is the generous sprinkling of such celebrities who turn up—and turn on.

At one weekend wingding, Jerry Lewis and Mort Sahl melded their respective stocks in trade—slapstick and satire—into an evening of unrehearsed hilarity for those who were fortunate enough to be in the game room where Jerry and Mort happened to run into each other. In an ironic mood, Lenny Bruce showed up at another party wildly waving a *Variety* clipping under Hef's nose; it reported a novel San Francisco engagement in which Lenny *hadn't* been busted for obscenity. In the salubrious setting of a somewhat less frenetic fete at the house, Eddie Fisher found his baritone blues easier to lose during the period of his marital crack-up with Elizabeth Taylor.

Director Elia Kazan dropped in for a quick drink at still another shindig—but wound up huddling with Hef instead about the contemplated Playboy movie. Frank Sinatra, too, was interested in business before pleasure the night he was the guest of honor at a recent Hefnerian hoedown; side-stepping a gaggle of glamorous admirers, he made a beeline for Hefner to confab about the need for a new Hollywood trade newspaper which he thought his host should publish.

On another night, Dick Gregory brought an unexpected but welcome friend to meet Hefner and the other celebrants at a mammoth Mansion bash: James Meredith, the first Negro to be enrolled at Ole Miss. Arriving unexpectedly *alone* at a particularly swinging soiree, Steve Rossi, the bug-eyed, bushy-haired half of Allen and Rossi, the antic comedy team, soon cut up enough for two when he whipped the towel off a passing poolside pretty—only to discover to his chagrin that she sported a bathing suit underneath.

Hefner himself wasn't as foresighted the night he took an unscheduled dip in the drink: He was bedecked at the time in his best non-wash-and-wear gray flannels. Refusing to blow his cool, however, he surfaced with the omnipresent pipe still clenched firmly between his teeth. Compared, however, to jazz canary Ann Richards (Stan Kenton's ex-wife, whom readers will remember as the eye-filling subject of a PLAYBOY pictorial), Hefner is all wet as an aquatic star. Fully dressed, she, too, took the plunge in an unrehearsed partytime performance at the pool one night; but she emerged a few moments later—attended by an eager retinue of solicitous males—with her black-crepe dress shrinking stylishly to mid-thigh length and clinging to her like a second skin.

Fond of having the last literary word, Norman Mailer wrote this evocative description of a Playboy party after a long day's night of merrymaking at the Mansion: "The party was very big, and it was a good party. The music went all the way down into the hour or two before breakfast, but no one saw the dawn

come in, because the party was at Hugh Hefner's house, which is one of the most extraordinary houses in America. I never saw the sky from that room, and so there was a timeless, spaceless sensation. . . . Timeless, spaceless, it was outward bound. One was in an ocean liner which traveled at the bottom of the sea, on a spaceship wandering down the galaxy along a night whose duration was a year."

• • •

If he had visited the Mansion on a Sunday afternoon, Mailer might have found the place even more dreamily divorced from the mundane outside world, for this is the day—at the end of the work week's occupations—when Hefner invites an informal group of 20 or 30 friends, house guests, PLAYBOY editors and resident Bunnies to join him in the main room for one of the few occasions that have become a tradition in an otherwise habitless household: the screening of a new feature film, often the preview of a major motion picture well in advance of its national premiere. Gathering between four-thirty and five, the guests sip drinks and chat together in small groups, lounging comfortably on chairs and couches, as the double doors of the projection room are opened and the 18-foot screen is lowered to its proper position on the opposite wall.

When Hef sits down, the house lights dim and the projectors are switched on to begin the show, transforming the baronial main room into a cozy art theater. These pleasantly informal entertainments also make it possible for PLAYBOY to run timely reviews of those pictures the editors feel will be most enjoyed by its several million readers. Art, experimental and foreign movies that may be censored before their public release in America are screened at the Mansion in their uncut versions, if they hold promise of a possible pictorial feature for the magazine. And sometimes a really outstanding film will have what critic Arthur Knight, co-author of PLAYBOY's continuing series, *The History of Sex in Cinema*, calls "a prepremiere world preview" at the Mansion. This was the case with Robert Rossen's now-classic *The Hustler*, with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason and George C. Scott, which was based on a short story of the same name first published in PLAYBOY in 1957. It also happened with *Dr. No*, the first James Bond thriller, which Hefner screened at the Mansion several months before its official release.

But not all the movies viewed at the Mansion are new to all of Hefner's guests: Last fall, when Hef presented a private Sunday preview of Stanley Kramer's *Ship of Fools*, both Lee Marvin, the virtuoso character actor, and Michael Dunn, the multitalented dwarf, were in the audience to see themselves as others see them. In another unique private screening, Hefner arranged in November for the closed-circuit telecast of the Cassius Clay–Floyd Patterson heavyweight-championship fight to be fed directly into the Mansion for the delectation of his guests.

After the Sunday screenings, there's a lively exchange of views on the merits of the film, followed by shoptalk among the staffers, small talk among the house guests and girl talk among the Bunnies—almost everyone with pre-prandial cocktails now in hand. A cornucopian buffet of roast beef, charcoal-broiled ribs, curried salad, Mansion-made cheesecake and other delicacies awaits anyone who's ready for a late-afternoon collation—and most are. Some guests may want to take a dip in the pool or play a few games of billiards or simply drink and talk *à deux* in the Underwater Bar. The option is theirs, because this is the way Hef has arranged it. A salubrious sense of relaxed and spontaneous informality prevails; you may see a gaggle of off-duty Bunnies in the middle of the main room displaying their form—and forms—at the latest *discothèque* dances. Or Shel Silverstein may be regaling a group of folk fans with a rasping rendition of his own wild, wailing laments *Who Been Scorin'?*, *Boa Constrictor* and *Ever-Lovin' Machine*. Hef, meanwhile, may be chatting quietly with Mort Sahl about life and love and LSD. It's not unusual for these postmovie gatherings to wend their way thusly through the night—despite the fact that some of the guests are nine-to-five types who have to be at their desks bright and early Monday morning. Ensconced in the sybaritic, hermetic limbo of round-the-clock life in the Mansion, it's easy to lose track not only of the hour but of time itself.

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In a very real sense, the Mansion is an architectural embodiment of Hefner's dual nature, enabling him to enjoy both companionship and solitude, isolation from the everyday world yet immediate access to it; total involvement with his far-flung enterprises, yet the objectivity of physical removal from their purely routine operation; the sensuous pleasure of sumptuous surroundings; yet the almost ascetic need for contemplative sequestration. In short, the Mansion is Hefner's own self-created, self-contained, self-controlled environment, almost symbiotically sensitive and responsive to his personality and predilections.

"That's what progress is all about—man's ability to control his environment," says Hefner. "It's what sets him apart most dramatically from the lower animals. He's come a long way since the days of the cave man; his home today is more than simply a shelter from the elements and a place to eat and sleep. With the invention of the phonograph, the radio, moving pictures and television, it's a place to be entertained as well. It can become a private world, a place to work and play, an extension of oneself."

The writer of the *Life* article on "Hefnerland" wrote without comprehension that Hef was "virtually sealed off from the world in his 48-room, $800,000 Chicago Mansion . . . [in] rooms so curtained, that there is no day, no night, no sense of time . . ."

But Tom Wolfe understood the "true motif" of the Mansion when he described it, in his *New York Herald Tribune* story, as "the glorious controlled environment."

"But who in New York will get all this?" Wolfe wondered. "The idea of the high life in New York, when one owns a $48,000,000-a-year business, the idea is the old idea of *being seen*. . . . New York keeps trying to hang onto this, the old feudal, patrimonial idea of status hierarchies, the being seen, meeting the right people and all that. Practically nobody here realizes what is going on out there. . . . They're all out there with Hugh Hefner at the very forefront, living the new . . . style of life. Avant-garde living! The contemporary recluse!

"The Second World War started off a chain of good times and advances in electronic technology that is now enabling millions to live the full life . . . as status dropouts. . . . 20th Century technologies have made it possible for them to lead a full life—a *damned full life* here!—without *going out* among the community. They can turn their own households into the *stage*, only a stage this time with themselves at the center of it, isolated, insulated, within discreet and rather marvelous electronic worlds . . .

"Only one man, in exemplary fashion, has lived out the new style for all to see, the king of the status dropouts, exactly! Hugh Hefner.

"Hefner's genius has been to drop out of the orthodox status competition and to use money and technology to convert his habitat into a stage. . . . Through the more and more sophisticated use of machines, Hefner, and to a lesser degree millions of *homemakers* outside of New York, have turned their homes into wonderlands, almost complete status spheres all their own. . . . Hef—in a James Bond world. The contemporary recluse—the Consumer King! Hef—at the center of the world, amid the dials . . ."

With its futuristic array of accouterments of the good life, the Mansion is an advance look, Hef feels, at the kind of home civilized man will be building for himself, and the kind of life he'll be leading, at the turn of the next century. Thanks to the Playboy Mansion, Hefner's leading that life today—and having a ball in the process.

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 66)*

of the law. The defendant says (and with complete plausibility) that had he used such words, the addressee would not have understood them. It must be remembered that there is a substantial segment of our society whose speech consists in good part of participial adjectives with four-letter or Chaucerian words as roots. To be sure, this vast collection of words and phrases has not yet qualified for Webster's dictionary, but this deficiency has been recently remedied by an entire dictionary of such words and phrases, available at the better bookstores and entitled "The Dictionary of American Slang," in the pages of which are to be found a wide assortment of four-letter words and their varied usages. In using these two words, says the defendant, he chose words the addressee would understand. These are the identical words used dozens of times in "Lady Chatterley's Lover" and in any war-story best seller containing dialog between members of the armed forces of various nations . . .

The trial judge pronounced his judgment of conviction at the close of the testimony. This result I find quite in conflict with the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States and New York's highest court. I am opposed to criminal sanctions for the writing of private letters dealing with homosexuality and containing four-letter words, anatomical or scatological, even though used in a letter dealing with matters not altogether parlor conversation. After all, the defendant only used one once. As for the three-letter word (also used but once) referred to by the majority, I seriously doubt that "contemporary community standards" call for jail sentences because of its use to indicate the anal area. I had rather thought that every discerning first-grade grammar school teacher had by now faced the duality of meaning between the patient beast of burden and the nether anatomical regions and by an initial understanding of such duality with the students at the opening of school avoided countless titters from the class for the remainder of the term.

Certainly this young man should not be convicted of a crime for the use of these two words. . . . If revelations of homosexual practices set forth in sealed private letters are to be brought within the purview of the statute, then let it be publicly known that the public writes at its peril and that only that should be written which will pass the ultimate censorship of judges and juries. If true enforcement is to be obtained, the Post Office Department will have to keep steam kettles boiling on a 24-hour schedule so that offenders may be apprehended. If this letter, so patently not intended to pander to the "prurient," and not doing so when read in its entirety, keeping in mind its purpose (quite largely informational), is to be held the means of imposing a criminal conviction upon this young man, then we really have cause for worry. "1984" and "Big Brother" are already here.

The U. S. Supreme Court declined to review the conviction, even though the majority opinion of the Court of Appeals had invited such a review. We think this infringement of constitutional rights is too flagrant to avoid Supreme Court review for long, however. In the interim, recognizing that such foul censorship flourishes in the dark and tends to wither away when the bright light of enlightened public attention is brought to bear on it, we will welcome hearing from other current victims of invasion of postal privacy.

"It's the first real peace I've had in years, what with Mike in jail and all the kids in reform school."

PLAYBOY FOUNDATION

I am very happy to hear of the creation of the Playboy Foundation. PLAYBOY is virtually the only organization with the stature and popular support necessary to confront the extremely powerful forces of intolerance that are still the controlling element in our society.

It is, therefore, very encouraging to see PLAYBOY assuming a degree of responsibility and leadership in attempting to resolve some of the most unfortunate intrusions upon individual liberty by our governments.

You have my wholehearted support—including whatever financial backing I can muster. Enclosed is my check for $50 as a starter.

Byron F. Mische
Sunnyvale, California

Enclosed is the first of what I hope can be a series of token contributions to the Playboy Foundation. Although I sometimes think that someone should start a foundation to help *me* financially, I find that even tranquilizers fail to

calm me to the point where I can stay out of the state-sex-law fight. Hereafter the Playboy Foundation gets my tranquilizer money. Keep up the fine work. In my view, PLAYBOY is a refreshingly moral magazine.

Stephen K. Campbell
Denver, Colorado

My wife and I can hear the tolling of John Donne's bell. Please accept the enclosed check as our contribution to the Playboy Foundation. We wish it could be more.

If the Foundation is successful in its stated aims, the benefits to humanity and America will be immeasurable.

J. K. Anderson
Shelton, Washington

I am enclosing a check to help further my belief in the rights of the individual to do with himself whatever he likes as long as it does not harm others.

James F. Palmer, II
Fort Hood, Texas

God made a beautiful world, if man would only let it become beautiful, quit forcing his beliefs on his neighbors, and let his neighbors become responsible for their own acts.

Enclosed you'll find a donation to the Playboy Foundation.

Thank God for someone with your courage.

J. George Johnson
Billings, Montana

Blind egocentric prose has no place here. We wish simply to affirm, with the enclosed check, our support of the position taken by *The Playboy Philosophy* and, we sincerely hope, firmly reinforced in the future by the Playboy Foundation.

We would like to suggest a motto to serve as a rallying point for those committed to the resolution of the issues joined by the Foundation. To the intended irony of the following lines by Marvell one may, in the present situation, add much.

The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Kudos to Hefner and PLAYBOY.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Hayden
Holliston, Massachusetts

Thank whatever gods there be for those *few* in the world who match their *words* with *action*! Having added many a vocal "amen" to your philosophical dissertations, I enclose a humble "hallelujah" in the form of a contribution to your newly formed Playboy Foundation. Each of us now can play a personal part in the fight against U. S. sex suppression and hypocrisy.

Jack C. Rossetter
Elmwood Park, Illinois

"This is the last time we ever let you order the stag movies!"

You are proposing a considerable legal and social reform through PLAYBOY and the Playboy Foundation. I hope you have the judgment and tenacity for a prolonged struggle. A check is enclosed.

Clark Lindley
Dallas, Texas

We wish to express our deep-felt appreciation to the several hundred PLAYBOY *readers who have responded with contributions to the Playboy Foundation since its formation was announced a few issues ago. More information about the Foundation will appear in future "Playboy Forum" columns.*

DONN CALDWELL CASE

The Donn Caldwell case (*The Playboy Forum*, June and September, 1965) is truly horrible, and I'm pleased to see that, through the Playboy Foundation, something may yet be done about it. I wish Mr. Caldwell the very best, but what about the thousands of others—good folk, most of them—still in prisons for similar "offenses"? And with no future when they do get out.

I've been through it, and for that reason will ask you to withhold my name and address if you should decide to publish this letter. I was able to get started again through sheer luck, the kindness of a friend, and unremitting care in living a lie. Most don't make it, and we lose some damn fine engineers, doctors, teachers, and just-plain-slobs who don't matter—except that they're people, too. These are the modern martyrs. And, in my book, heroes. What about them?

And tell us more about the Playboy Foundation. I like the sound of it—and I'm enclosing a check as my personal contribution—but tell us more.

(Name and address withheld by request)

See next month's "Playboy Forum" for important news regarding the Donn Caldwell case. As further plans for the Playboy Foundation are formulated—action contemplated and taken—we will report on them here.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Three booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1–7, 8–12 and 13–18, are available at $1 per booklet. Address all correspondence on either "Philosophy" or "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

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 (continued from page 102)

He sat there, his hair in his eyes, eating, drinking, laughing now and again, and in a very strange way, and teasing the dog at his feet so that it sleepily growled and snapped all through the birthday dinner.

"Stop that," said Eric's father.

"Stop what?" asked Jamie.

"Let that stinking, useless dog alone. Let him be quiet."

"Leave the beast alone," said Eric's mother—very wearily, sounding as she often sounded when talking to Eric.

"Well, now," said Jamie, grinning, and looking first at Eric's father and then at Eric's mother, "it *is* my beast. And a man's got a right to do as he likes with whatever's his."

"That dog's got a right to bite you, too," said Eric's mother, shortly.

"This dog's not going to bite me," said Jamie, "he knows I'll shoot him if he does."

"That dog knows you're not going to shoot him," said Eric's father. "Then you *would* be all alone."

"All alone," said Jamie, and looked around the table. "All alone." He lowered his eyes to his plate.

Eric's father watched him. He said, "It's pretty serious to be all alone at *your* age." He smiled. "If I was you, I'd start thinking about it."

"I'm thinking about it," said Jamie. He began to grow red.

"No, you're not," said Eric's father, "you're dreaming about it."

"Well, goddamnit," said Jamie, even redder now, "it isn't as though I haven't tried!"

"Ah," said Eric's father, "that was a *real* dream, that was. I used to pick *that* up on the streets of town every Saturday night."

"Yes," said Jamie, "I bet you did."

"I didn't think she was as bad as all that," said Eric's mother, quietly. "*I* liked her. I was surprised when—she ran away."

"Jamie didn't know how to keep her," said Eric's father. He looked at Eric and chanted: "*Jamie, Jamie, pumpkin-eater, had a wife and couldn't keep her!*" At this, Jamie at last looked up, into the eyes of Eric's father. Eric laughed out of fear. Jamie said:

"Ah, yes, you can talk, you can."

"It's not my fault," said Eric's father, "if you're getting old—and haven't got anybody to bring you your slippers when night comes—and no pitter-patter of little feet——"

"Oh, leave Jamie alone," said Eric's mother, "he's *not* old, leave him alone."

Jamie laughed a peculiar, high, clicking laugh which Eric had never heard before, which he did not like, which made him want to look away and, at the same time, want to stare. "Hell, no," said Jamie, "I'm not old. I can still do all the things we used to do." He put his elbows on the table, grinning. "I haven't ever told you, have I, about the things we used to do?"

"No, you haven't," said Eric's mother, "and I certainly don't want to hear about them now."

"He wouldn't tell you anyway," said Eric's father, "he knows what I'd do to him if he did."

"Oh, sure," said Jamie, and laughed again. He picked up a bone from his plate. "Here," he said to Eric, "why don't you feed my poor mistreated dog?"

Eric took the bone and stood up, whistling for the dog, who moved away from his master and took the bone between his teeth. Jamie watched with a smile and opened the bottle of whiskey and poured himself a drink. Eric sat on the ground beside the dog, beginning to be sleepy in the bright, bright sun.

"Little Eric's getting big," he heard his father say.

"Yes," said Jamie, "they grow up fast. It won't be long now."

"Won't be long *what*?" he heard his father ask.

"Why, before he starts skirt-chasing like his daddy used to do," said Jamie. There was mild laughter at the table in which his mother did not join; he heard, instead, or thought he heard, the familiar, slight, exasperated intakes of her breath. No one seemed to care whether he came back to the table or not. He lay on his back, staring up at the sky, wondering—wondering what he would feel like when he was old—and fell asleep.

When he awoke, his head was in his mother's lap, for she was sitting on the ground. Jamie and his father were still sitting at the table; he knew this from their voices, for he did not open his eyes. He did not want to move or speak. He wanted to remain where he was, protected by his mother, while the bright day rolled on. Then he wondered about the uncut birthday cake. But he was sure, from the sound of Jamie's voice, which was thicker now, that they had not cut it yet; or if they had, they had certainly saved a piece for him.

"—ate himself just as full as he could and then fell asleep in the sun like a little animal," Jamie was saying, and the two men laughed. His father—though he scarcely ever got as drunk as Jamie did, and had often carried Jamie home from The Rafters—was a little drunk, too.

Eric felt his mother's hand on his hair. By opening his eyes very slightly, he could see, over the curve of his mother's thigh, as through a veil, a green slope far away, and beyond it the everlasting, motionless sky.

"—she was a no-good *bitch*," said Jamie.

"She was beautiful," said his mother, just above him.

Again, they were talking about Jamie's wife.

"Beauty!" said Jamie, furious. "Beauty doesn't keep a house clean. Beauty doesn't keep a bed warm, either."

Eric's father laughed. "You were so—poetical—in those days, Jamie," he said. "Nobody thought you cared much about things like that. I guess she thought you didn't care, neither."

"I cared," said Jamie, briefly.

"In fact," Eric's father continued, "I *know* she thought you didn't care."

"*How* do you know?" asked Jamie.

"She told me," Eric's father said.

"What do you mean," asked Jamie, "what do you mean she told you?"

"I mean just that. She told me."

Jamie was silent.

"In those days," Eric's father continued after a moment, "all you did was walk around the woods by yourself in the daytime and sit around The Rafters in the evenings with me."

"You two were always together then," said Eric's mother.

"Well," said Jamie, harshly, "at least that hasn't changed."

"Now, you know," said Eric's father, gently, "it's not the same. Now I got a wife and kid—and another one coming."

Eric's mother stroked his hair more gently, yet with something in her touch more urgent, too, and he knew she was thinking of the child who lay in the churchyard, who would have been his sister.

"Yes," said Jamie, "you really got it all fixed up, you did. You got it all—the wife, the kid, the house, and all the land."

"I didn't steal your farm from you. It wasn't my fault you lost it. I gave you a better price for it than anybody else would have done."

"I'm not blaming you. I know all the things I have to thank you for."

There was a short pause, broken, hesitantly, by Eric's mother. "What I don't understand," she said, "is why, when you went away to the city, you didn't *stay* away. You didn't really have anything to keep you here."

There was the sound of a drink being poured. Then, "No. I didn't have nothing—*really*—to keep me here. Just all the things I ever knew—all the things—*all* the things—I *ever* cared about."

"A man's not supposed to sit around and mope," said Eric's father, wrathfully, "for things that are over and dead and finished, things that can't *ever* begin again, that can't ever be the same again. That's what I mean when I say you're a dreamer—and if you hadn't kept on dreaming so long, you might not be alone now."

"Ah, well," said Jamie, mildly, and with a curious rush of affection in his voice, "I know you're the giant killer, the hunter, the lover—the real old

Adam, that's you. I know you're going to cover the earth. I know the world depends on men like you."

"And you're damn right," said Eric's father, after an uneasy moment.

Around Eric's head there was a buzzing, a bee, perhaps, a bluefly, or a wasp. He hoped that his mother would see it and brush it away, but she did not move her hand. And he looked out again, through the veil of his eyelashes, at the slope and the sky, and then he saw that the sun had moved and that it would not be long now before it would be going.

"—just like you already," Jamie said.

"You think my little one's like me?" Eric knew that his father was smiling—he could almost feel his father's hands.

"Looks like you, walks like you, talks like you," said Jamie.

"*And* stubborn like you," said Eric's mother.

"Ah, yes," said Jamie, and sighed. "You married the stubbornest, most determined—most selfish—man I know."

"I didn't know you felt that way," said Eric's father. He was still smiling.

"I'd have warned you about him," Jamie added, laughing, "if there'd been time."

"Everyone who knows you feels that way," said Eric's mother, and Eric felt a sudden brief tightening of the muscle in her thigh.

"Oh, *you*," said Eric's father, "I know *you* feel that way, women like to feel that way, it makes them feel important. But," and he changed to the teasing tone he took so persistently with Jamie today, "I didn't know my fine friend, Jamie, here——"

It was odd how unwilling he was to open his eyes. Yet he felt the sun on him and knew that he wanted to rise from where he was before the sun went down. He did not understand what they were talking about this afternoon, these grownups he had known all his life; by keeping his eyes closed he kept their conversation far from him. And his mother's hand lay on his head like a blessing, like protection. And the buzzing had ceased, the bee, the bluefly or the wasp seemed to have flown away.

"—if it's a boy this time," his father said, "we'll name it after you."

"That's touching," said Jamie, "but that really won't do me—or the kid—a hell of a lot of good."

"Jamie can get married and have kids of his own any time he decides to," said Eric's mother.

"No," said his father, after a long pause, "Jamie's thought about it too long."

And, suddenly, he laughed and Eric sat up as his father slapped Jamie on the knee. At the touch, Jamie leaped up, shouting, spilling his drink and overturning his chair, and the dog beside Eric awoke and began to bark. For a moment, before Eric's unbelieving eyes, there was nothing in the yard but noise and flame.

His father rose slowly and stared at Jamie. "What's the matter with you?"

"What's the matter with me!" mimicked Jamie, "what's the matter with me? What the hell do you care what's the matter with me! What the hell have you been riding me for all day like this? What do you want? What do you *want*?"

"I want you to learn to hold your liquor, for one thing," said his father, coldly. The two men stared at each other. Jamie's face was red and ugly and tears stood in his eyes. The dog, at his legs, kept up a furious prancing and barking. Jamie bent down and, with one hand, with all his might, slapped his dog, which rolled over, howling, and ran away to hide itself under the shadows of the far gray wall.

Then Jamie stared again at Eric's father, trembling, and pushed his hair back from his eyes.

"You better pull yourself together," Eric's father said. And, to Eric's mother: "Get him some coffee. He'll be all right."

Jamie set his glass on the table and picked up the overturned chair. Eric's mother rose and went into the kitchen. Eric remained sitting on the ground, staring at the two men, his father and his father's best friend, who had become so unfamiliar. His father, with something in his face that Eric had never before seen there, a tenderness, a sorrow—or perhaps it was, after all, the look he sometimes wore when approaching a calf he was about to slaughter—looked down at Jamie where he sat, head bent, at the table. "You take things too hard," he said. "You always have. I was only teasing you for your own good."

Jamie did not answer. His father looked over to Eric, and smiled.

"Come on," he said. "You and me are going for a walk."

Eric, passing on the side of the table farthest from Jamie, went to his father and took his hand.

"Pull yourself together," his father said to Jamie. "We're going to cut your birthday cake as soon as me and the little one come back."

Eric and his father passed beyond the gray wall where the dog still whimpered, out into the fields. Eric's father was walking too fast and Eric stumbled on the uneven ground. When they had gone a little distance his father abruptly checked his pace and looked down at Eric, grinning.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I guess I said we were going for a walk, not running to put out a fire."

"What's the matter with Jamie?" Eric asked.

"Oh," said his father, looking westward where the sun was moving, pale orange now, making the sky ring with brass and copper and gold—which, like a magician, she was presenting only to demonstrate how variously they could be transformed—"Oh," he repeated, "there's nothing wrong with Jamie. He's been drinking a lot," and he grinned down at Eric, "and he's been sitting in the sun—you know, his hair's not as thick as yours," and he ruffled Eric's hair, "and I guess birthdays make him nervous. Hell," he said, "they make me nervous, too."

"Jamie's *very* old," said Eric, "isn't he?"

His father laughed. "Well, Butch, he's not exactly ready to fall into the grave yet—he's going to be around awhile, is Jamie. Hey," he said, and looked down at Eric again, "you must think I'm an old man, too."

"Oh," said Eric, quickly, "I know you're not as old as Jamie."

His father laughed again. "Well, thank you, son. That shows real confidence. I'll try to live up to it."

They walked in silence for a while and then his father said, not looking at Eric, speaking to himself, it seemed, or to the air: "No, Jamie's not so old. He's not as old as he should be."

"How old *should* he be?" asked Eric.

"Why," said his father, "he ought to be his age," and, looking down at Eric's face, he burst into laughter again.

"Ah," he said, finally, and put his hand on Eric's head again, very gently, very sadly, "don't you worry now about what you don't understand. The time is coming when you'll have to worry—but that time hasn't come yet."

Then they walked till they came to the steep slope that led to the railroad tracks, down, down, far below them, where a small train seemed to be passing forever through the countryside, smoke, like the very definition of idleness, blowing out of the chimney stack of the toy locomotive. Eric thought, resentfully, that he scarcely ever saw a train pass when he came here alone. Beyond the railroad tracks was the river where they sometimes went swimming in the summer. The river was hidden from them now by the high bank where there were houses and where tall trees grew.

"And this," said his father, "is where your land ends."

"What?" said Eric.

His father squatted on the ground and put one hand on Eric's shoulder. "You know all the way we walked, from the house?" Eric nodded. "Well," said his father, "that's your land."

Eric looked back at the long way they had come, feeling his father watching him.

His father, with a pressure on his shoulder, made him turn; he pointed: "And over there. It belongs to you." He turned him again. "And that," he said, "that's yours, too."

Eric stared at his father. "Where does it end?" he asked.

His father rose. "I'll show you that another day," he said. "But it's farther than you can walk."

They started walking slowly, in the direction of the sun.

"When did it get to be mine?" asked Eric.

"The day you were born," his father said, and looked down at him and smiled.

"My father," he said, after a moment, "had some of this land—and when he died, it was mine. He held onto it for me. And I did my best with the land I had, and I got some more. I'm holding onto it for you."

He looked down to see if Eric was listening. Eric was listening, staring at his father and looking around him at the great countryside.

"When I get to be a real old man," said his father, "even older than old Jamie there—you're going to have to take care of all this. When I die it's going to be yours." He paused and stopped; Eric looked up at him. "When you get to be a big man, like your poppa, you're going to get married and have children. And all this is going to be theirs."

"And when *they* get married?" Eric prompted.

"All this will belong to *their* children," his father said.

"Forever?" cried Eric.

"Forever," said his father.

They turned and started walking toward the house.

"Jamie," Eric asked at last, "how much land has *he* got?"

"Jamie doesn't have any land," his father said.

"Why not?" asked Eric.

"He didn't take care of it," his father said, "and he lost it."

"Jamie doesn't have a wife anymore, either, does he?" Eric asked.

"No," said his father. "He didn't take care of her, either."

"And he doesn't have any little boy," said Eric—very sadly.

"No," said his father. Then he grinned. "But *I* have."

"*Why* doesn't Jamie have a little boy?" asked Eric.

His father shrugged. "Some people do, Eric, some people don't."

"Will I?" asked Eric.

"Will you what?" asked his father.

"Will *I* get married and have a little boy?"

His father seemed for a moment both amused and checked. He looked down at Eric with a strange, slow smile. "Of course you will," he said at last. "Of course you will." And he held out his arms. "Come," he said, "climb up. I'll ride you on my shoulders home."

So Eric rode on his father's shoulders through the wide green fields that belonged to him, into the yard which held the house that would hear the first cries of his children. His mother and Jamie sat at the table talking quietly in the silver sun. Jamie had washed his face and combed his hair, he seemed calmer, he was smiling.

"Ah," cried Jamie, "the lord, the master of this house arrives! And bears on his shoulders the prince, the son and heir!" He described a flourish, bowing low in the yard. "My lords! Behold your humble, most properly chastised servant, desirous of your—compassion, your love and your forgiveness!"

"Frankly," said Eric's father, putting Eric on the ground, "I'm not sure that this is an improvement." He looked at Jamie and frowned and grinned. "Let's cut the cake."

Eric stood with his mother in the kitchen while she lit the candles—35, one, as they said, to grow on, though Jamie, surely, was far past the growing age—and followed her as she took the cake outside. Jamie took the great, gleaming knife and held it with a smile.

"Happy birthday!" they cried—only Eric said nothing—and then Eric's mother said, "You have to blow out the candles, Jamie, before you cut the cake."

"It looks so pretty the way it is," Jamie said.

"Go ahead," said Eric's father, and clapped him on the back, "be a man."

Then the dog, once more beside his master, awoke, growling, and this made everybody laugh. Jamie laughed loudest. Then he blew out the candles, all of them at once, and Eric watched him as he cut the cake. Jamie raised his eyes and looked at Eric and it was at this moment, as the suddenly blood-red sun was striking the topmost tips of trees, that Eric had looked into Jamie's eyes. Jamie smiled that strange smile of an old man and Eric moved closer to his mother.

"The first piece for Eric," said Jamie then, and extended it to him on the silver blade.

• • •

That had been near the end of summer, nearly two months ago. Very shortly after the birthday party, his mother had fallen ill and had had to be taken away. Then his father spent more time than ever at The Rafters; he and Jamie came home in the evenings stumbling drunk. Sometimes, during the time that Eric's mother was away, Jamie did not go home at all, but spent the night at the farmhouse; and once or twice Eric had awakened in the middle of the night, or near dawn, and heard Jamie's footsteps walking up and down, walking up and down, in the big room downstairs. It had been a strange and dreadful time, a time of waiting, stillness and silence. His father rarely went into the fields, scarcely raised himself to give orders to his farm hands—it was unnatural, it was frightening, to find him around the house all day, and Jamie was there always, Jamie and his dog. Then one day Eric's father told him that his mother was coming home but that she would not be bringing him a baby brother or sister, not this time, nor in any time to come. He started to say something more, then looked at Jamie, who was standing by, and walked out of the house. Jamie followed him slowly, his hands in his pockets and his head bent. From the time of the birthday party, as though he were repenting of that outburst, or as though it had frightened him, Jamie had become more silent than ever.

When his mother came back she seemed to have grown older-old; she seemed to have shrunk within herself, away from them all, even, in a kind of storm of love and helplessness, away from Eric; but, oddly, and most particularly, away from Jamie. It was in nothing she said, nothing she did—or perhaps it was in everything she said and did. She washed and cooked for Jamie as before, took him into account as much as before as a part of the family, made him take second helpings at the table, smiled good night to him as he left the house—it was only that something had gone out of her familiarity. She seemed to do all that she did out of memory and from a great distance. And if something had gone out of her ease, something had come into it, too, a curiously still attention, as though she had been startled by some new aspect of something she had always known. Once or twice at the supper table, Eric caught her regard bent on Jamie, who, obliviously, ate. He could not read her look, but it reminded him of that moment at the birthday party when he had looked into Jamie's eyes. She seemed to be looking at Jamie as though she were wondering why she had not looked at him before; or as though she were discovering, with some surprise, that she had never really liked him but also felt, in her weariness and weakness, that it did not really matter now.

Now, as Eric entered the yard, he saw her standing in the kitchen doorway, looking out, shielding her eyes against the brilliant setting sun.

"Eric!" she cried, wrathfully, as soon as she saw him, "I've been looking high and low for you for the last hour. You're getting old enough to have some sense of responsibility and I wish you wouldn't worry me so when you know I've not been well."

She made him feel guilty at the same time that he dimly and resentfully felt that justice was not all on her side. She pulled him to her, turning his face up toward hers, roughly, with one hand.

"You're filthy," she said, then, "Go around to the pump and wash your face. And hurry, so I can give you your sup-

per and put you to bed."

And she turned and went into the kitchen, closing the door lightly behind her. He walked around to the other side of the house, to the pump.

On a wooden box next to the pump was a piece of soap and a damp rag. Eric picked up the soap, not thinking of his mother, but thinking of the day gone by, already half asleep; and thought of where he would go tomorrow. He moved the pump handle up and down and the water rushed out and wet his socks and shoes—this would make his mother angry, but he was too tired to care. Nevertheless, automatically, he moved back a little. He held the soap between his hands, his hands beneath the water.

He had been many places, he had walked a long way and seen many things that day. He had gone down to the railroad tracks and walked beside the tracks for a while, hoping that a train would pass. He kept telling himself that he would give the train one more last chance to pass; and when he had given it a considerable number of last chances, he left the railroad bed and climbed a little and walked through the high, sweet meadows. He walked through a meadow where there were cows and they looked at him dully with their great dull eyes and mooed among each other about him. A man from the far end of the field saw him and shouted, but Eric could not tell whether it was someone who worked for his father or not and so he turned and ran away, ducking through the wire fence. He passed an apple tree, with apples lying all over the ground—he wondered if the apples belonged to him, if he were still walking on his own land or had gone past it—but he ate an apple anyway and put some in his pockets, watching a lone brown horse in a meadow far below him nibbling at the grass and flicking his tail. Eric pretended that he was his father and was walking through the fields as he had seen his father walk, looking it all over calmly, pleased, knowing that everything he saw belonged to him. And he stopped and peed as he had seen his father do, standing wide-legged and heavy in the middle of the fields; he pretended at the same time to be smoking and talking, as he had seen his father do. Then, having watered the ground, he walked on, and all the earth, for that moment, in Eric's eyes, seemed to be celebrating Eric.

Tomorrow he would go away again, somewhere. For soon it would be winter, snow would cover the ground, he would not be able to wander off alone.

He held the soap between his hands, his hands beneath the water; then he heard a low whistle behind him and felt a rough hand on his head and the soap fell from his hands and slithered between his legs onto the ground.

He turned and faced Jamie, Jamie without his dog.

"Come on, little fellow," Jamie whispered. "We got something in the barn to show you."

"Oh, did the calf come yet?" asked Eric—and was too pleased to wonder why Jamie whispered.

"Your poppa's there," said Jamie. And then: "Yes. Yes, the calf is coming now."

And he took Eric's hand and they crossed the yard, past the closed kitchen door, past the stone wall and across the field, into the barn.

"But *this* isn't where the cows are!" Eric cried. He suddenly looked up at Jamie, who closed the barn door behind them and looked down at Eric with a smile.

"No," said Jamie, "that's right. No cows here." And he leaned against the door as though his strength had left him. Eric saw that his face was wet, he breathed as though he had been running.

"Let's go see the cows," Eric whispered. Then he wondered why he was whispering and was terribly afraid. He stared at Jamie, who stared at him.

"In a minute," Jamie said, and stood up. He had put his hands in his pockets and now he brought them out and Eric stared at his hands and began to move away. He asked, "Where's my poppa?"

"Why," said Jamie, "he's down at The Rafters, I guess. I have to meet him there soon."

"I have to go," said Eric. "I have to eat my supper." He tried to move to the door, but Jamie did not move. "I have to go," he repeated, and, as Jamie moved toward him, the tight ball of terror in his bowels, in his throat, swelled and rose, exploded: he opened his mouth to scream, but Jamie's fingers closed around his throat. He stared, stared into Jamie's eyes.

"That won't do you any good," said Jamie. And he smiled. Eric struggled for breath, struggled with pain and fright. Jamie relaxed his grip a little and moved one hand and stroked Eric's tangled hair. Slowly, wondrously, his face changed, tears came into his eyes and rolled down his face.

Eric groaned—perhaps because he saw Jamie's tears or because his throat was so swollen and burning, because he could not catch his breath, because he was so frightened—he began to sob in great, unchildish gasps. "Why do you hate my father?"

"I love your father," Jamie said. But he was not listening to Eric. He was far away—as though he were struggling, toiling inwardly up a tall, tall mountain. And Eric struggled blindly, with all the force of his desire to live, to reach him, to stop him before he reached the summit.

"Jamie," Eric whispered, "you can have the land. You can have all the land."

Jamie spoke, but not to Eric: "I don't want the land."

"I'll be your little boy," said Eric. "I'll be your little boy forever and forever and forever—and you can have the land and you can live forever! Jamie!"

Jamie had stopped weeping. He was watching Eric.

"We'll go for a walk tomorrow," Eric said, "and I'll show it to you, all of it—really and truly—if you kill my father I can be your little boy and we can have it all!"

"This land," said Jamie, "will belong to no one."

"Please!" cried Eric. "Oh, please! Please!"

He heard his mother singing in the kitchen. Soon she would come out to look for him. The hands left him for a moment. Eric opened his mouth to scream, but the hands then closed around his throat.

Momma. Momma.

The singing was farther and farther away. The eyes looked into his, there was a question in the eyes, the hands tightened. Then the mouth began to smile. He had never seen such a smile before. He kicked and kicked.

Momma. Momma. Momma. Momma.

Far away, he heard his mother call him.

Momma.

He saw nothing, he knew that he was in the barn, he heard a terrible breathing near him, he thought he heard the sniffing of beasts, he remembered the sun, the railroad tracks, the cows, the apples and the ground. He thought of tomorrow—he wanted to go away again somewhere tomorrow. *I'll take you with me,* he wanted to say. He wanted to argue the question, the question he remembered in the eyes—wanted to say, *I'll tell my poppa you're hurting me.* Then terror and agony and darkness overtook him, and his breath went violently out of him. He dropped on his face in the straw in the barn, his yellow head useless on his broken neck.

Night covered the countryside and here and there, like emblems, the lights of houses glowed. A woman's voice called, "Eric! Eric!"

• • •

Jamie reached his wooden house and opened his door; whistled, and his dog came bounding out of darkness, leaping up on him; and he cuffed it down lightly, with one hand. Then he closed his door and started down the road, his dog beside him, his hands in his pockets. He stopped to light his pipe. He heard singing from The Rafters, then he saw the lights; soon, the lights and the sound of singing diminished behind him. When Jamie no longer heard the singing, he began to whistle the song he had heard.

LAST ACT *(continued from page 86)*

Dallas . . . at least he used to . . ."

She hadn't seen Conrad since they were classmates in high school, in New York. They were both about seventeen then, and Conrad had been her beau, her love, her everything. For over a year they had gone around together, and each of them had sworn eternal loyalty to the other, with marriage in the near future. Then suddenly Ed Cooper had flashed into her life, and that, of course, had been the end of the romance with Conrad. But Conrad did not seem to have taken the break too badly. It certainly couldn't have *shattered* him, because not more than a month or two later he had started going strong with another girl in the class . . .

Now what was *her* name?

A big handsome bosomy girl she was, with flaming red hair and a peculiar name, a very old-fashioned name. What was it? Arabella? No, not Arabella. Arasomething, though. Araminty? Yes! Araminty it was! And what is more, within a year or so, Conrad Kreuger had married Araminty and had carried her back with him to Dallas, the place of his birth.

Anna went over to the bedside table and picked up the telephone directory.

Kreuger, Conrad P., M. D.

That was Conrad all right. He had always said he was going to be a doctor. The book gave an office number and a residence number.

Should she phone him?

Why not?

She glanced at her watch. It was five-twenty. She lifted the receiver and gave the number of his office.

"Doctor Kreuger's surgery," a girl's voice answered.

"Hello," Anna said. "Is Doctor Kreuger there?"

"The doctor is busy right now. May I ask who's calling?"

"Will you please tell him that Anna Greenwood telephoned him."

"Who?"

"Anna Greenwood."

"Yes, Miss Greenwood. Did you wish for an appointment?"

"No, thank you."

"Is there something I can do for you?"

Anna gave the name of her hotel, and asked her to pass it on to Dr. Kreuger.

"I'll be very glad to," the secretary said. "Goodbye, Miss Greenwood."

"Goodbye," Anna said. She wondered whether Dr. Conrad P. Kreuger would remember her name after all these years. She believed he would. She lay back again on the bed and began trying to recall what Conrad himself used to look like. Extraordinarily handsome, that he was. Tall . . . lean . . . big-shouldered . . . with almost pure-black hair . . . and a marvelous face . . . a strong carved face like one of those Greek heroes, Perseus or Ulysses. Above all, though, he had been a very gentle boy, a serious, decent, quiet, gentle boy. He had never kissed her much—only when he said goodbye in the evenings. And he'd never gone in for necking, as all the others had. When he took her home from the movies on Saturday nights, he used to park his old Buick outside her house and sit there in the car beside her, just talking and talking about the future, his future and hers, and how he was going to go back to Dallas to become a famous doctor. His refusal to indulge in necking and all the nonsense that went with it had impressed her no end. He respects me, she used to say. He loves me. And she was probably right. In any event, he had been a nice man, a nice good man. And had it not been for the fact that Ed Cooper was a supernice, supergood man, she was sure she would have married Conrad Kreuger.

The telephone rang. Anna lifted the receiver. "Yes," she said. "Hello."

"Anna Greenwood?"

"Conrad Kreuger!"

"My dear Anna! What a fantastic surprise. Good gracious me. After all these years."

"It's a long time, isn't it."

"It's a lifetime. Your voice sounds just the same."

"So does yours."

"What brings you to our fair city? Are you staying long?"

"No, I have to go back tomorrow. I hope you didn't mind my calling you."

"Hell, no, Anna. I'm delighted. Are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm fine. I'm fine now. I had a bad time of it for a bit after Ed died . . ."

"What!"

"He was killed in an automobile two and a half years ago."

"Oh gee, Anna, I *am* sorry. How terrible. I . . . I don't know what to say . . ."

"Don't say anything."

"You're OK now?"

"I'm fine. Working like a slave."

"That's the girl . . ."

"How's . . . how's Araminty?"

"Oh, she's fine."

"I'd like a word with you, Horowitz."

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"Any children?"

"One," he said. "A boy. How about you?"

"I have three, two girls and a boy."

"Well, well, what d'you know! Now listen, Anna . . ."

"I'm listening."

"Why don't I run over to the hotel and buy you a drink? I'd like to do that. I'll bet you haven't changed one iota."

"I look old, Conrad."

"You're lying."

"I feel old, too."

"You want a good doctor?"

"Yes. I mean no. Of course I don't. I don't want any more doctors. All I need is . . . well . . ."

"Yes?"

"This place worries me, Conrad. I guess I need a friend. That's all I need."

"You've got one. I have just one more patient to see, and then I'm free. I'll meet you down in the bar, the something room, I've forgotten what it's called, at six, in about half an hour. Will that suit you?"

"Yes," she said. "Of course. And . . . thank you, Conrad." She replaced the receiver, then got up from the bed, and began to dress.

She felt mildly flustered. Not since Ed's death had she been out and had a drink alone with a man. Doctor Jacobs would be pleased when she told him about it on her return. He wouldn't congratulate her madly, but he would certainly be pleased. He'd say it was a step in the right direction, a beginning. She still went to him regularly, and now that she had gotten so much better, his oblique references had become far less oblique and he more than once told her that her depressions and suicidal tendencies would never completely disappear until she had actually and physically "replaced" Ed with another man.

"But it is impossible to replace a person one has loved to distraction," Anna had said to him the last time he brought up the subject. "Heavens above, doctor, when Mrs. Crummlin-Brown's parakeet died last month, her *parakeet*, mind you, not her husband, she was so shook up about it, she swore she'd never have another bird again!"

"Mrs. Cooper," Dr. Jacobs had said, "one doesn't normally have sexual intercourse with a parakeet."

"Well . . . no . . ."

"That's why it doesn't have to be replaced. But when a husband dies, and the surviving wife is still an active and a healthy woman, she will invariably get a replacement within three years if she possibly can. And vice versa."

Sex. It was about the only thing that sort of doctor ever thought about. He had sex on the brain.

By the time Anna had dressed and taken the elevator downstairs, it was ten minutes after six. The moment she walked into the bar, a man stood up

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from one of the tables. It was Conrad. He must have been watching the door. He came across the floor to meet her. He was smiling nervously. Anna was smiling, too. One always does.

"Well, well," he said. "Well well well," and she, expecting the usual peck on the cheek, inclined her face upward toward his own, still smiling. But she had forgotten how formal Conrad was. He simply took her hand in his and shook it—once. "This *is* a surprise," he said. "Come and sit down."

The room was the same as any other hotel drinking room. It was lit by dim lights and filled with many small tables. There was a saucer of peanuts on each table, and there were leather bench seats all round the walls. The waiters were rigged out in white jackets and maroon pants. Conrad led her to a corner table, and they sat down facing one another. A waiter was standing over them at once.

"What will you have?" Conrad asked.

"Could I have a martini?"

"Of course. Vodka?"

"No, gin, please."

"One gin martini," he said to the waiter. "No. Make it two. I've never been much of a drinker, Anna, as you probably remember, but I think this calls for a celebration."

The waiter went away. Conrad leaned back in his chair and studied her carefully. "You look pretty good," he said.

"You look pretty good yourself, Conrad," she told him. And so he did. It was astonishing how little he had aged in twenty-five years. He was just as lean and handsome as he'd ever been—in fact, more so. His black hair was still black, his eye was clear, and he looked altogether like a man who was no more than thirty years old.

"You *are* older than me, aren't you?" he said.

"What sort of a question is that?" she said, laughing. "Yes, Conrad, I am exactly one year older than you. I'm forty-two."

"I thought you were." He was still studying her with the utmost care, his eyes traveling all over her face and neck and shoulders. Anna felt herself blushing.

"Are you an enormously successful doctor?" she asked. "Are you the best in town?"

He cocked his head over to one side, right over, so that the ear almost touched the top of the shoulder. It was a mannerism that Anna had always liked. "Successful?" he said. "Any doctor can be successful these days in a big city—financially, I mean. But whether or not I am absolutely first-rate at my job is another matter. I only hope and pray that I am."

The drinks arrived and Conrad raised his glass and said, "Welcome to Dallas, Anna. I'm so pleased you called me up. It's good to see you again."

"It's good to see you, too, Conrad," she said, speaking the truth.

He looked at her glass. She had taken a huge first gulp, and the glass was now half empty. "You prefer gin to vodka?" he asked.

"I do," she said, "yes."

"You ought to change over."

"Why?"

"Gin is not good for females."

"It's not?"

"It's very bad for them."

"I'm sure it's just as bad for males," she said.

"Actually, no. It isn't nearly so bad for males as it is for females."

"Why is it bad for females?"

"It just is," he said. "It's the way they're built. What kind of work are you engaged in, Anna? And what brought you all the way down to Dallas? Tell me about you."

"Why is gin bad for females?" she said, smiling at him.

He smiled back at her and shook his head, but he didn't answer.

"Go on," she said.

"No, let's drop it."

"You can't leave me up in the air like this," she said. "It's not fair."

After a pause, he said, "Well, if you really want to know, gin contains a certain amount of the oil that is squeezed out of juniper berries. They use it for flavoring."

"What does it do?"

"Plenty."

"Yes, but what?"

"Horrible things."

"Conrad, don't be shy. I'm a big girl now."

He was still the same old Conrad, she thought, still as diffident, as scrupulous, as shy as ever. For that she liked him. "If this drink is really doing horrible things to me," she said, "then it is unkind of you not to tell me what those things are."

Gently, he pinched the lobe of his left ear with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. Then he said, "Well, the truth of the matter is, Anna, oil of juniper has a direct inflammatory effect upon the uterus."

"Now come on!"

"I'm not joking."

"Mother's ruin," Anna said. "It's an old wives' tale."

"I'm afraid not."

"But you're talking about women who are pregnant."

"I'm talking about all women, Anna." He had stopped smiling now, and he was speaking quite seriously. He seemed to be concerned about her welfare.

"What do you specialize in?" she asked him. "What kind of medicine? You haven't told me that."

"Gynecology and obstetrics."

"Ah-ha!"

"Have you been drinking gin for many years?" he asked.

"Oh, about twenty," Anna said.

"Heavily?"

"New York feels we'd stand a better chance of getting by with Lola's nude scene if, in the end, we have a church fall on her."

"For heaven's sake, Conrad, stop worrying about my insides. I'd like another martini, please."

"Of course."

He called the waiter and said, "One vodka martini."

"No," Anna said, "gin."

He sighed and shook his head and said, "Nobody listens to her doctor these days."

"You're not my doctor."

"No," he said. "I'm your friend."

"Let's talk about your wife," Anna said. "Is she still as beautiful as ever?"

He waited a few moments, then he said, "Actually, we're divorced."

"Oh, no!"

"Our marriage lasted for the grand total of two years. It was hard work to keep it going even that long."

For some reason, Anna was profoundly shocked. "But she was such a beautiful girl," she said. "What happened?"

"Everything happened, everything you could possibly think of that was bad."

"And the child?"

"She got him. They always do." He sounded very bitter. "She took him back to New York. He comes to see me once a year, in the summer. He's twenty years old now. He's at Princeton."

"Is he a fine boy?"

"He's a wonderful boy," Conrad said. "But I hardly know him. It isn't much fun."

"And you never married again?"

"No, never. But that's enough about me. Let's talk about you."

Slowly, gently, he began to draw her out on the subject of her health and the bad times she had gone through after Ed's death. She found she didn't mind talking to him about it, and she told him more or less the whole story.

"But what makes your doctor think you're not completely cured?" he said. "You don't look very suicidal to me."

"I don't think I am. Except that sometimes, not often, mind you, but just occasionally, when I get depressed, I have the feeling that it wouldn't take such a hell of a big push to send me over the edge."

"In what way?"

"I kind of start edging toward the bathroom cupboard."

"What do you have in the bathroom cupboard?"

"Nothing very much. Just the ordinary equipment a girl has for shaving her legs."

"I see." Conrad studied her face for a few moments, then he said, "Is that how you were feeling just now when you called me?"

"Not quite. But I'd been thinking about Ed, and that's always a bit dangerous."

"I'm glad you called."

"So am I," she said.

Anna was getting to the end of her second martini. Conrad changed the subject and began talking about his practice. She was watching him rather than listening to him. He was so damned handsome it was impossible not to watch him. She put a cigarette between her lips, then offered the pack to Conrad.

"No thanks," he said, "I don't." He picked up a book of matches from the table and gave her a light, then he blew out the match and said, "Are those cigarettes mentholated?"

"Yes, they are."

She took a deep drag, and blew the smoke slowly up into the air. "Now go ahead and tell me that they're going to shrivel up my entire reproductive system," she said.

He laughed and shook his head.

"Then why did you ask?"

"Just curious, that's all."

"You're lying. I can tell it from your face. You were about to give me the figures for the incidence of lung cancer in heavy smokers."

"Lung cancer has nothing to do with menthol, Anna," he said, and he smiled and took a tiny sip of his original martini which he had so far hardly touched. He set the glass back carefully on the table. "You still haven't told me what work you are doing," he went on, "or why you came to Dallas."

"Tell me about menthol first. If it's even half as bad as the juice of the juniper berry, I think I ought to know about it quick."

He laughed and shook his head.

"Please!"

"No, ma'am."

"Conrad, you simply cannot start things up like this and then drop them. It's the second time in five minutes."

"I don't want to be a medical bore," he said.

"You're not being a bore. These things are fascinating. Come on! Tell! Don't be mean."

It was pleasant to be sitting there feeling moderately high on two big martinis, and making easy talk with this graceful man, this quiet, comfortable, graceful person. He was not being coy. Far from it. He was simply being his normal scrupulous self.

"Is it something shocking?" she asked.

"No. You couldn't call it that."

"Then go ahead."

He picked up the packet of cigarettes still lying in front of her, and studied the label. "The point is this," he said. "If you inhale menthol, you absorb it into the blood stream. And that isn't good, Anna. It does things to you. It has certain very definite effects upon the central nervous system. Doctors still prescribe it occasionally."

"I know that," she said. "Nose drops and inhalations."

"That's one of its minor uses. Do you know the other?"

"You rub it on the chest when you have a cold."

"You can if you like, but it wouldn't help."

"You put it in ointment and it heals cracked lips."

"That's camphor."

"So it is."

He waited for her to have another guess.

"Go ahead and tell me," she said.

"It may surprise you a bit."

I'm ready to be surprised."

"Menthol," Conrad said, "is a well-known antiaphrodisiac."

"A what?"

"It suppresses sexual desire."

"Conrad, you're making these things up."

"I swear to you I'm not."

"Who uses it?"

"Very few people nowadays. It has too strong a flavor. Saltpeter is much better."

"Ah yes. I know about saltpeter."

"What do you know about saltpeter?"

"They give it to prisoners," Anna said. "They sprinkle it on their cornflakes every morning to keep them quiet."

"They also use it in cigarettes," Conrad said.

"You mean prisoners' cigarettes?"

"I mean *all* cigarettes."

"That's nonsense."

"Is it?"

"Of course it is."

"Why do you say that?"

"Nobody would stand for it," she said.

"They stand for cancer."

"That's quite different, Conrad. How do you know they put saltpeter in cigarettes?"

"Have you never wondered," he said, "what makes a cigarette go on burning when you lay it in the ashtray? Tobacco doesn't burn of its own accord. Any pipe smoker will tell you that."

"They use special chemicals," she said.

"Exactly, they use saltpeter."

"Does saltpeter burn?"

"Sure it burns. It used to be one of the prime ingredients of old-fashioned gunpowder. Fuses, too. It makes very good fuses. That cigarette of yours is a first-rate slow-burning fuse, is it not?"

Anna looked at her cigarette. Though she hadn't drawn on it for a couple of minutes, it was still smoldering away and the smoke was curling upward from the tip in a slim blue-gray spiral.

"So this has menthol in it *and* saltpeter?" she said.

"Absolutely."

"And they're *both* antiaphrodisiacs?"

"Yes. You're getting a double dose."

"It's ridiculous, Conrad. It's too little to make any difference."

"Darling! I just love the way you put Santa Claus back in Christmas!"

He smiled but didn't answer this.

"There's not enough there to inhibit a cockroach," she said.

"That's what you think, Anna. How many do you smoke a day?"

"About thirty."

"Well," he said, "I guess it's none of my business." He paused, and then he added, "But you and I would be a lot better off today if it was."

"Was what?"

"My business."

"Conrad, what *do* you mean?"

"I'm simply saying that if you, once upon a time, hadn't suddenly decided to drop me, none of this misery would have happened to either of us. We'd still be happily married to each other."

His face had suddenly taken on a queer sharp look.

"Drop you?"

"It was quite a shock, Anna."

"Oh dear," she said, "but everybody drops everybody else at that age, don't they?"

"I wouldn't know," Conrad said.

"You're not cross with me still, are you, for doing that?"

"Cross!" he said. "Good God, Anna! Cross is what children get when they lose a toy! I lost a wife!"

She stared at him, speechless.

"Tell me," he went on, "didn't you have any idea how I felt at the time?"

"But Conrad, we were so *young*."

"It destroyed me, Anna. It just about destroyed me."

"But how . . ."

"How what?"

"How, if it meant so much, could you turn right around and get engaged to somebody else a few weeks later?"

"Have you never heard of the rebound?" he asked.

She nodded, gazing at him in dismay.

"I was wildly in love with you, Anna."

She didn't answer.

"I'm sorry," he said. "That was a silly outburst. Please forgive me."

There was a long silence.

Conrad was leaning back in his chair, studying her from a distance. She took another cigarette from the pack, and lit it. Then she blew out the match and placed it carefully in the ashtray. When she glanced up again, he was still watching her. There was an intent, far look in his eyes, as though he were calculating something.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

He didn't answer.

"Conrad," she said, "do you still hate me for doing what I did?"

"Hate you?"

"Yes, hate me. I have a queer feeling that you do. I'm sure you do, even after all these years."

"Anna," he said.

"Yes, Conrad?"

He hitched his chair closer to the table, and leaned forward. "Did it ever cross your mind . . ."

He stopped.

She waited.

He was looking so intensely earnest all of a sudden that she leaned forward herself.

"Did what cross my mind?" she asked.

"The fact that you and I . . . that both of us . . . have a bit of unfinished business."

She stared at him.

He looked back at her, his eyes bright as two stars. "Don't be shocked," he said, "please."

"Shocked?"

"You look as though I'd just asked you to jump out of the window with me."

The room was full of people now, and it was very noisy. It was like being at a cocktail party. You had to shout to be heard.

Conrad's eyes waited on her, impatient, eager.

"I'd like another martini," she said.

"Must you?"

"Yes," she said, "I must."

In her whole life, she had been made love to by only one man—her husband, Ed.

And it had always been wonderful.

Three thousand times?

She thought more. Probably a good deal more. Who counts?

Assuming, though, for the sake of argument, that the exact figure (for there has to be an exact figure) was three thousand, six hundred and eighty . . .

. . . and knowing that every single time it happened it was an act of pure, passionate, authentic lovemaking between the same man and the same woman . . .

. . . then how in heaven's name could an entirely new man, an unloved stranger, hope to come in suddenly on the three thousand, six hundred and eighty-*first* time and be even halfway acceptable?

He'd be a trespasser.

All the memories would come rushing back. She would be lying there suffocated by memories.

She had raised this very point with Dr. Jacobs during one of her sessions a few months back, and old Jacobs had said, "There will be no nonsense about memories, my dear Mrs. Cooper. I wish you would forget that. Only the present will exist."

"But how do I get there?" she had said. "How can I summon up enough nerve suddenly to go upstairs to a bedroom and take off my clothes in front of a new man, a stranger, in cold blood? . . ."

"Cold blood!" he had cried. "Good God, woman, it'll be boiling hot!" And later he had said, "Do at any rate try to believe me, Mrs. Cooper, when I tell you that any woman who has been deprived of sexual congress after more than twenty years of practice—of uncommonly frequent practice in your case, if I understand you correctly—any woman in those circumstances is going to suffer continually from severe psychological disturbances until the routine is re-established. You are feeling a lot better, I know that, but it is my duty to inform you that you are by no means back to normal . . ."

To Conrad, Anna said, "This isn't by any chance a therapeutic suggestion, is it?"

"A *what*?"

"A therapeutic suggestion."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"It sounds exactly like a plot hatched up by my Dr. Jacobs."

"Look," he said, and now he leaned right across the table and touched her left hand with the tip of one finger. "When I knew you before, I was too damn young and nervous to make that sort of a proposition, much as I wanted to. I didn't think there was any particular hurry then, anyway. I figured we had a whole lifetime before us. I wasn't to know you were going to drop me."

Her martini arrived. Anna picked it up and began to drink it fast. She knew exactly what it was going to do to her. It was going to make her float. A third martini always did that. Give her a third martini and within seconds her body would become completely weightless and she would go floating around the room like a wisp of hydrogen gas.

She sat there holding the glass with both hands as though it were a sacrament. She took another gulp. There was not much of it left now. Over the rim of her glass she could see Conrad watching her with disapproval as she drank. She smiled at him radiantly.

"You're not against the use of anesthetics when you operate, are you?" she asked.

"Please, Anna, don't talk like that."

"I am beginning to float," she said.

"So I see," he answered. "Why don't you stop there?"

"What did you say?"

"I said, why don't you stop?"

"Do you want me to tell you why?"

"No," he said. He made a little forward movement with his hands as though he were going to take her glass away from her, so she quickly put it to her lips and tipped it high, holding it there for a few seconds to allow the last drop to run out.

When she looked at Conrad again, he was placing a ten-dollar bill on the waiter's tray, and the waiter was saying, "Thank *you*, sir. Thank you indeed," and the next thing she knew she was floating out of the room and across the lobby of the hotel with Conrad's hand cupped lightly under one of her elbows, steering her toward the elevators. They floated up to the twenty-second floor, and then along the corridor to the door of her bedroom. She fished the key out of

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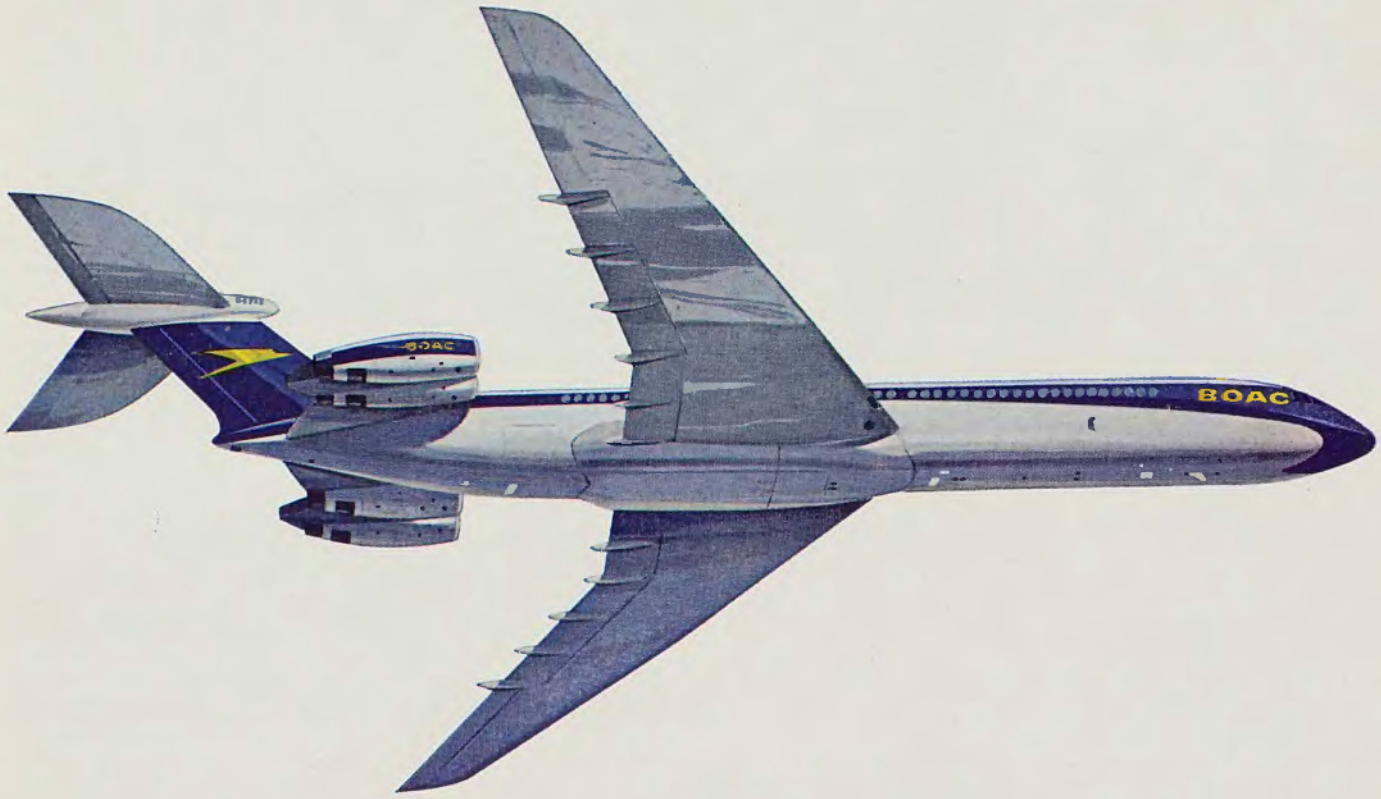

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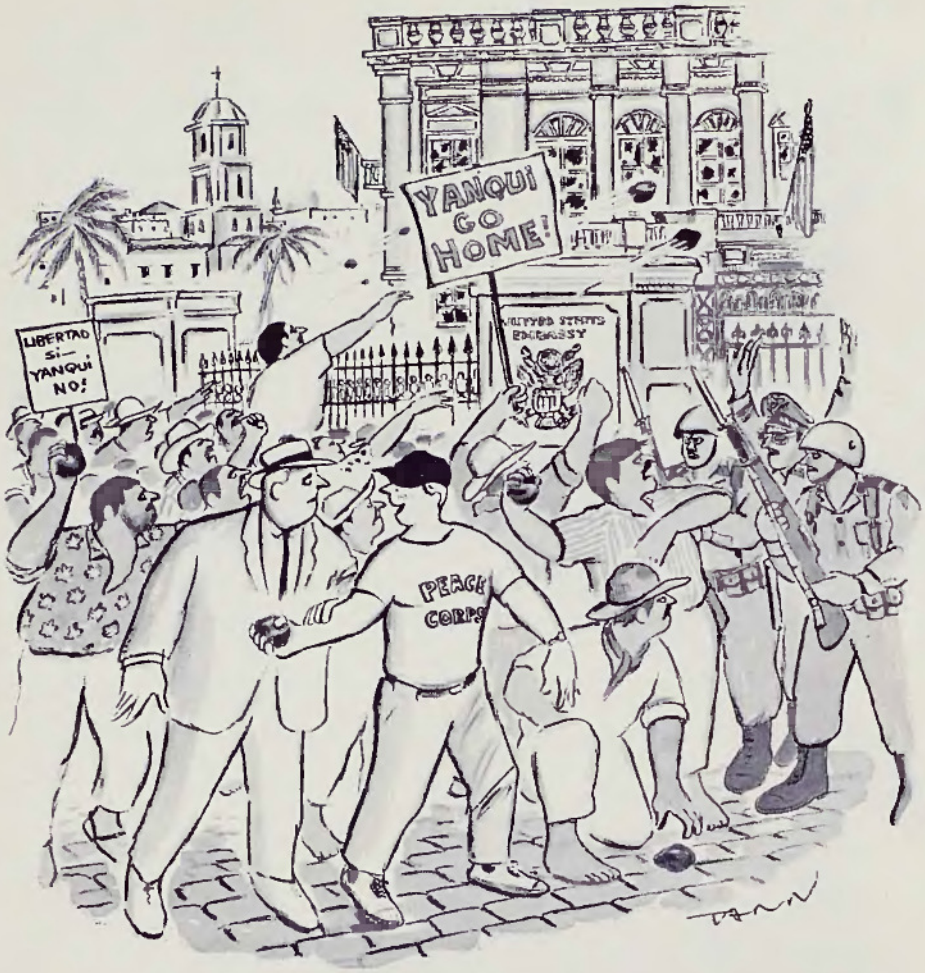


"I'm not sure what it's all about, but I think the important thing is to give the people the feeling that you're one of them . . . !"

her purse and unlocked the door and floated inside. Conrad followed, closing the door behind him. Then very suddenly, he grabbed hold of her and folded her up in his enormous arms and started kissing her with great gusto.

She let him do it.

He kissed her all over her mouth and cheeks and neck, taking deep breaths in between the kisses. She kept her eyes open, watching him in a queer detached sort of way, and the view she got reminded her vaguely of the blurry close-up view of a dentist's face when he is working on an upper back tooth.

Then all of a sudden, Conrad put his tongue into one of her ears. The effect of this upon her was electric. It was as though a live two-hundred-volt plug had been pushed into an empty socket, and all the lights came on and the bones began to melt and the hot molten sap went running down into her limbs and she exploded into a frenzy. It was the kind of marvelous, wanton, reckless, flaming frenzy that Ed used to provoke in her so very often in the olden days by just a touch of the hand here and there. She flung her arms around Conrad's neck and started kissing him back with far more gusto than he had ever kissed her, and although he looked at first as though he thought she were going to swallow him alive, he soon recovered his balance.

Anna hadn't the faintest idea how long they stood there embracing and kissing with such violence, but it must have been for quite a while. She felt such happiness, such . . . such *confidence* again at last, such sudden overwhelming confidence in herself that she wanted to tear off her clothes and do a wild dance for Conrad in the middle of the room. But she did no such foolish thing. Instead, she simply floated away to the edge of the bed and sat down to catch her breath. Conrad quickly sat down beside her. She leaned her head against his chest and sat there glowing all over while he gently stroked her hair. Then she undid one button of his shirt and slid her hand inside and laid it against his chest. Through the ribs, she could feel the beating of his heart.

"What do I see here?" Conrad said.

"What do you see where, my darling?"

"On your scalp. You want to watch this, Anna."

"You watch it for me, dearest."

"Seriously," he said, "you know what this looks like? It looks like a tiny touch of androgenic alopecia."

"Good."

"No, it is not good. It's actually an inflammation of the hair follicles, and it causes baldness. It's quite common on women in their later years."

"Oh, shut up, Conrad," she said, kissing him on the side of the neck. "I have the most gorgeous hair."

She sat up and pulled off his jacket. Then she undid his tie and threw it across the room.

"There's a little hook on the back of my dress," she said. "Undo it, please."

Conrad unhooked the hook, then unzipped the zipper and helped her to get out of the dress. She had on a rather nice pale-blue slip. Conrad was wearing an ordinary white shirt, as doctors do, but it was now open at the neck, and this suited him. His neck had a little ridge of sinewy muscle running up vertically on either side, and when he turned his head the muscle moved under the skin. It was the most beautiful neck Anna had ever seen.

"Let's do this very very slowly," she said. "Let's drive ourselves crazy with anticipation."

His eyes rested a moment on her face, then traveled away, all the way down the length of her body, and she saw him smile.

"Shall we be very stylish and dissipated, Conrad, and order a bottle of champagne? I can ask room service to bring it up, and you can hide in the bathroom when they come in."

"No," he said. "You've had enough to drink already. Stand up, please."

The tone of his voice caused her to stand up at once.

"Come here," he said.

She went close to him. He was still sitting on the bed, and now, without getting up, he reached forward and began to take off the rest of her clothes. He did this slowly and deliberately. His face had become suddenly rather pale.

"Oh, darling," she said, "how marvelous! You've got that famous thing! A real thick tuft of hair growing out of each of your ears! You know what that means, don't you? It's *the* absolutely positive sign of enormous virility!" She bent down and kissed him on the ear. He went on taking off her clothes—the bra, the shoes, the girdle, the pants, and finally the stockings, all of which he dropped in a heap on the floor. The moment he had peeled off her last stocking and dropped it, he turned away. He turned right away from her as though she didn't exist, and now he began to undress himself.

It was rather odd to be standing so

close to him in nothing but her own skin and him not even giving her a second look. But perhaps men did these things. Ed might have been an exception. How could *she* know? Conrad took off his white shirt first, and after folding it very carefully, he stood up and carried it to a chair and laid it on one of the arms. He did the same with his undershirt. Then he sat down again on the edge of the bed and started removing his shoes. Anna remained quite still, watching him. His sudden change of mood, his silence, his curious intensity, were making her a bit afraid. But they were also exciting her. There was a stealth, almost a menace in his movements, as though he were some splendid animal treading softly toward the kill. A leopard.

She became hypnotized watching him. She was watching his fingers, the surgeon's fingers, as they untied and loosened the laces of the left shoe, easing it off the foot, and placing it neatly half under the bed. The right shoe came next. Then the left sock and the right sock, both of them being folded together and laid with the utmost precision across the toes of the shoes. Finally the fingers moved up to the top of the trousers where they undid one button and then began to manipulate the zipper. The trousers, when taken off, were folded along the creases, then carried over to the chair. The underpants followed.

Conrad, now naked, walked slowly back to the edge of the bed, and sat. Then at last, he turned his head and noticed her. She stood waiting . . . and trembling. He looked her slowly up and down. Then abruptly, he shot out a hand and took her by the wrist, and with a sharp pull he had her sprawled across the bed.

The relief was enormous. Anna flung her arms around him and held onto him tightly, oh so tightly, for fear that he might go away. She was in mortal fear that he might go away and not come back. And there they lay, she holding onto him as though he were the only thing left in the world to hold onto, and he, strangely quiet, watchful, intent, slowly disentangling himself and beginning to touch her now in a number of different places with those fingers of his, those expert surgeon's fingers. And once again she flew into a frenzy.

The things he did to her during the next few moments were terrible and exquisite. He was, she knew, merely getting her ready, preparing her, or as they say in the hospital, prepping her for the operation itself, but oh God, she had never known or experienced anything even remotely like this. And it was all exceedingly quick, for in what seemed to her no more than a few seconds, she had reached that excruciating point of no return where the whole room becomes compressed into a single tiny blinding speck of light that is going to explode and tear one to pieces at the slightest extra touch. At this stage, in a swift rapacious parabola, Conrad swung his body on top of hers for the final act.

And now Anna felt her passion being drawn out of her as if a long live nerve were being drawn slowly out of her body, a long live thread of electric fire, and she cried out to Conrad to go on and on and on, and as she did so, in the middle of it all, somewhere above her, she heard another voice, and this other voice grew louder and louder, more and more insistent, demanding to be heard:

"I said, are you *wearing* something?" the voice wanted to know.

"Oh darling, what is it?"

"I keep asking you, are you *wearing* something?"

"Who, me?"

"There's an obstruction here. You must be wearing a sheath or some other appliance."

"Of course not, darling. Everything's wonderful. Oh, do be quiet."

"Everything is *not* wonderful, Anna."

Like a picture on a screen, the room swam back into focus. In the foreground was Conrad's face. It was suspended above her, on naked shoulders. The eyes were looking directly into hers. The mouth was still talking.

"If you're going to use a device, then for heaven's sake learn to introduce it in the proper manner. There is nothing so aggravating as careless positioning. The sheath has to be placed right back against the cervix."

"But I'm not using anything!"

"You're not? Well, there's still an obstruction."

Not only the room but the whole world seemed slowly to be sliding away from under her now.

"I feel sick," she said.

"You what?"

"I feel sick."

"Don't be childish, Anna."

"Conrad, I'd like you to go, please. Go now."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Go away from me, Conrad!"

"That's ridiculous, Anna. OK, I'm sorry I spoke. Forget it."

"*Go away!*" she cried. "*Go away! Go away! Go away!*"

She tried to push him away from her, but he was huge and strong and he had her pinned.

"Calm yourself," he said. "Relax. You can't suddenly change your mind like this, in the middle of everything. And for heaven's sake, don't start weeping."

"Leave me alone, Conrad, I beg you."

He seemed to be gripping her with everything he had, arms and elbows, hands and fingers, thighs and knees, ankles and feet. He was like a toad the way he gripped her. He was exactly like an enormous clinging toad, gripping and grasping and refusing to let go. She had seen a toad once doing precisely this. It was copulating with a frog on a stone beside a stream, and there it sat, motionless, repulsive, with an evil yellow gleam in its eye, gripping the frog with its two powerful front paws and refusing to let go . . .

"Now stop struggling, Anna. You're acting like a hysterical child. For God's sake, woman, what's eating you?"

"You're hurting me!" she cried.

"*Hurting* you?"

"It's hurting me terribly!"

She told him this only to get him away.

"You know why it's hurting?" he said.

"Conrad! Please!"

"Now wait a minute, Anna. Allow me to explain . . ."

"No!" she cried. "I've had enough explaining!"

"My dear woman . . ."

"No!" She was struggling desperately to free herself, but he still had her pinned.

"The reason it hurts," he went on, "is that you are not manufacturing any fluid. The mucosa is virtually dry . . ."

"Stop!"

"The actual name is senile atrophic vaginitis. It comes with age, Anna. That's why it's called *senile* vaginitis. There's not much one can do . . ."

At that point, she started to scream. The screams were not very loud, but they were screams nevertheless, terrible, agonized, stricken screams, and after listening to them for a few seconds, Conrad, in a single graceful movement, suddenly rolled away from her and pushed her to one side with both hands. He pushed her with such force that she fell onto the floor.

She climbed slowly to her feet, and as she staggered into the bathroom, she was crying "Ed! . . . Ed! . . . Ed! . . ." in a queer supplicating voice. The door shut.

Conrad lay very still listening to the sounds that came from behind the door. At first, he heard only the sobbing of the woman, but a few seconds later, above the sobbing, he heard the sharp metallic click of a cupboard being opened. Instantly, he sat up and vaulted off the bed and began to dress himself with great speed. His clothes, so neatly folded, lay ready to hand, and it took him no more than a couple of minutes to put them on. When that was done, he crossed to the mirror and wiped the lipstick off his face with a handkerchief. He took a comb from his pocket and ran it through his fine black hair. He walked once around the bed to see if he had forgotten anything, and then carefully, like a man who is tiptoeing from a room where a child is sleeping, he moved out into the corridor, closing the door softly behind him.

MORTIMER ADLER *(continued from page 137)*

Lucretius, Virgil, Nicomachus, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Plutarch, Tacitus, Ptolemy, Plotinus, Augustine. Then, after a long break, we find 8 great authors in the 400 years that cover the closing days of the Middle Ages and the beginning of modern times: Dante, Aquinas, Chaucer, Copernicus, Gilbert, Machiavelli, Rabelais, Montaigne.

The 17th, 18th and 19th Centuries taken together account for considerably more than half of the total list. If we regard the present century as the beginning of postmodern times, then the modern epoch, comprising these three centuries, has done better—at least quantitatively—than the 20 or more preceding centuries. The 17th Century, called "the century of genius" by Whitehead, produced 14 authors of great books (Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Huygens, Harvey, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Milton, Hobbes, Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Pascal, Locke); the 18th Century—"the age of the enlightenment"—produced 13 greats (Berkeley, Hume, Boswell, Swift, Sterne, Fielding, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Adam Smith, Gibbon, Kant, Lavoisier, and the three collaborating writers of the *Federalist Papers* here treated as one—Hamilton, Madison and Jay); and the 19th Century produced 12 (Hegel, Goethe, J. S. Mill, Darwin, Marx, Engels, Melville, Fourier, Faraday, Tolstoy, Dostoievsky and William James).

If we plot the curve and dare to extrapolate it on so little evidence, we might conclude that our century would produce only 11. But there are altered circumstances that tend to modify this prediction. On the one hand, there are so many more books being written and published in this century than ever before that we might reasonably expect the trend to be reversed. Our times may produce between 15 and 20 great authors —more than any previous century by far. On the other hand, as I will explain presently, the conditions under which intellectual work is done in the 20th Century may lead to the opposite result—a smaller number of great books in spite of the larger number of books published.

I mentioned earlier a list of 50 authors writing in this century who deserved consideration as among the possible greats of our time. This list was presented last spring on the back page of an advertising supplement that appeared in *The New York Times* and the *Chicago Tribune*, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the publication of *Great Books of the Western World*. The readers of that supplement were asked to choose the ten that they thought were the most likely candidates for lasting eminence. The response confirmed my belief that people generally like to play this guessing game about the future. (A list of the first 12 authors is printed on page 228. I hasten to remind PLAYBOY readers that the name of Freud is omitted from this list only because Freud is the one 20th Century author included in *Great Books of the Western World*.)

Not to deter, but rather to provoke its readers to engage in this parlor sport, PLAYBOY asked Mr. Fadiman and me to draw up our own list of great authors—as seen from the vantage point of 2066. Mr. Fadiman and I decided to divide the task. He took the general area of *belles lettres*—the domain, as he puts it, of the men of imagination. That left me with everything else—the domain *of* the men of thought.

It is conceivable that some great contemporary figures might fall into both camps. In fact, however, we found little overlapping—Sartre is the main exception—and so the division of labor worked out well. Mr. Fadiman, therefore, treats the contemporary poets, novelists, dramatists and critics who have written what he thinks will be considered great books in 2066. I deal with the contemporary philosophers, scientists and historians whose works, in my judgment, the human race will continue to return to in the future. (It should be observed here that we agreed to consider only Western authors. The reason for this decision is not good, but it is obvious. Neither of us knows enough about the literature of the Far East to make a responsible judgment.)

Mr. Fadiman and I realize that we are sticking our necks out in making judgments of this sort. Making private guesses about the greats of the present century is one thing—just good, clean fun; but publishing one's guesses with an air of authority is quite another. Hence I, for one, want to protect myself just a little by hedging, in two ways, the predictions I am about to make. (Mr. Fadiman also can nudge himself under this protective umbrella if he wants to.)

In the first place, the creativity of human beings is unpredictable. Not all the men or women who may produce significant books in this century have yet begun to write. A third of the century remains. The next 30 years may see the production of works that outshine most of the books with which we are at present acquainted. Hence any projection in 1966 of the judgments that will

"I'll be direct, Mr. Larabee—my credits may be insignificant, but my breasts are enormous—"

be made in 2066 about this century's writing must have the inevitable defect of shortsightedness.

In the second place, the contingencies of history itself are unpredictable. This is an era of rapid change, not only in technology, but also in education, in world political alignments and in warfare. It is conceivable, the world being what it is, that a system of education might be imposed on the human race sometime in the next hundred years that would sharply limit the capacity of our descendants to become acquainted with some of the authors on my list of future greats. That would exclude these writers from consideration in 2066, quite apart from the merits of their work. A radical change in world political alignments might have a similar effect. If, for example, Communist China is ruling the world—or what is left of it—in 2066, any list of great books drawn up then in Peking would differ markedly from Mr. Fadiman's proposals and mine. If another world war deprives man of civilization and all that it entails, it is conceivable that the only book to endure might be a well-thumbed copy of the Army's survival manual.

With these *caveats*, I am almost ready to name the 20th Century writers who, in my judgment, stand a good chance of joining the greats of all time. I said "almost ready" because, before doing that, I would like to discuss the criteria for judging whether or not a writer in the domain of thought—a philosopher, a scientist or a historian—deserves to be classed with Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, Euclid, Aquinas, Galileo, Newton, Kant, Darwin and Marx—to whom must now be added Freud. What makes the 11 authors I have just named so unquestionably great that the excellences in which they abound can be used as the measure for judging others?

Over the years, trying to answer the question, What makes a very few books truly great books? I have gathered together a set of criteria for selecting that few from all the rest. I formulated some of these 25 years ago when I wrote *How to Read a Book*; some emerged in the course of the editorial conferences that we held to select the works to be included in *Great Books of the Western World*; and some I have come upon more recently in explaining the role of the great books in liberal education. In restating them here for the purpose of predicting who are likely to be the great authors of the 20th Century, I am going to put them down in a form that is most applicable to writers who are men of thought rather than men of imagination.

1. Great books are original communications. Their authors are communicating what they themselves have discovered, not repeating what they have learned by reading the books of other men.

2. Great books have intellectual amplitude; each draws light from and throws light on a large number and variety of ideas, all of them basic.

3. Great books are universally relevant and always contemporary; that is, they deal with the common problems of thought and action that confront men in every age and every clime.

4. Great books are the only books that may be deemed indispensable, every one of them, to a genuine, sound liberal education.

5. Great books are the only books that never have to be written again—that do so well what they set out to do that they cannot be improved upon. (For this simple but penetrating statement about the nature of a great book, I am grateful to my friend Carl Van Doren.)

6. Great books are inexhaustible; they are indefinitely rereadable, each time with additional profit; understandable to some degree on the first reading, they continue to deepen our understanding every time we reread them, and we can never exhaust their power to enlighten us; no matter how many times we read them, there is always more for us to understand.

7. Great books are addressed to human beings, not to some special group of students, scholars or experts; they are seldom written by professors and, if they are, they are never written exclusively for professors.

These seven qualities intrinsic to great books account for two further properties that adhere to them extrinsically: They tend to exert a lasting influence on human life and thought; and they tend to be widely read; seldom if ever best sellers, they are the only perennial sellers.

It should be immediately obvious that very few books in any epoch reach the pinnacle of excellence set by these seven criteria taken together. Some of them are so stringent—especially the fifth and sixth—that if one were to apply them strictly, without the quality of mercy that tempers justice, not even all the works included in *Great Books of the Western World* would survive the test. Instead of 74 authors, there might be no more than 30, perhaps fewer, who would stand up as the unquestionable greats of the last 25 centuries. In that case, to expect to find as many as 10 in the 20th Century would be an exorbitant demand.

In addition, so far as the sphere of

"At least he died with his boots on."

thought is concerned, I am embarrassed by a fact about 20th Century authors that does not apply to the writers being considered by Mr. Fadiman. Most of the important works in the field of science, history and philosophy are written by professors for professors and so, even when they are books instead of monographs or periodical articles, they fall short of being great books by the criteria enumerated above. Hence I will have to relax my criteria somewhat, or apply them with some latitude, in order to select the authors who, in 2066, will be recognized as deserving to rank with Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, Euclid, Aquinas, Galileo, Newton, Kant, Darwin, Marx and Freud.

That being said, here they are—a baker's dozen of names, 13 men of thought who, in my judgment, will stand the test of time: Henri Bergson, John Dewey, Alfred North Whitehead, Jacques Maritain, Jean-Paul Sartre, Max Planck, Albert Einstein, Niels Bohr, Werner Heisenberg, Nicolai Lenin, John Maynard Keynes, Arnold Toynbee, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin.

Before the shooting starts, let me try to defend my nominations. I have divided them into four categories: philosophers, natural scientists and mathematicians, historians and social scientists, and—what category does Teilhard belong in? More on that in a moment.

In dealing with each category, I will refer to a number of also-rans—authors whom I considered but excluded for reasons that seemed sufficient and that I will try to express briefly but persuasively.

I. Philosophers. Although it is often said that philosophy has reached a dead end in our time, the present century has seen brilliant and memorable philosophical work. The five philosophers I have chosen for enduring eminence are the five who have most markedly addressed themselves to their fellow men, not just to their fellow philosophers. This criterion alone excludes such thinkers as Husserl, Heidegger and Wittgenstein. Bertrand Russell has written books intelligible to the layman, but his penchant for being witty rather than wise makes them books we are finished with after the first reading. And while I find many facets of perennial wisdom in the writings of George Santayana, his effort to be timeless not only deprives his books of contemporary relevance but will, I think, also prevent them from enduring. None of these failings pertain to the works of Bergson, Dewey, Whitehead, Maritain and Sartre.

Henri Bergson (1859–1941) was an Irish Jew who was born in Paris and became a naturalized Frenchman. A member of the *Académie française* from 1918, he did diplomatic work during World War One and won the Nobel Prize in 1927. His greatest works were published around the turn of the century: they include *Time and Free Will* (1889), *Matter and Memory* (1896) and *Creative Evolution* (1907). To these we must add a book he wrote late in life—*The Two Sources of Morality and Religion* (1932).

John Dewey (1859–1952) was a Vermonter who taught philosophy at several major universities, notably Chicago, where he established the Laboratory School, and at Columbia, with which he was associated from 1904 until his death. It is one of the supreme ironies that American education has been taken over in our time by men who conquered in Dewey's name but who failed to understand the central insights in his great and revolutionary book about education —*Democracy and Education*, written in 1916. The titles of his other major contributions reveal the scope of his mind and the importance of the problems with which he grappled, in a way that engages the minds of other thinking men: *The Public and Its Problems* (1927), *The Quest for Certainty* (1929), *Experience and Nature* (1925), *Art As Experience* (1934), and *Logic: the Theory of Inquiry* (1938).

Alfred North Whitehead (1861–1947) was an Englishman who lectured on mathematics and philosophy at Cambridge University and at the University of London and became a professor of philosophy at Harvard in 1924. Learned in modern mathematics and perceptive of the philosophical significance of the revolutions that have taken place in 20th Century physics and biology, he transformed traditional conceptions to make the wisdom of the past conversant with the science of the present. His philosophical vision, compacted of insight, imagination and historical learning, is best expressed in *Science and the Modern World* (1925), *Religion in the Making* (1926), *Symbolism: Its Meaning and Effect* (1927), *Process and Reality* (1929), *The Aims of Education* (1929) and *Adventures of Ideas* (1933).

Jacques Maritain (1882–) was born in Paris, was educated at the Sorbonne and taught philosophy in France and in this country for 50 years. A student of Bergson, he became a convert to Roman Catholicism and is the leading liberal apologist for that faith. He is a deeply religious philosopher who writes in the ecumenical spirit of John XXIII. While, like Santayana, he writes from the vantage point of perennial wisdom, his thought, as well as his life, is immersed in as well as engaged with the most pressing problems of our day. He was the French ambassador to the Vatican at the time the present Pope was its Secretary of State; and during those years he courageously defended the cause of the Spanish Loyalists. The books of his that I think will live as long as Catholicism remains a puissant force in the world are *Art and Scholasticism* (1920), *The Degrees of Knowledge* (1932), *Freedom in the Modern World* (1933), *True Humanism* (1934), *The Rights of Man and Natural Law* (1942), *Education at the Crossroads* (1943), *Existence and the Existent* (1948) and, most recently, *Moral Philosophy* (1960).

Jean-Paul Sartre (1905–) is the *enfant terrible* of 20th Century philosophy. A Parisian, he was educated at the *École Normale Supérieure*, and published, with Albert Camus, an underground newspaper during World War Two. He refused the Nobel Prize in 1964. While not the founder of existentialism, he is the most forceful and eloquent exponent of that form of it which has rationalized the *Angst*, the despair and even the irrationalism so prevalent in our time. He has written many books on many subjects, philosophical, psychological, political and historical. He is the author of several memorable novels and plays, and has written penetrating criticisms of literature and of painting. His great philosophical work is probably *Being and Nothingness* (1943).

II. Natural Scientists and Mathematicians. In this, the age of science, the greatest advances so far have been made in mathematical physics. A comparable revolution is just beginning in biology and may produce equally great theoretical advances in the remainder of this century. My four nominations here are, therefore, confined to mathematical physics, and even here I have been compelled to limit my choice to the few, among many outstanding scientists, who have written books of broad theoretical scope. Most of the others have communicated their findings or theories in technical monographs or in the transactions of learned societies. In addition, each of the physicists I have chosen—Planck, Einstein, Bohr and Heisenberg—has made the effort to explain his discoveries and theories to the layman in books that express this philosophy of science. It may be these books, rather than their more technical works, that will come to stand alongside the writings of Galileo, Newton, Huygens and Faraday.

Max Karl Ernst Ludwig Planck (1858–1947) was, in a sense, the intellectual father of the other three, for the quantum theory, which he proposed in 1900, formed the basis of the revolutionary work of Einstein, Bohr and Heisenberg. Planck is sure to survive, for one of the basic physical constants is named after him. His masterpiece in theoretical physics is *The Origin and Development of the Quantum Theory* (1920); but it is to his more popular writings that men will continue to go for a basic understanding of modern physics: *Where Is Science Going* (1932), *The Philosophy of Physics* (1933) and *Scientific Autobiography* (1949), the last an engaging short

"I don't give a damn—it <u>still</u> needs nutmeg!"

book in a genre surprisingly rare.

Albert Einstein (1879–1955) was born in Germany and became a Swiss citizen in 1900, an American citizen in 1940. He won the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1921 (Planck won it in 1918). A handful of short papers produced before he was 25 years old generated world-wide fame for him and world-wide discussion of his theory of relativity, even though they were readable only by the very small number who were his peers. Those few pages read by few did as much to change our whole view of nature as anything ever written. Four of his books, in whole or part, are readable by the rest of us: *Relativity: The Special and the General Theory; A Popular Exposition* (1917), *Sidelights on Relativity* (1920-1921), *The Meaning of Relativity* (1922), *On the Method of Theoretical Physics* (1933).

Niels Henrick David Bohr (1885–1962) was a Dane who headed the Copenhagen Institute for Theoretical Physics from 1920 on. He received the Nobel Prize in 1922 and the Atoms for Peace award in 1957. The two awards indicate his two-fold approach to science—both that of a researcher and that of a citizen aware of the dangers inherent in the scientific venture. His major works include *The Theory of Spectra and Atomic Constitution* (1922), *Atomic Theory and the Description of Nature* (1934) and *Atomic Physics and Human Knowledge* (1962). Here again, the last is a broadly philosophical book intended for the layman.

Werner Karl Heisenberg (1901–) was born in Würzburg, Germany, won the Nobel Prize in 1932 and became director of the Max Planck Institute in 1946. His work in quantum theory, and especially his formulation of the uncertainty principle, have had a profound effect on later work in the field. His greatest book—a most difficult theoretical treatise—is *The Physical Principles of the Quantum Theory* (1930). More recently he has written two books of general intelligibility that illumine the ordinary man's understanding of the world of subatomic particles: *Philosophic Problems of Nuclear Science* (1952) and *Physics and Philosophy* (1958).

III. Historians and Social Scientists. Our century has seen a vast efflorescence of writing in this field, but in this great mass of material only a few works stand out. I nominate Lenin, Keynes and Toynbee as the few who have a chance to endure for a hundred years.

Nicolai Lenin (1870–1924) was born Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov in Simbirsk (subsequently named Ulyanovsk) and received his law degree from the University of St. Petersburg (now Leningrad). Along with Trotsky the chief moving force behind the Russian Revolution, he led a minority group which he named the majority (*bolsheviki*) and by this ruse, in part, gained control of the post-revolutionary government. He was both a man of theory and a man of action—a far-ranging political thinker as well as a superb politician. Two or three among his many books are likely to survive even if Communism does not. If, as Khrushchev threatened, Russia buries us, then Lenin will be near the top of any list of great writers drawn up in 2066, and the books will probably be *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism* (1917), *The State and Revolution* (1918) and *"Left-Wing" Communism, an Infantile Disorder* (1920).

John Maynard Keynes (1883–1946) was born in Cambridge, England, where he was also educated. He taught at the university until 1919, when he resigned to write *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, a book as amazingly prophetic in its way as Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*. It predicted that the Treaty of Versailles would inevitably lead to a second world war. Keynes' most important work, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* (1936), has profoundly affected subsequent economic theory and practice. It seems to me beyond question that his influence will persist for the next hundred years and, perhaps, beyond.

Arnold Joseph Toynbee (1889–) was born in London and has been associated with its university throughout his adult life. (He was, however, schooled at Oxford.) *A Study of History* (in ten volumes appearing between 1934 and 1954) is probably the most controversial historical work of this century. Its qualities of scope, imagination and eloquence make it the bane of professionals and the darling of amateurs. Even if the professionals are to some extent right in their criticisms of Toynbee's scholarship, his *Study of History* remains, in my judgment, the greatest historical work of our time.

One author remains. I am referring to Teilhard de Chardin whom, as I said earlier, I find difficult to place. He started out as a reputable scientist and later became a poetical and almost mystical spinner of philosophical fancies.

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin (1881–1955) was born in France, educated by the Jesuits and ordained a priest. He was known until his death only for his geological and paleontological studies in East Asia. In 1958 *The Phenomenon of Man* exploded on the scene, and this extraordinary work has been followed by the posthumous publication of other books and collections of letters and papers. *The Phenomenon of Man*, which is the only work of Teilhard's that will endure, is easy to criticize; yet the book has qualities of insight and imagination that shine through all its faults. I am not sure I can say why, but I think people will go on reading—and rereading—it for a long, long time.

In the practice of the Old Religion (called "witchcraft" by its adversaries), the *coven* or sacramental unit consisted of 13 persons (this is the origin of the modern superstition about that number). One of these, the leader, was sacrificed; and then there were 12. Teilhard is the 13th name on my list. I leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

There remain but two remarks to make. I wonder, first, what effect lists like this have on the "creation" of classics. Can a reputation be artificially nurtured? Is there—to use another language—a positive feedback between nominations for immortality and immortality itself? Have Mr. Fadiman and I, by naming our candidates and defending our choices, done our part to insure that the authors we have named will be included in that hypothetical set, which I would very much like to live to see—*Great Books of the 20 Century*?

My answer to these questions is yes and no. Yes, we will have had a small effect; we and others like us may help to carry the freight of a reputation forward. But in a longer view, the answer is emphatically negative. Posterity will be the absolute judge, and against it there will be no appeal. This is as certain as that neither of us will be around in 2066 to object to the inclusion, on the list of great 20th Century authors, of names that are to us, here and now, unattractive, unimpressive or unknown.

GREAT BOOKS POLL WINNERS

The editors of *Great Books of the Western World* recently asked readers of *The New York Times* and the *Chicago Tribune* to respond to the question "Who Is Writing the Great Books of the 20th Century?" PLAYBOY here presents the first published results of the poll, listing the top 12 authors in order of total votes cast for them. We think you'll enjoy comparing and contrasting this top dozen with those of experts Clifton Fadiman and Mortimer Adler, in the accompanying articles—and your own candidates for literary permanence.

1. George Bernard Shaw
2. Albert Einstein
3. T. S. Eliot
4. James Joyce
5. Jean-Paul Sartre
6. Ernest Hemingway
7. Albert Camus
8. William Faulkner
9. Eugene O'Neill
10. Thomas Mann
11. Arnold Toynbee
12. Franz Kafka

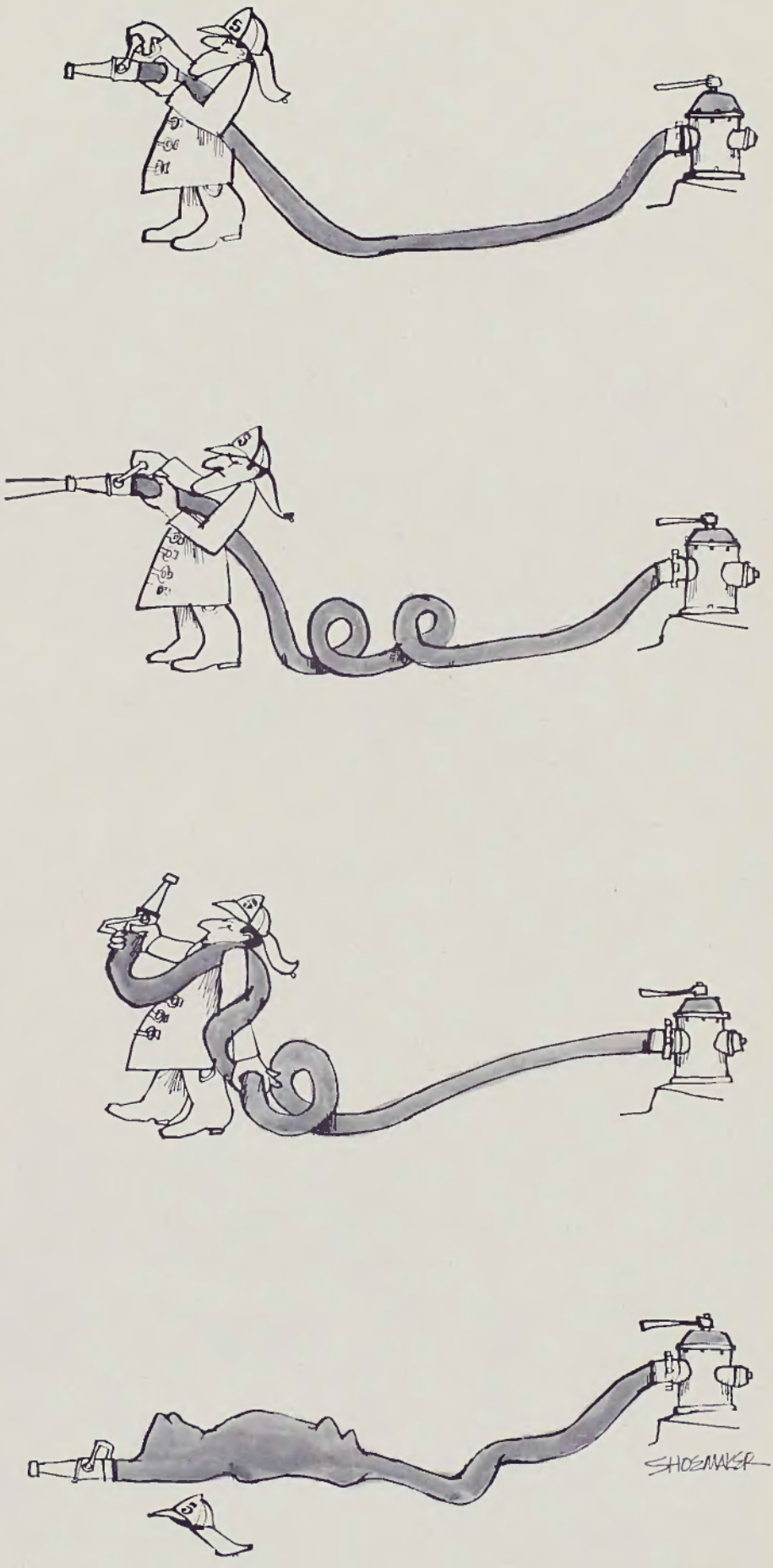
PARISIANS AND THE GERMANS

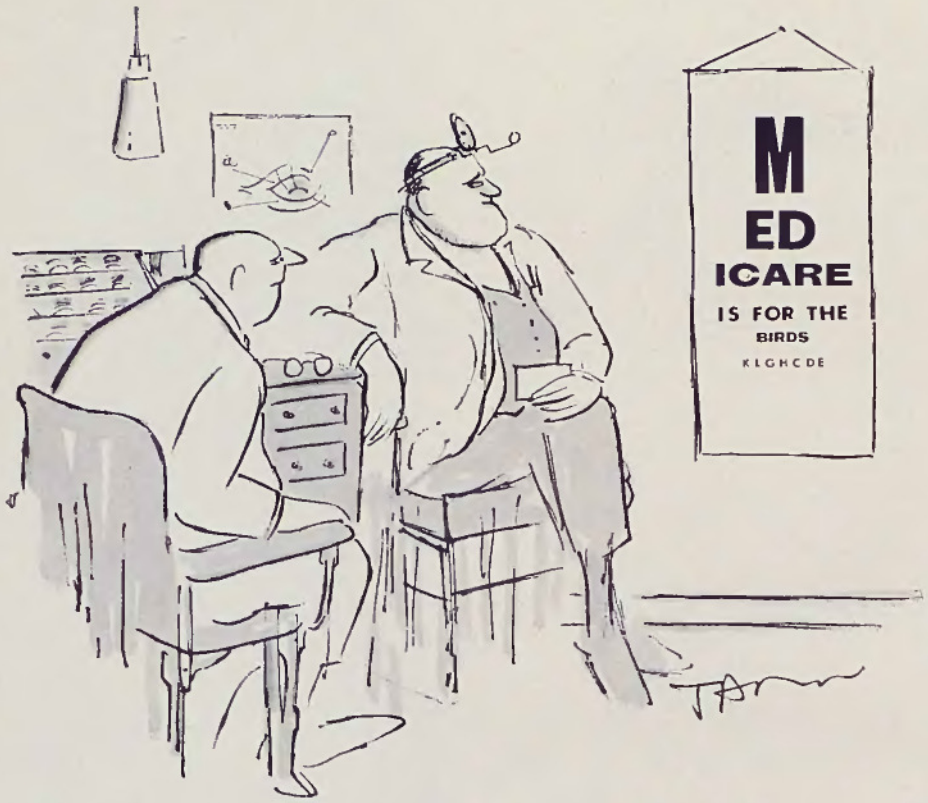
(continued from page 170)

event. But when they try to understand what gives them such a strong impression of a rupture between their past and their present, they can't find anything: nothing happened. This was more or less the case with us. At every moment we felt that a tie with the past had been ruptured. Traditions had been broken off, and habits as well. And we were hard put to understand the meaning of this change—one that the military defeat itself did not entirely explain. Today, however, I can see what it was: Paris was dead. No more cars and no more pedestrians—except at certain hours of the day and in certain parts of the city. We walked amid rubble. It seemed as though we were the strays left behind after an immense exodus. Bits of provincial life still clung to the far corners of the capital; but only the skeleton of a city was left: stately and immobile, too long and too wide for us. They were too wide, those avenues stretching away as far as the eye could reach; too great, those distances; too vast, those perspectives: you got lost in them. The Parisians stayed at home or lived a neighborhood life, afraid to move around among those great, austere palaces which, with each nightfall, were plunged into total darkness.

Here again, though, one must not exaggerate. Many of us loved the bourgeois tranquility, the faded charm, that the anemic capital took on in the moonlight. Yet our very pleasure was tinged with bitterness. Is there anything more bitter than walking in your *own* street, around your *own* church, around your *own* town hall, and feeling the same melancholy pleasure that you feel when visiting the Colosseum or the Parthenon in the moonlight? Everything was ruins: the uninhabited houses of the 16th *Arrondissement*, with their closed shutters; hotels and movie theaters requisitioned —marked off by white-painted barricades that you suddenly ran up against; bars and stores closed for the duration, their proprietors deported, dead or missing; plinths without statues on them; parks cut in two by zigzag passageways or disfigured by pillboxes; and all those huge, dusty letters on top of the buildings—neon signs that no longer lighted up. In the shopwindows we saw signs that looked as though they had been engraved on tombstones: SAUERKRAUT SERVED AT ALL HOURS; VIENNESE PASTRIES; WEEKEND AT LE TOUQUET; EVERYTHING FOR YOUR CAR.

"We went through the same thing," an Englishman might say. "In London, too, we had the blackout and the restrictions." I realize that. But these changes





didn't have the same meaning in the lives of the English that they had in ours. London, although mutilated and with its lights dimmed, remained the capital of England; but Paris was no longer the capital of France. Formerly, all highways and all railroads had led to Paris. The Parisian was at home in the center of France, in the center of the world. On the horizon of all his ambitions, all his loves, were New York, Madrid, London. Although fed by Périgord, Beauce, Alsace and the fishing grounds of the Atlantic, Paris was not (like ancient Rome) a parasitic city. It regulated the trade and the life of the nation; it processed raw materials; it was the operational center of France. But with the armistice and the division of the country into two zones, everything changed. Paris was cut off from the farming areas; the coasts of Brittany and Normandy became prohibited zones; a wall of concrete separated France from England and America.

There was still Europe; but Europe was a word that inspired horror. It stood for slavery. The City of Kings had even lost its political function—lost it to a phantom government at Vichy. France, divided into sealed-off provinces, had forgotten Paris. The city was no longer anything more than a huge agglomeration, spiritless and useless, haunted by memories of its past greatness and kept alive by periodic injections. It owed its languishing life to the number of freight cars and trucks that the Germans decided, from one week to the next, to allow into the city. If Vichy balked a little, if Laval showed himself reluctant to send workers to Berlin, the injections were discontinued immediately: Paris wasted away and yawned with hunger under the empty sky. Cut off from the rest of the world, fed out of pity or calculation, the only existence it had now was an abstract and symbolic one. Countless times during those four years, in the show windows of grocery stores, Frenchmen saw neat rows of bottles of Saint-Émilion or Meursault on display. Enticed, they would come up close to the window, only to see a sign reading: ARTIFICIAL DISPLAY. And the same thing was true of Paris: it was no longer anything but an artificial display. Everything was hollow and empty: the Louvre without paintings, the Senate without senators, the Chamber of Deputies without deputies, the Lycée Montaigne without students. The artificial existence that the Germans kept going in the city—performances of plays, horse races, miserable and lugubrious holiday celebrations—had no other purpose than to show the world that France was safe and sound because Paris was still alive. A strange result of centralization! The English, for their part, though they wreaked destruction on Lorient, Rouen and Nantes with their bombs, decided to spare Paris. And so, in this agonizing city, we enjoyed a funereal and symbolic calm. On every side of this little island, iron and fire rained down. But just as we had not been allowed to share in the toil of our provinces, so we no longer had the right to share in their sufferings. A symbol: the hard-working, quick-tempered city was now nothing more than a symbol. We looked at one another and wondered if we, too, had not become symbols.

The fact was that, in the course of four years, our future was stolen from us. We had to count on the others. And for the others we were merely an *object*. To be sure, the English radio and the English press were friendly toward us. But we would have had to be either very presumptuous or very naïve to believe that the English and Americans were carrying on that murderous war in order to liberate us. They were defending their own vital interests, manfully, weapons in hand; and we knew very well that in their calculations we counted only as one factor among many. As for the Germans, they were trying to figure out the best way to incorporate this bit of land into the bloc called "Europe." We felt our destiny escaping from us. France was like a flowerpot that is set out on the window ledge when the sun is shining, and then taken in again for the night without anyone's bothering to inquire what its own feelings are in the matter.

Everyone is familiar with the kind of mentally sick people called "depersonalized," who suddenly take it into their heads that "all men are dead" because they themselves have ceased to project their future beyond themselves and because, at the same time, they have ceased to be aware of the future of others. In those years, all Parisians were depersonalized: that was perhaps the most distressing thing of all. Before the War, if we looked sympathetically at a child, a young man or a young woman, it was because we had a presentiment of their future—because we surmised it obscurely in their gestures, in their faces. But the Occupation deprived human beings of their future. No longer did we keep our eyes on a young couple, trying to imagine their destiny: we had no more destiny than a nail or a door latch.

Every action we performed was provisional: its meaning was confined to the day on which it was performed. The men in the industrial plants worked on a day-to-day basis. Tomorrow there might be no electricity; or Germany might stop the shipments of raw materials; or the Germans might suddenly decide to send the plant workers to Bavaria or the Palatinate. True, the students went on studying for their exams. But who would have dared to guarantee that they would be able to take those exams? When we looked at one another we seemed to be looking at dead people. This dehumanization, this petrification

of man, became so intolerable that many Frenchmen, in order to escape it and recover their future, joined the Resistance. It was a strange future, checkered with torture, imprisonment and death; but at least it was one that we were making with our own hands. (If it were necessary to find an excuse—or, at any rate, an explanation—for "collaboration," it would be fitting to say that it, too, was an effort to restore a future to France.) Still, the Resistance was only an individual solution, and we were always aware of that fact. Even without it, the Allies would have won the War. In our eyes, the Resistance had above all a symbolic value. This explains why so many of its fighters were plunged into despair: always symbols—nothing but symbols—a symbolic revolt in a symbolic city. Only the tortures were real.

And so we felt we were on the sidelines. We felt the shame of not understanding this War that we were no longer fighting. From far away, we watched as the English and Russians adapted themselves to the German tactics while we were still brooding over our defeat of 1940. It had happened too fast, and we had learned nothing. Those who ironically congratulate us for having escaped the War have no notion of how the French would have welcomed a renewal of the fighting. Day after day we saw our cities being destroyed, our resources reduced to nothing. Our young people were wasting away; 3,000,000 Frenchmen were rotting in Germany; and the French birth rate was dropping. What battle could have been more destructive? But these sacrifices—which we would have made willingly had they served to hasten our victory—were meaningless. Either they served no purpose or they served the aims of the Germans. And this is something that everyone can probably understand: the terrible thing is not to suffer or to die, but to suffer or to die futilely.

Sometimes, in our state of absolute isolation, we would see Allied aircraft passing overhead. Our situation was so paradoxical that the air-raid siren warned us of them as if they were enemies. The orders were categorical: people were to leave their offices, close their shops and go down to the air-raid shelters. But we never obeyed. We stayed out in the streets, looking up at the sky. This disobedience should not be construed as either a futile revolt or a stupid affectation of courage: we were looking up, in our despair, at the only friends we had left. The young pilot passing overhead in his plane was attached to England or America by invisible bonds: it was a whole world, immense and free, filling the sky. But the only messages he carried were messages of death. No one will ever know what faith we had to have in our allies to go on loving them; *to will, along with them,* the destruction they were wreaking on our soil; to welcome, despite everything, their bombers as representing them. If the bombs missed their target and fell on an urban cluster, we did our best to find excuses, sometimes even accusing the Germans of having dropped them to make us angry at the English, or of having deliberately sounded the alert too late.

During the heavy bombings of Le Havre, I spent several days there with the family of a friend I had met in a German prison camp. The first evening we were huddled around the radio while the father turned the dials with a solemnity that was naïve and touching. It was as though he were celebrating Mass. Just as we were getting the first bulletins from the B. B. C., we heard the distant droning of aircraft. We knew very well that they were coming to drop their bombs on us. I shall never forget the mixture of terror and ecstasy in the voice of one of the women as she said, in a half-whisper: "Here come the English!" For the next 15 minutes, through the din of bombs exploding close by, they all sat there without budging, listening to the voice of London. It seemed to them that the presence of the English was being made more real—that the squadrons passing overhead embodied it.

But these acts of faith demanded a constant tension. Also, they often required that we suppress our indignation. We suppressed it when Lorient was razed to the ground, when the center of Nantes was destroyed and when the heart of Rouen was hit. Perhaps you can get some idea of the effort we had to make. Sometimes, to be sure, anger prevailed; but then we would explain it away as an irrational emotion. I remember the time (in July 1944) when the train on which I was returning from Chantilly was strafed. It was a completely harmless commuter train. Three planes made passes over it. In a few seconds there were three people killed and a dozen wounded in the lead car. The passengers, standing there beside the tracks, watched as the casualties were carried away on stretchers or on the green benches that had been brought from the next station to serve as litters. Their faces were blanched with wrath. They said insulting things about the English, accusing them of being barbarous and inhuman. "Why do they have to attack a defenseless train? Isn't there enough work for them on the other side of the Rhine? Why don't they go to Berlin? They're afraid of the A. A. batteries, that's why!" And so on. Then, suddenly, one of them came up with an explanation. "It's like this," he said. "Usually they aim at the engine and nobody gets hit. But today the engine was in the rear, so they strafed the lead car. After all, at that speed they couldn't have noticed the change." Immediately, everybody calmed down. They all felt relieved because the pilots had not made an unforgivable mistake—because we could go on liking the English. But that temptation to hate our allies—one against which we had to struggle very often—was by no means the least of our hardships. And I can assure you that on those days when, under the ironical glances of the Germans, we watched the smoke rising up from the fires started by our allies on the outskirts of the city, our solitude was total.

Yet we didn't dare complain: we had a guilty conscience. It was in the prison camp that I first came to know that secret shame which tormented us. The French prisoners were unhappy, but they couldn't manage to feel sorry for themselves. Their pangs of suffering were dry and sharp, distasteful, poisoned by the conviction that they were well deserved. They felt shame toward France; but France felt shame toward the world. A few tears of self-pity are sweet to the taste. But how could we have felt pity for ourselves when we were surrounded by the scorn of others? The Poles in my *Stalag* did not conceal their disdain for us. The Czechs reproached us for having abandoned them in 1938. And I was told that a Russian (who had escaped and been hidden by a gendarme from Anjou) had the habit of saying, with a goodhearted smile: "Frenchmen—rabbits, rabbits!" The English themselves were not always kind; and I recall a certain speech by Marshal Smuts that we had to listen to in silence. After that, naturally, we were tempted to be stubborn about our humiliation—to argue about it. After all, it took the three strongest nations in the world a whole four years to defeat Germany. Wasn't it natural that we should have crumpled under the first blow—one that we took all by ourselves? But we never considered pleading our case. The best of us joined the Resistance out of a need to redeem our country; the others remained hesitant and uneasy, brooding over their inferiority complex. Isn't it true that the worst punishment is one you must undergo without being able, on the one hand, to claim it is undeserved or, on the other hand, to take it as a redemption?

But at the very moment when we were going to give ourselves over to remorse, the Vichy government and the collaborators, in trying to urge us into it,

actually kept us from it. The Occupation was not merely the constant presence of the conquerors in our cities: it was also that vile image of ourselves—on all the walls, in the newspapers—that they tried to make us accept. "We've been defeated," they said. "Let's show that we're good sports. Let's admit our faults." And then, right on top of that: "Let's admit that the Frenchman is frivolous, thoughtless, boastful and selfish; that he understands nothing of foreign peoples; and that the War overtook our country in a state of complete decadence." Cartoons on posters ridiculed our last hopes. In the presence of so much baseness and such crude tricks, we stiffened our spines: we wanted to be proud of ourselves. But alas! No sooner had we begun to hold our heads high than we discovered in ourselves the true causes of our remorse. And so we lived in a terribly confused state: unhappy without daring to admit it to ourselves; ashamed, and disgusted with shame.

Then, to make things even worse, we couldn't take a single step—we couldn't eat or even breathe—without becoming accomplices of the enemy. Before the War the pacifists had told us over and over again that an invaded country must refuse to fight and offer only passive resistance. That was easy to say. But for such resistance to be effective it would have required that the railroad man refuse to operate his train, that the peasant refuse to work his fields. The conqueror would perhaps have been discomfited (although he could get provisions from his own country); but the occupied nation would have ensured its own complete demise in a very short time. So we had to work: to provide the nation with a semblance of economic organization; to guarantee it a minimum subsistence level despite the destruction and the pillaging. The trouble was that the least activity served the aims of the enemy who had pounced upon us, applied his leeches to our skin and was living in symbiosis with us. Not one drop of blood formed in our veins that he didn't share. There has been much talk of "collaborators," and we unquestionably had some out-and-out traitors in our midst. Not that we are ashamed of them: every nation has its social dregs —that fringe group of failures and embittered persons who, for a brief time, take advantage of a disaster or a revolution. The existence of a Quisling or a Laval in a national group is a *normal* phenomenon, like the suicide rate or the crime rate. But what struck us as abnormal was the situation of the entire country being collaborationist. The *maquisards* did not work for the enemy, and we were proud of that. But the peasants, if they wanted to feed the *maquisards*, had necessarily to go on raising their livestock, half of which was shipped to Germany. Every one of our actions was ambiguous: we never knew whether we should wholly blame ourselves or wholly approve of ourselves. A subtle venom poisoned our finest undertakings. The following is only one example of this:

The railroad men, the truck drivers and the mechanics behaved admirably. Their *sang-froid*, their courage and their self-denial saved hundreds of lives and enabled trainloads of food to reach Paris. For the most part, they were *résistants*, and they proved it. And yet the zeal they employed in defending our matériel served the German cause. Those locomotives so miraculously kept in running order might, from one day to the next, be requisitioned. Among the human lives saved by these workers must be counted the lives of military personnel on their way to Le Havre or Cherbourg. The supply trains also carried war matériel. So these men, whose only concern was to serve their compatriots, were by the force of circumstances on the side of our enemies against our friends. And when Pétain pinned a medal on one of them, it was Germany who was decorating him. From the start of the War until the very end, we did not *acknowledge* our actions, we could not lay claim to their consequences. The evil was everywhere. Each choice was bad; yet we had to choose, and we were responsible. Every heartbeat plunged us into a guilt that horrified us.

Perhaps we might have borne up better, in the abject state to which we had been reduced, if we had been able to achieve, and use against Vichy, that same unity that Vichy was constantly calling for. But it is not true that misfortune unites people. First of all, the Occupation scattered families to the four corners of the earth. There was more than one Parisian businessman, for example, who had left his wife and daughter in the Free Zone and could not (at least during the first two years) either see them or write to them, except for postcards; whose oldest son was in an officers' POW camp, while the youngest had joined De Gaulle. Paris was peopled with missing persons. Not among the least striking aspects of our situation, perhaps, was the cult of memories that we practiced for four years: a cult that was therefore dedicated, via our friends who were far away, to a pleasure in being alive, a pride in being alive, that had vanished. Despite our efforts, those memories faded more with each passing day, and the faces blurred out one by one. At first we talked a good deal about our men in the POW camps; then less, and still less. Not that we had stopped thinking about them. But after having at first been painful, sharply defined images in our minds, they had become empty, gaping emplacements. Little by little they became indistinguishable from our anemia: we missed them just as we missed sugar, fats or vitamins—in the same total and undifferentiated way. As the taste of chocolate or *foie gras* faded from recall, so did the memory of certain glorious days: of a 14th of July at the Bastille, of a sentimental stroll, of an evening at the seashore, of the greatness of France. Our needs diminished with our powers of recall. And since one can learn to live with anything, we had the shame of learning to live with our poverty, with the rutabagas on the dinner table, with the tiny few freedoms we still possessed, with our inner dryness. Each day we simplified ourselves a little more; and finally we talked of nothing but food—less because of hunger, perhaps, or fear of the next day, than because the search for "bargains" in food was the only undertaking left within our scope.

Then, too, the Occupation stirred up old quarrels; it aggravated the disagreements that separated the French. The division of France into the North Zone and the South Zone reawakened the old rivalry between Paris and the provinces —between north and south. The inhabitants of Clermont-Ferrand and Nice accused the Parisians of coming to terms with the enemy. The Parisians, for their part, charged that the French in the Free Zone were "soft," and that they insolently displayed their selfish satisfaction at not being "occupied."

It must be admitted that from this viewpoint the Germans did us a great service when they violated the clauses of the armistice and extended the Occupation to the entire country: they restored the unity of the nation. But many other quarrels persisted—the one between the peasant and the city dweller, for example. The peasants, who had long been smarting from the contempt in which they believed themselves held, took their revenge and made the urbanites pay dearly for everything. The latter, in their turn, accused the peasants of supplying the black market and starving the city people. The government fanned the flames of the quarrel with speeches that sometimes praised the peasants to the skies, while at other times accusing them of hiding their harvested crops.

Again, the insolence displayed at expensive restaurants set the workers against the middle class. Actually, these restaurants were patronized chiefly by the Germans and a handful of collaborators. But their very existence made for a painful awareness of social inequalities. Likewise, the working classes could hardly fail to notice that they were hardest hit by the drafts of laborers; the middle class was scarcely touched. Was this,

"Do you have any immediate objectives for 1966?"

as has been claimed, the result of a German scheme to sow discord? Or was it not rather because workers were more useful to Germany? I don't know. But—and this was a sign of our uncertainty—we didn't know whether to be glad that most of the students escaped deportation, or to hope (out of a spirit of solidarity) that deportation policies would be applied equally to all social classes.

Finally, for the sake of completeness, I must mention that the defeat exacerbated the conflict between different generations. For four years, the veterans of 1914 reproached those of 1940 with having lost the War, while the men of 1940 accused their elders of having lost the peace.

It would be quite wrong, however, to picture wartime France as a nation torn apart. The truth is not that simple. More than anything else, these quarrels appeared as obstacles to an immense and awkward desire for union. Never before, perhaps, was there so much good will. Young people dreamed vaguely of a new social order; management, on the whole, was inclined to make concessions to labor. Everywhere—when a moment of jostling in the *métro* triggered a quarrel between two passengers, or when a dispute broke out between a pedestrian and a clumsy bicycle rider—you would hear the same murmur from the crowd: "What a shame! Frenchmen quarreling with each other! And with the Germans looking on!" But most of the time this good will could not be put to use: it was blocked by the very circumstances of the Occupation, by the barriers that the Germans had set up between us and by the necessities of the underground struggle. Thus, those four years were one long impotent dream of unity.

It is this fact that imparts to the present moment its agonizing urgency. The barriers are down and our fate is in our own hands. Which will win out—the old, rekindled quarrels, or the great desire for solidarity? But what we ask of you, above all, is to understand that the Occupation was often more terrible than the War. Because in a war, every person can do his job as a man; whereas in our ambivalent situation we could neither really *act* nor even *think*. Doubtless France did not at all times during that period—the Resistance excepted—give evidence of greatness. But it must be understood first of all that the active Resistance had to be, by necessity, limited to a minority. Besides which, it seems to me that the minority who offered themselves up to martyrdom—deliberately and without hope—suffice amply to redeem our weaknesses. And finally, if these pages have helped you gauge what our country suffered—in shame, in horror and in anger—you will, I think, agree with me that it is entitled to respect even for its mistakes.

"Encore!"

demonstrations

(continued from page 146)

and PI two: Farmer is coming through the gate with a large group of people; stop him at the gate; do not let him enter." Our young man thought fast and decided he had to do something. Picking up the walkie-talkie, he said, "Headquarters to PI one and PI two: Disregard previous orders; let them through." It worked.) I am sure that if the armchair experts could see the work and devotion that go into a CORE demonstration and could actively participate in an organized protest, they would not call a halt to an ineffective demonstration so quickly either. The sky will not fall if we make a few mistakes.

The Government seems to have applied this lesson to its War on Poverty. The law says that the poor must be involved in planning for their own futures, and many leaders of the program have been quoted as saying that if we do not encourage impoverished communities to engage in direct action—picket lines, boycotts, rent strikes—all the money and loving care in the world will not succeed in providing them with a dignified life. I cannot stress this point too strongly. Our people must feel that they are shaping their own lives, that they have forced changes in the politics of the powerful. You cannot engineer freedom. A freed man is not yet free. I only hope the agencies—Federal, state and local—that are administering the antipoverty program will have the courage of their rhetoric.

Another charge is that demonstrations "serve only to satisfy the egos of the participants." Well, this may be true of *some* demonstrations. But even ego-satisfying demonstrations are not without their fringe benefits. Consider the problems of crime and juvenile delinquency in the ghetto. Both decreased drastically in Montgomery, Alabama, at the time of the bus boycott in 1956. Before the 1961 Freedom Rides, Jackson, Mississippi, had a shocking incidence of petty and violent crime of Negro against Negro. When the Freedom Buses came, the city united in support and the crime rate dropped precipitately. But perhaps the most dramatic example of the power of mass demonstrations to regenerate a Negro community occurred in 1963 in Cambridge, Maryland, where, in a movement led by Gloria Richardson, arrests of Negroes for major crimes were cut by more than half. Nor should we forget the success of the so-called Black Muslims in wiping out crime among their adherents. Whenever people are given hope and the technique to get the heel off their necks, crime will decline.

What the public must realize is that in a demonstration more things are happening, at more levels of human activity, than meet the eye. Demonstrations in

the last few years have provided literally millions of Negroes with their first taste of self-determination and political self-expression. We might think of the demonstration as a rite of initiation through which the black man is mustered into the sacred order of freedom. It is also a rite the entire nation must undergo to exorcise the demons of racial hate. If in a spasm of emancipated exuberance these rites should cause inconvenience or violate the canons of cultivated good taste or trouble the dreams of some good-livers, I think it is forgivable. Enlightened people will understand that exuberance and occasional inconvenience are small prices to pay when a nation is undoing historic wrong. The very least the nation can do is give us room to demonstrate. That's only a small sacrifice, considering the debt.

In emphasizing the therapeutic value of demonstrations, I do not wish to suggest that they have ceased to be an effective tool and weapon. Few demonstrations are wholly ineffective. Let us consider the bête noire of those complaining about "amateurish" demonstrations —the celebrated "garbage-dump" demonstration on the Triborough Bridge in New York. The aim of that CORE demonstration was to inform a comfortable and complacent public about the reprehensible condition of two Harlem schools; the garbage we dumped was actually collected from trash and debris accumulated in those schools. The halls and dining rooms of the schools reeked. There had been a fire in one of them two weeks earlier; the charred debris had not been cleared. So we called the police and newspapers to tell them that we intended to scoop up heaps of filth and drop them on the bridge at midday, delaying traffic for about 20 minutes, and that we would distribute leaflets to drivers and the press explaining what we were doing and why. New York citizens should know what goes on inside the ghetto walls they skirt each day! Unfortunately, the press played up the garbage and ignored the leaflets. But CORE is not responsible for the failure of the news media to report its activities fully and objectively.

It will be asked: "What good is it to discomfort and anger people who themselves can do nothing about Harlem conditions? What except bad will can come of such provocations?" Often there is a threat concealed in the question: "Be careful; I'm getting angry. It will harm your cause if I am angry." Now, I am the last man to deprive someone of his anger; we have been demanding our own right to be angry for some time. We expect anger; but we expect honesty, too, and honesty would compel this angry man to admit that there is a contradiction in his position. On the one hand, he says that vague public sympathy and understanding will not help the cause; therefore we ought to demonstrate to persons immediately involved, not to the general public. On the other hand, he says that vague public displeasure will harm the cause. If vague public displeasure can harm us, it follows that public sympathy with our plight can help. All of which means simply that public policy is still determined in the context of public opinion.

No one of us at CORE ever claimed that the garbage dump alone would solve the education problem in New York City or even a significant part of it —as if only those demonstrations which singlehandedly solved problems were justified. What we do claim is that city officials will not move to improve the quality and racial balance of the schools until (a) both officials and the general public realize that conditions are unconscionable, and (b) both realize that they cannot skirt the issue without risking some dislocation. Teaching this is a long, cumulative process, and I believe the Triborough affair played its role. In the spring of 1965 the New York City Board of Education sketched a far-reaching plan for upgrading and integrating the city schools. Whether the plan will leave the drawing board remains to be seen (we intend to use some persuasion), but it is clear that in 1965 the city was closer to meeting its education problem than it had been a year earlier.

Actually, the cumulative impact of demonstrations far and near is one of our most potent weapons. In the spring and summer of 1962, CORE initiated a project called Freedom Highways. We announced we would conduct demonstrations against discrimination in major chain restaurants serving U. S. highways. Howard Johnson immediately desegregated all 69 of its restaurants in Florida. Later in that year we announced that we would begin a campaign against discrimination in hiring at Sears, Roebuck and asked our chapters throughout the country to investigate hiring policies of Sears stores in their localities. Some of them telephoned the local manager: "This is CORE calling. We want to come and talk to you about discrimination." "Don't bother," came several answers. "Just send us a certain number of Negro sales personnel Monday morning." Our persuasive sort of negotiations convinced the First National Bank of Boston to hire several hundred Negroes. In California, 26 CORE chapters cooperated in persuading the Bank of America to hire thousands of Negroes and Mexican-Americans. In New York, a combination of economic boycott, picketing and secondary pressure helped persuade the Sealtest Dairy to cease discrimination. When we finally sat down with them, our negotiations were very amicable.

What I am saying is that in these cases and many others, we had to resolve not to retreat before serious negotiations were possible, and the cumulative impact of demonstrations and boycotts throughout the country helped us make our point. In a sense we are still drawing interest because of the Montgomery bus boycott and the more recent well-publicized demonstrations. Even a seemingly futile demonstration plays its part. Similarly, our Government and the Russians established a record of determined militancy over ten years, each trying to convince the other that it really would use its H-bombs, before reasonable communication could begin. The total context of demonstrations makes private negotiation and political due process possible. News travels. Tomorrow some bank president in the Midwest threatened with direct action may hire Negroes because he doesn't want garbage dumped in his bank.

But perhaps the clearest example of the cumulative power of demonstrations to effect beneficial change is in the background to the Civil Rights Act of 1964. The late President Kennedy is fondly remembered by American Negroes, but it would be a disservice to historical accuracy if we forgot how disappointed we were in the first two and a half years of his tenure in office. Kennedy was elected by Negro votes in 1960, and he made several promises in order to get those votes. One thing he promised was comprehensive civil rights legislation, and in his famous "stroke of the pen" statement he promised to eliminate discrimination in Federally assisted housing. After his election, Kennedy showed little inclination to keep those promises. To be sure, the Justice Department was more active in initiating voter-registration cases in the South than it had been under Eisenhower, but, presumably with the concurrence of the Justice Department, Kennedy had appointed three known racists to the Federal bench: William Harold Cox of Mississippi (who had described 200 Negro voter applicants as "a bunch of niggers . . . chimpanzees [who] ought to be in the movies rather than being registered to vote"); J. Robert Elliott of Georgia (who had said once, "I don't want those pinks, radicals and black voters to outvote those who are trying to preserve our segregation laws and traditions"); and E. Gordon West of Louisiana (who called the 1954 school-desegregation decision "one of the truly regrettable decisions of all time"). Racist Federal judges are perhaps the greatest obstacle to Federally enforced equal rights in the South today.

Meanwhile, there came no stroke of the Presidential pen, though we had been reliably informed that an executive order drawn up by his staff to fulfill his promise had lain unsigned in his office since 1961. So CORE people joined a campaign started by the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing. We

"My other wives don't understand me . . ."

figured J. F. K.'s pen had run dry, so we sent thousands of bottles of ink to the White House. As for the Civil Rights Bill, it is clear that as late as five minutes before Birmingham, in May of 1963, the President intended to drop civil rights legislation from the agenda of urgent business in order to safeguard other parts of his legislative program. But he had not reckoned on Birmingham and the outbreak of demonstrations that followed in its wake. By June 19, Kennedy sent Congress the most comprehensive civil rights bill in our history. "We face, therefore," he said, "a moral crisis as a country and a people."

But Birmingham alone did not convince Kennedy and the nation of what it had to do. It was Birmingham, as the culmination of nearly ten years of passionate and unceasing direct demonstration, that finally taught the nation that the "movement" would not stop short of the redress of those grievances. A hundred years of lobbying and legal suits did not achieve what the masses achieved in the streets with their demonstrations. That Lyndon Johnson has been far superior to his predecessor in the civil rights area is in part due to the fact that this superbly political man has perceived how significantly in the last ten years the Negro has altered the political realities a President must deal with.

"But what about the white backlash?" ask some. "Remember, you are but ten percent of the population. Can you do without your white allies?" The use of the backlash argument as a deterrent to demonstrations took classic expression in 1964, when the election campaigns were beginning. It would be well to confront this argument against that background.

In March, April and May of that year, George Wallace, the racist governor of Alabama, had entered three Democratic Party primaries in the North and each time confounded even our professionally pessimistic predictions. At the same time, many whites in the North whom we assumed to be sympathetic or at least usefully passive were expressing impatience with the direct methods the movement had used so dramatically and successfully in recent years. "What more do they want? They got the Civil Rights Act. They're pushing too hard!" More ominously, anti-Negro sentiment was hardening into concrete actions as parents' and taxpayers' associations and neighborhood protection societies and anti–fair housing committees organized to fight desegregation. As we read letters in the CORE office and talked to people around the nation, it often seemed that good white folk had taken leave of their senses. Every subway mugging was interpreted as a civil rights demonstration. Often I was challenged by a question that could be considered rational only if one assumed that Roy Wilkins, Martin Luther King, John Lewis and I met each midnight, in a huge room filled with maps and charts, and simply by placing a pin in the map at a point between 125th Street and 126th Street on Lenox Avenue, induced some poor ghetto victim to go berserk. I was even asked once why I couldn't keep my people quiet in the Congo. And *we* are supposed to believe in black magic! Then, of course, there were riots in Harlem, Rochester, Philadelphia and Jersey City, and "responsible people" began deploring our "strike-back tactics." Early in July, Goldwater was nominated and we all agreed his election would be calamitous, not so much, perhaps, because of what he would do as for what his election would *mean* about the temper of the times.

On July 25, 1964, I received a telegram from Roy Wilkins, Executive Secretary of the NAACP, urging me to attend a meeting at his office to discuss tactics and strategy in the light of recent developments, adding that he was sure I was opposed to Goldwater and would not wish to do anything that would enhance his chances of election or hurt the civil rights movement. I couldn't disagree.

On July 29 I found myself at what the press later termed a "summit meeting," convened to proclaim a moratorium of all civil rights demonstrations until Election Day. Others present were Wilkins; Whitney Young, Jr. (Urban League); Martin Luther King (Southern Christian Leadership Conference); Jack Greenberg (NAACP Legal and Defense Fund, Inc.); John Lewis (SNCC); A. Philip Randolph, the elder statesman of the movement; and Bayard Rustin, organizer of the 1963 March on Washington.

The key paragraph in the statement privately presented to this group for discussion read: "We therefore propose and call upon our members to observe a moratorium of all mass marches, picketing and demonstrations until after Election Day, next November 3." This was later amended for public presentation to read: ". . . a broad curtailment, if not total moratorium of all mass marches," et cetera. But to the press and general public, never patient with fine distinctions, the moratorium was blanket; and I think they captured, for once, the principal impulse of the event. The New York *Daily News*, in an unusual show of insight, applauded the move and urged the civil rights leaders to follow the logic of their statement and make the moratorium permanent. After all, if a cessation of mass agitation would help elect Johnson now, why not begin the 1968 campaign the day after the election. One cannot be too prudent in politics.

The reasoning behind the moratorium was clear: Goldwater had to be defeated; we must not antagonize whites into voting for him; the "strike-back" philosophy gains only enemies, and since we cannot achieve our goals if the entrenched and powerful 90 percent oppose us, our prime policy must be "winning friends and influencing people among the white majority," in the words of Roy Wilkins. Therefore, we must halt "ego-satisfying" demonstrations and emphasize voter registration. A grateful Democratic Party will be useful.

At CORE we agreed that Goldwater should be defeated, and we agreed, too, that voter registration was important and that we should add political action to our program of direct action. And we agreed that we could not achieve our goals if the entrenched and powerful 90 percent opposed us (that isn't exactly a controversial statement), but we did not agree that demonstrations should end because of white sentiment, nor did we agree that a handful of leaders should *announce* our intention and willingness to suspend, let alone to *end* demonstrations. In our view, it would be fatal to *announce* that we are going to drop direct demonstrations, for that would shatter the context for racial progress that we have built up over the past ten years. There is too much more to be done. Similarly, if we were to offer a vacation to the nation, if we were to let America remember what it was like with the pressure off, we might never get them back to work without resorting to even more extreme and disruptive measures. So CORE rejected the moratorium, as did SNCC. And our reasons are as sound today, when applied to the backlash argument, as they were in 1964.

First, I must challenge the factual basis of the moratorium decision. It was not true in 1964 and it is not true now that we are in danger of causing 90 percent of the population to array itself against us. Outside the South, "whiteness" is not the principle upon which most nonblacks vote and act, and even in the South it is not the only political banner. In a sense the moratorium-mongers are using a Muslimlike argument—invoking the specter of racial war—to support their strategy. If the movement *could* suddenly lose the support of its allies in organized labor, in the Church, in the intellectual community, in the various liberal organizations, in the Democratic and Republican Parties, simply because it insists on being true to itself and its tasks, then it never had those friends to begin with. Why oppose Goldwater, if things are in this state, if he'll win eventually anyway? Not that everything we do will please our friends. At times we will distress them; they will growl imperiously. And at times they will be right and change our minds. But that they will suddenly array themselves against us—white against black—is unlikely. I believe we *should* ally with white groups; I believe we *are* allied and that the alliance is firm enough to withstand some independence in its parties.

With the advantage of hindsight, I might add that the backlash failed to

snap for Goldwater and that polls showed in mid-1965, after Selma and Bogalusa, that the nation supported Congress' efforts to pass a tough voting bill. (The bill, when passed, turned out to be weaker than we had hoped it would be. A section prohibiting poll taxes in state and local elections—as they have been banned in Federal elections—was deleted.)

By acceding to the backlash, we only convince hostile white groups that they can intimidate us into inaction by threatening to vaunt their own displeasure. When would be the next time a moratorium would be demanded, this time with the added argument: "You did it in '64 and it worked; Goldwater was defeated. Why not do it now?" Each concession makes the next one harder to avert. Worse still, backlashism trains black men to pin their sense of priorities to the tail of current white feelings or, more precisely, to what are perceived to be current white feelings. This not only corrupts thought, it dams up healthy and manly instincts. Soon we see white opposition where there is none; even more alarming, we imagine weak and token opposition to be insuperable.

Actually, those present at the "summit conference" did not and do not have anything vaguely resembling the power to call off demonstrations. National officers can't tell local chapters how to behave on matters so central to their operations. Shortly after the moratorium announcement, several NAACP chapters announced their refusal to go along. At that time demonstrations at the Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City were planned in support of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, and nothing could have stopped them. A major desegregation fight was raging in St. Augustine, Florida; did anyone suppose that it would now proceed without benefit of mass marches, picketing and demonstrations? And what of the hundreds of local demonstrations related to ongoing campaigns?

We could not sabotage these activities. If we could use demonstrations after the election, we saw no reason not to use them during the election. Negro demonstrations, as I have said, provide the setting for current politics; we aim to maintain that setting. Freedom is not a prize bestowed on the head of the class, a gift for good behavior. Freedom is earned and learned in struggle, and the demonstration remains an indispensable technique of struggle—which is something those who raise the next question we shall consider should ponder.

"Have we not moved now to a stage 'beyond demonstrations'?" they ask. Yes and no. Clearly the rights movement today faces new problems demanding new techniques. Demonstrations are useful in abetting legal suits to obtain legal rights, as an indispensable form of self-expression for the masses, and in challenging segregation in public accommodations or education, or discrimination in hiring or housing. A restaurant owner, a board of education, a bank president, a real-estate man—all may be successfully converted or coerced. But while these problems will remain for years to come and the civil rights movement will need to deal with them continually, it is now clear that other enemies of the Negro are those *impersonal* forces of modern economic life that produce mass unemployment, urban squalor and education inadequate to the demands of our technological economy. If segregation and discrimination were eliminated tomorrow, many, many Negroes would still be ill equipped to do the work demanded of today's worker. For these problems, traditional demonstrations are not as effective. We will need the financial resources and the concentrated effort of all levels of government, and it will take more money and concentrated effort than is now dreamed of in the philosophies of the antipoverty program. (There will also need to be programs in self-help and self-development in the Negro community.) And to persuade the Government to undertake necessary measures, we will need to engage in forms of political activity other than direct action. But demonstrations will be an indispensable adjunct to almost every new effort.

Demonstrations *alone* did not achieve the civil rights bill, either. Without a half century of legal preparation and lobbying by the NAACP and others, the Congress and the President would not have known where to begin in formulating and passing a civil rights law. We have never denied the necessity for expertise and politics-as-usual at one level of the movement's activities. But without a decade's demonstration of deep and legitimate grievances, the law today would still be a dream.

Bayard Rustin speaks of the inability of demonstrations to achieve "basic reforms" in the system. Demonstrations, he says, deal well with "superficial problems." (Like Rustin, I learned first about direct action from Gandhi. Gandhi would not agree that mass demonstrations are useless in achieving basic reforms, for he worked a revolution with this technique. As Gandhi challenged the salt tax and an empire, so will we use demonstrations to achieve our legislation and alter a realm.) I don't know what basic reforms he speaks of and I'm not sure he does, but I do know that without a decade of demonstrations there would be no antipoverty program today. What but the civil rights movement has dramatized the plight of the poor and created the climate of urgency within which poverty is discussed? We might not have intended it exactly, but by being for ourselves, we helped a lot of poor whites who otherwise would have gone unnoticed.

In his important book *The Other America*, Michael Harrington argues that the poor of America are almost invisible. Concentrated in enclaves off the main highways of American life and concern, the poor are not even visible enough to shake the prevalent and absurd conviction that this is an "affluent society." Manifestly, the task seems to be not simply to imagine and demand programs for the poor and to rally our allies, but to convince the nation over and again that the poor truly exist and that their need is urgent. For this, demonstrations are indispensable, albeit in conjunction with other efforts.

It must be added, of course, that while segregation and discrimination may not be the deepest causes of the Negro's plight, they remain, on the surface where we live and think, prevalent and virulent. The struggle for civil rights has not ended. A constant vigil is imperative—a vigil, I might add, which must now be directed to the ever-broadening activities of the Government, for the poverty program will be administered not by fair-minded intellectuals but by officials and agents, many of whom are conditioned to discriminate by habit. Since the effectiveness of direct action at this "superficial" level is acknowledged, it seems clear that demonstrations will be useful for some time to come.

"But when will the demonstrations end?" I remember the comment of a red-necked young man from St. Augustine, Florida, the leader of a gang of whites who had attacked Negroes trying to swim in the Atlantic Ocean: "If I thought the niggers would be satisfied with just swimming, I'd let them in. But they won't be. First it's this, and then they'll want more, and before you know it they'll be laying hands on our women. We've got to take a stand now, because the more we let them have, the harder it'll be to draw the line."

Sometimes I think that the racists have a deeper insight into things than the moderates. The gentleman is right. Nothing short of full equality will stop us. One cannot simply draw up a list of 10 or 20 things whose fulfillment would spell equality. In countless details we are unequal, and elements in our society discover new ways each moment to keep us unequal. The moderate sincerely searches for the concession that will finally satisfy and silence us. He is willing to negotiate and temporarily sacrifice his security to get rid of the problem. The racist knows better how deep the problem is and how long he will need to resist our efforts. But we shall persist —that I promise.

This is the first of two articles on crucial issues in the Negro struggle for civil rights, by CORE director James Farmer. The second will appear next month.

 (continued from page 179)

middle of December 1925.

If there is one thing a bookseller detests, it's the publication of an important new book at the height of the Christmas rush, when his entire staff is dedicated to selling the stock already on hand and nobody has time even to open new bulk shipments in the receiving room. Despite this handicap, *An American Tragedy* had sold upward of 15,000 sets by New Year's Day, the reviews had been generally laudatory and provocative, and Dreiser was on Easy Street for the first time in years. He showed his appreciation by ignoring Liveright and heading south with a lady friend without even leaving a forwarding address.

Nevertheless, Liveright was ecstatic. Within a fortnight, he had arranged with Pat Kearney to dramatize *An American Tragedy* and signed a vivacious young blonde, Miriam Hopkins (no stranger to upper echelons of the Liveright hierarchy), to play one of the leads. Now he was ready for bigger game: Hollywood.

Dreiser, back in New York to make sure once again he wasn't being cheated on royalties, scoffed at the project. "You're wasting your time," he told Liveright. "Those chicken-livered producers wouldn't consider making a story as strong and uncompromising as *Tragedy*."

"Let me try," pleaded Liveright. "I'll go out there at my own expense, and I know just the people who'll go for it."

"You won't get $1.98," hooted Dreiser.

"Wait and see," counseled Liveright, "and here's the deal I propose to you. The first fifty thousand I get for the picture rights goes entirely to you. On anything over fifty, you and I split fifty-fifty."

Dreiser didn't laugh very often, but this proposition sent him virtually into hysterics. Nevertheless, after Liveright had written out the terms on a piece of scratch paper, Dreiser scrawled his signature thereto. Liveright proudly showed a group of us the agreement at a party shortly before he headed west on the Century, and because I had obviously shared Dreiser's skepticism, I was one of the first to be told of the deal Liveright put over with Paramount.

"They're paying *ninety thousand*," he chortled. "Wait till Dreiser hears the news! He'll faint on the spot! I'm taking him to the Ritz Tuesday to tell him, and I'd like you to come with us." Horace, with his flair for the dramatic, wouldn't dream of giving Dreiser the wonderful news by phone, but insisted on the Ritz-Carlton setting. And I, obviously, was being taken along to provide an audience.

Dreiser was not one to play games. "For what have you brought me here?" he kept repeating. "I resent being treated like a child"—but this only made Horace more kittenish.

"Not until we've finished luncheon," he insisted, flashing his grand-piano–keyboard smile upon the Crystal Room's headwaiter, who recognized him, and two puzzled matrons below us, who didn't. (Our table was on a balcony that surrounded the room—three or four steps up from the main floor.)

By the time coffee had been served, Dreiser had become so fidgety and surly that even Liveright realized further delay was positively dangerous. "I've made a deal with Paramount for *An American Tragedy*," he announced with a flourish, "and you won't believe what I got for it! *Ninety thousand dollars!*"

Dreiser was not amused. "Cut out the nonsense," he ordered, "and tell me why you brought me here."

"I never was more serious in my life," Liveright assured him, "and here's the memo from Paramount in confirmation till they get a formal contract drawn up." (Incidentally, it took Paramount almost four years to present that formal contract. It was not signed, sealed and delivered until January 2, 1931.)

Dreiser's hands were trembling when he finished reading the memo, and then he let out what was for him a whoop of joy. "Ninety thousand dollars!" he exclaimed. "Do you realize what this will mean to me?" He whipped out a pencil and began jotting figures on the tablecloth. "Twenty-five thousand will nail down a piece of property up the Hudson I've been dickering for. Fifteen more will pay every debt and obligation I have in the world . . ."

"Just a minute," interrupted Liveright, sensing trouble. "Remember, only the first fifty goes entirely to you. The other forty we split. That means you net seventy thousand as your share."

Dreiser registered utter disbelief. "Do you mean to tell me," he began slowly, "that you propose to take twenty thousand dollars of *my money*?"

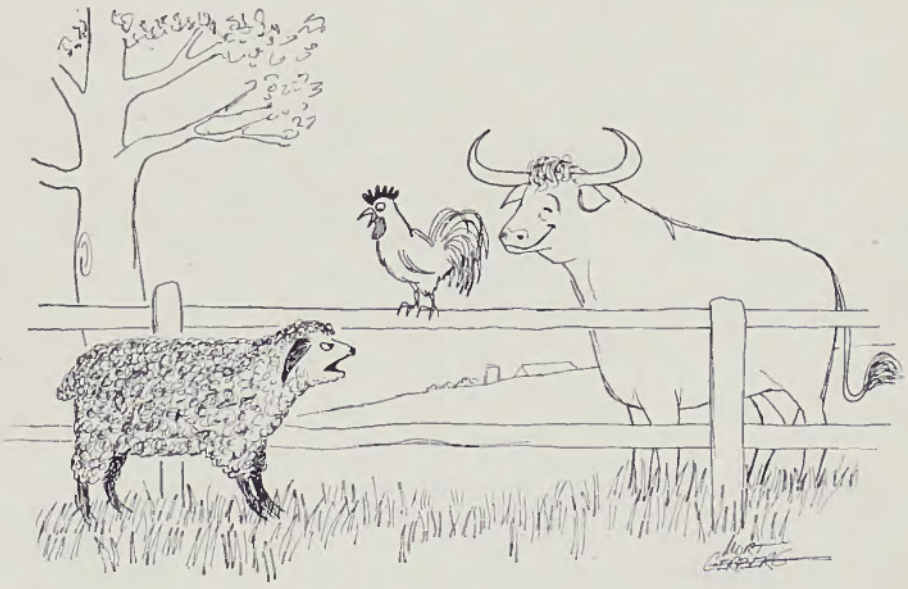
"But that was our written agreement," Liveright reminded him. "After the first fifty, we're equal partners. You were convinced I'd never sell it at *any* price."

Dreiser pushed back his chair, rose ponderously from the table, picked up his cup of coffee and, without another word, dashed it in Liveright's face. Fortunately it had been poured some moments earlier, or it might have scalded the startled publisher. As it was, it splashed harmlessly over his chin, and started splattering down his shirt front. The headwaiter threw up his hands and came running on the double. The two matrons below us jumped to their feet and screamed. Dreiser turned on his heel and stamped out of the Crystal Room.

Horace Liveright, as gallant as he was imprudent, regained his composure in an instant. As he mopped himself with his napkin, he managed a weak smile and told me, "Let this be a lesson, Bennett. Every author is a son of a bitch."

When the contract for the motion-picture version of *An American Tragedy* finally was ratified, I understand that Dreiser wound up with $80,000 of the payment, and Liveright had to be content with $10,000. That's what somebody at Paramount told me. Horace Liveright never mentioned *Tragedy* to me again.

The picture that eventuated from all this was not only a big success in its original form, but was rewritten for a second go-round as *A Place in the Sun*, featuring Montgomery Clift, Shelley Winters and a rising young star: Elizabeth Taylor.



"What kind of story are you two handing me?"

SEÑOR DISCRETION *(continued from page 142)*

inclined to outbursts of eloquence. In his youth he had been a partisan of the Obregón revolution, and two of his favorite postures were politically oratorical and verbally combative. When he was addressing an audience of three or four half-listeners in The Bass Drum of God, or when he was tongue-lashing some absent enemy (and the farther away the target the more ferocious his attack), Pancito was able to put out of mind his petty-bourgeois poverty and the insufficiencies of his figure and his position. Self-propelled by his own anger or rhetoric, the roly-poly baker in his tight, threadbare double-breasted suit (a 100-peso secondhand acquisition necessary as a symbol of shopkeeper status) was no longer earth-bound or bakery-bound or bound to the faded walls of the sour-smelling Bass Drum of God.

Pancito was cooped up in his cell-like Panadería with his solemn-faced daughters a minimum of ten hours a day. He unlocked his shop every morning at five A.M. (including Sundays) to start the baking with the heavy but shapeless resentment of a man serving a life sentence for a crime he not only did not commit but cannot even identify. Yet he felt strangely guilty, guilty for having been born, guilty for having been a spindly and undernourished child, guilty for having grown up short and pudgy and slightly lame, guilty for having lost his wife to the graveyard before the four girls were fully reared, guilty for having what was generally acknowledged as the sorriest bakery in Tepalcingo, guilty, inexplicably and inexorably guilty of being Pancito Perez. Pancito Perez the Failure. Waking up in the dark to face the same day he had endured the day before, he could almost hear that defeatist phrase forming in his mind. Only quick gulps of mescal and the release of shouted anger had the power to change Pancito Perez the Failure into Pancito Perez the Man.

When summer came, waves of heat from the oven rolled out to embrace the heat waves from the sun-fried cobblestones of the narrow street; by noonday Pancito felt like one of his steaming loaves ready to burst its crust. The three daughters worked quietly, stoically, managing to triumph over perspiration, perhaps because there was not enough juice in them to pour out in protest against their fate. But Pancito made up for them. He groaned, he cursed, he pitied himself, he called on the Holy Virgin to take a little belated interest in the Panadería Perez. He kept up such a commotion that finally María Cristina said, "Poppa, instead of suffering here with your *dolor de cabeza*, your sorrow of the head, why don't you go home and put a cool towel on your face and try to calm yourself. There will be very little to do here until the sun is low."

Ordinarily, Pancito would have argued that his presence was essential, that María Cristina could not count well enough to make proper change, that she was not an aggressive enough salesman in urging a customer to buy an extra *pan dulce*, that she was not strong enough to ward off the blandishments of Faustino, the unshaven policeman who never paid for his purchases and who came around behind the counter and peacocked in his unpressed dirty brown uniform. If given enough time, Pancito could think of a hundred reasons for not entrusting the Panadería Perez to his three well-meaning but ineffectual daughters. But this time his head was pounding with the heat, and with such a sense of failure that he hardly cared whether María Cristina sold an extra *pan dulce* or not, or whether Patrolman Faustino raped the daughters one by one or all together. This was a monumental headache, a milestone of a headache, and his unexpected decision to give in to it and quit the shop early put certain forces into motion that were to change the entire chemistry of his life.

The phenomenon began when Pancito, holding his small, fat hands to his temples, pushed open the door of his house with his foot and saw something that made him forget his headache *like that*. There at the table where Pancito always sat down to his private *comida* was Hilario Cortez, whose prosperity he had always resented but whom he now hated with righteous passion for daring to violate his precious virgin Lupita. To be factual, Hilario Cortez was only sitting at the same table with Lupita and feeling his way very carefully as befitted a man about town. But Pancito knew that a 40-year-old man does not come to discuss the agrarian problem or civic betterment with a ripe and uninitiated 15-year-old *guapa*.

"Get out! Get out!" Pancito screamed, waving his cane in the air like a righteous flag. "Out, you lecher, you rapist, you pervert, you despoiler of children!" Hilario Cortez managed to duck the wild swings of the cane as he ran out of the house, with Pancito shouting after him, "Help! Police! Rape! Rape!" Hilario Cortez turned the corner on the run while Pancito loudly expressed to the entire street his moral objections to this unnatural assignation between the depraved Señor Cortez and his innocent Lupita. As soon as he stepped back into the house, however, his attitude toward his precious darling shot into reverse. "Lupita, you little tramp, for *this* I struggle and sacrifice and get up in the middle of the night to get a head start on the eagles so that you can go to school —for *this*, so you can whore around with an old man who has enough years to be your grandfather!"

Lupita was trying to explain that Señor Cortez was a fine-looking gentleman who had not yet laid a hand on her. But it was difficult to talk back when Pancito was slapping her across the face, pushing her and cuffing her and shouting the most vile insults he could think of, until finally Lupita sank to her knees, her face reddened from blows and shameful language.

"Poppa, poppa, if you will only listen a moment! I will tell you everything that happened. I was turning the corner from the school to our street with my arms full of books when hurrying the other way was Señor Cortez and, *zas*, we bump into each other like two taxicabs and my books go flying into the street and——"

"The scoundrel," Pancito shouted. "Seducer. I know that little game."

"Poppa! Señor Cortez was very polite. Very *suave*. He apologized and picked up all my books and dusted me off——"

"Patted your little behind, isn't that closer to the truth?" Pancito shouted, and raised his cane to strike out sin.

"Poppa—don't hit me—all he did was walk me home. Then he asked if he could sit down a moment, out of the sun, and then you walked in——"

"And not a moment too soon!" Pancito shouted. "Everybody knows Hilario Cortez is the cleverest seducer and virgin-grabber in our entire *municipio*. If I ever catch him here again I'll—Oh, I mean it, I'll . . ."

To admit the truth, Pancito Perez wasn't quite sure what he would do to Hilario Cortez. After the spontaneous combustion of his first face-to-face confrontation with this rival baker, Pancito began to consider the reality of this physical complication: Hilario was as tall, lean and broad-chested as Pancito was short and potbellied. A few inches less and Pancito would have been a dwarf; a few inches more and Hilario would be a giant. He was almost six feet tall and known for the feats of strength he liked to demonstrate at fiestas. He could ride a horse like Zapata and, in fact, he somewhat resembled the legendary hero of Morelos, even to the ferocious black bristle of a mustache around his upper lip. Obviously, Pancito could not beat his rival in a contest of physical prowess. He would have to play the fox to the lion. He would have to outwit his enemy Hilario Cortez.

He went to The Bass Drum of God to think it over, and staggering home from the cantina he was still pondering it when he happened to pass the small, immaculate house of Maestro Martínez, the schoolteacher of Lupita. Under his name was a sign that read: "*Lecciones Privadas*"—Private Lessons, and beneath that, "Public Stenographer—Letters Written In Your Own Words." The pay for a public schoolteacher was not enough to marry on or raise a family, and many teachers had to use their outside hours to keep a few *águilas* in their trousers.

The moment Pancito saw that sign he knew what he should do. He would send Hilario Cortez such a threatening letter that the big, self-important Don Juan of a baker would never dare to come near Pancito's prize little guava again. In the Plaza there were always a few *evangelistas*—the common nickname for the public letter writers who dozed all day by their ancient typewriters waiting for an *analfabeto*, as illiterates were called, to dictate letters of the heart or urgent requests for money. Often when sitting on one of the park benches watching an *evangelista* at work, Pancito had thought of sending someone a letter. But the Plaza was the favorite haunt of the *sabelotodo*, the know-it-alls who would enjoy seeing Pancito exposed before the town as a self-confessed illiterate. This was particularly embarrassing for Pancito, as he never would admit that he was an *analfabeto*. Sometimes, when a piece of printed matter was shoved in front of his face at the Panadería, he would pretend that he had left his reading glasses at home. Sometimes, having absorbed Lupita's digest of the local paper for him, he would pick up the sheet, scan it thoughtfully and announce, "Well, I see the *municipio* is going to fill the potholes on Hidalgo Street. It's about time . . ."

So it was a welcome sight to see the public-stenographer sign on Maestro Martínez' gate. Pancito could turn in here without anyone knowing his secret. To acquaintances who might see him enter he could swear he had an appointment to discuss the schoolwork of his daughter Lupita.

Maestro Martínez was still in his 20s, with a slight, wiry build, stooped beyond his years, with rimless eyeglasses that lent a fussy, male old-maid look to a face that otherwise would have seemed attractively vigorous and lean. The house was small but exceptionally clean, the tile floor immaculate—none of the clutter of Mexican lower-class life. With Maestro Martínez, cleanliness and order were signs of modernity and progress. They spoke for a man who scoffed at the miracle of the Virgin of Guadalupe, whose goals were pure reason and science, a world swept clean of superstition and blind emotion. A product of the state university, he was the sort of Mexican progressive who advocates such iconoclastic ideas as honest elections and planned parenthood. One whole wall of the front room was lined with books; neighbors gossiped that Maestro Martínez sat up reading books until three or four in the morning. Only on the national holidays, Independence Day, Cinco de Mayo, the Anniversary of The Revolution of 1910, would Maestro Martínez be seen in the cantina, and then he would drink a few beers and explain to willing listeners the historical background of the days they were celebrating in a state of profound inebriation. A thoughtful fellow was Maestro Martínez, with passionate convictions held in dispassionate check. For the Maestro's strongest conviction was in pacific solution to man's problems. "Man is the most violent of all the animals," he liked to lecture his classes. "Faced with a problem, man's first instinct is to attack it violently. A man strikes out by instinct. He must be taught to negotiate. He will never be thoroughly civilized until he learns to operate in the light of reason rather than from the dark caves of emotion where he still lives."

Maestro Martínez was buttressing this favorite theory with some pertinent reading from Auguste Comte when Pancito burst in on him. "Good evening, Señor Perez, won't you sit down?" the young teacher said pleasantly as he rose and bowed. "Here is Maestro Martínez at your service."

"I am too goddamned mad to sit down," Pancito shouted, brandishing his cane and almost losing his balance. "I want to send a letter that will tell a rotten skunk why he should crawl into his hole and die like a dog in the final stages of rabies."

"Please, Señor Perez, you are mixing your metaphors, you must compose yourself," Maestro Martínez said quietly.

"The devil with my—whatever you call them," Pancito shouted. "When the honor of my daughter is at stake, I must use words that will chop the snake down like a machete, not tickle him like a feather."

"At your service," Maestro Martínez shrugged as he sat down to his 50-year-old *máquina de escribir* that should have been in a typewriter museum.

"To Señor Hilario Cortez——" Pancito shouted as if he were face to face with the nemesis of Lupita, in fact, even a little more aggressively, because he would have been slightly intimidated by the overpowering physical presence of Hilario Cortez.

"To *el estimado* Señor," Maestro Martínez corrected gently, adding the conventional courtesy.

"To hell with that *estimado*," Pancito shouted. "That I should be courteous to the thief of the one jewel in my humble crown? I did not come here to argue with you about courtesy. I came to tell you a letter that will shoot into his heart like a poisoned arrow."

"OK—no *estimado*—proceed," said the Maestro, who was rather proud of his gringo slang. "Shoot."

Pancito cleared his throat and launched his dictation: "Listen to me, you mangy son of a homeless bitch, this is Pancito Perez talking—no, change that 'Pancito' to 'Don Alfonso'—If you do not stay away from my Lupita I will shoot you in a place where you will have no further interest in molesting innocent children. This is no idle threat. Poke your lecherous head in my house once

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"Now, now, Mr. Gladstone . . . I'm afraid that's one of our little 'no-no's' . . ."

more and I will chop it off with my machete and stick it on the gatepost outside my house so all the people in Tepalcingo can see what happens to whoremongering old bats who suck the lifeblood from innocent little girls like my angelic Lupita. You filthy rapist, beware!"

Pancito was so carried away that he seemed on the point of attacking Maestro Martínez with his cane. "Type my name at the bottom, 'An outraged father bent on vengeance, Don Alfonso Perez,' and then I will sign it," he instructed. He had learned to sign his name with a flourish that made forming individual letters unnecessary.

The fingers of Maestro Martínez worked rapidly to keep pace with Pancito's rage. His efficient, objective manner gave no hint of his personal reaction to the content of Pancito's message. When he finished, he read it back to Pancito in a dry, academic tone that lent a curious malice to Pancito's honest outpouring of parental wrath. Satisfied that he had said what he had come to say, Pancito affixed his furious signature. "Now I will type a clean copy double-spaced," Maestro Martínez said. "Then you can sign the official one and drop it in the mailbox on your way home. I hope it will bring you the results you desire."

Pancito was on his way back to the bakery after lunch next afternoon when he happened to see Hilario Cortez coming toward him. The rival baker looked particularly big that afternoon and Pancito found himself nervously slowing his steps. But Hilario surprised him by calling out, "Good afternoon, my friend, how very nice to see you today," and passing by with a cordial smile. Pancito resumed his normal pace with growing confidence. Hah, isn't that typical of bullies, he nodded to himself. You stand up to them and threaten to put them in their place and the wolves turn into frightened sheep.

But on his way home for lunch the following day, he was quite sure he saw Hilario hurriedly leaving and rushing down the street in the opposite direction. Again he cursed and cuffed Lupita and stormed off to The Bass Drum of God to fuel rather than drown his anger. Then he went again to Maestro Martínez. This time he put it even stronger. He called on the foulest language he could remember. Maestro Martínez abandoned his professional objectivity long enough to question whether such obscenities should be allowed to go through the mail.

"Put it down, Maestro, word for word, I know what I am doing," Pancito insisted. "There is only one way to deal with monsters."

Maestro Martínez sighed, eloquently, and typed away. Pancito studied the finished product carefully, as if he could read every word of it, and signed it with a furious flourish, the tail of the final "o" on Alfonso surging across the page like the savage thrust of an avenging sword.

The next time Hilario Cortez spied Pancito, he not only waved to him but made a point of crossing the street to intercept him. Still apprehensive, Pancito took a tighter grip on his cane, but Hilario could not have been friendlier. "I just received your second letter," he began, "and I want to tell you how much I appreciate it. I must confess that I have had an almost uncontrollable desire to possess Lupita. But your letters have moved me to reconsider. You are clearly a man of the most unusual intelligence and tact."

Pancito simply did not know what to say. He stared at Hilario in stunned amazement. Finally he summoned up all the dignity he could find for the occasion, muttered a "Thank you, sir, and good afternoon," and walked on. He walked straight to The Bass Drum of God to celebrate his victory. On his third mescal he began to feel he had not gone far enough. Obviously, he had his old enemy on the run. But Hilario Cortez was a shrewd one. He was *muy listo*. Now he was trying to get around Pancito with flattery and honeyed words. But Pancito Perez would show him who was boss. He had a fourth mescal and was ready to face the formidable typewriter of Maestro Martínez.

"Rapist Hilario, you depraved son of a rutting she-goat," he began his mescalated dictation.

"Señor Perez, are you sure you are in a condition to write another letter tonight?"

"Stop interrupting how my mind is thinking," shouted the inspired Pancito. "Put it down. Every word. Just as I say it —'You don't fool me with your lying mouth, you whoring son of a two-peso *puta*——'"

"Señor Perez!"

"Every word," Pancito shouted, waving his cane like General Santa Anna leading his troops on the Alamo.

Maestro Martínez gave another philo-

sophical shrug and went on typing. When it was ready, Pancito looked it over with exhausted satisfaction and signed it with another angry scrawl. "That will keep the depraved beast from turning this whole town into a red-light district," Pancito said, handing Maestro Martínez a soiled, hard-earned ten-peso bill.

"Thank you, Don Pancito. I hope my poor efforts to reflect your true feelings will bring the moral solution you desire," said the schoolteacher with the Oriental humbleness that is also in the Mexican.

Results were soon in coming, and they could not have surprised Pancito more if the Virgin of Guadalupe had swooped down and personally invited him to dance a *paso doble*.

Two days later Pancito was just locking up his shop when he saw Hilario coming toward him. Pancito's first impulse was to duck back into his shop, lock the door and sneak out the back way. For in the sober headache of morning, Pancito knew that even for him he had gone a little too far. Such words as he had spewed in rage and frustration and anti-Goliathism invited the challenge of violence, of pistol fire and the metallic clashing of machetes. But it was too late for Pancito to escape. The long, well-shaped legs of Hilario quickened their pace and the rival was upon him.

"Pancito—wait—I must speak to you."

In fear Pancito waited. Hilario came to him with a great smile of affection such as Pancito had never seen before. "Pancito, my dear fellow, I must speak to you. Your last letter convinces me beyond any doubt. You are surely the wisest man in Tepalcingo. Won't you join me for a *copita* at The Three Kings?"

Pancito hesitated, but the seeming sincerity of Hilario's invitation was beguiling. A little wary, Pancito accompanied the towering Hilario to the most respectable sidewalk café on the Plaza. There Hilario ordered not tequila or mescal but whisky *escocés*, to express the solemnity and high quality of the occasion.

"To our friendship, begun in strife, may it mature and ripen into prosperous brotherhood," Hilario toasted.

Pancito merely touched glasses with a half-swallowed "*Salud*." He was confused to the point of stupidity. What was Hilario's game? Was he simply fattening Pancito up for the kill? One night he had seen this happen in The Bass Drum of God. The editor of the local paper was invited to sit down and have a drink with a local politico who thought the journalist had insulted him in print. They had three ostensibly friendly drinks together when suddenly the politico went berserk, grabbed the journalist with a terrible oath and started pounding his head against the wall with one hand while he slapped him viciously with the other until blood began to spurt from his victim's face. It had been an ugly and frightening spectacle, at the same time *muy mexicano*, and Pancito feared that any moment he might suffer the same shift in emotional weather.

But if Hilario felt any resentment at Pancito's latest effort at literary violence, he concealed it convincingly. In fact, he startled the anxious Pancito by saying, "Don Alfonso, I am a man who likes to come right to the point. I must confess I am charmed by your letters. They are little masterpieces."

"I—try to write as I talk—say what I think," Pancito muttered.

"Then let me say I like the way you think. You are obviously much more a man of the world than, no offense intended, you would seem to be at first appearance. Your letters have convinced me that you are Señor Discretion Himself."

"A thousand thank-yous," Pancito said, taking heart and signaling to the waiter for another round. "Now it is my turn to buy you a drink. You see, I had thought you might be offended——"

"Offended! My good fellow, my good friend, I should call you, I was flattered. I'm not sure I didn't go back for a final visit with Lupita just so I could receive another of your extraordinary letters. Look"—Hilario patted the inside pocket of his jacket—"I keep them right here. Once in a while I take them out and reread them, as I would a poem by Octavio Paz."

Pancito paid for the new round of whiskies *escocés*, a new alcoholic experience which he found not at all to his taste, thought of all the insulting names with which he had assaulted Hilario and wondered if his "new friend" had gone mad. Well, maybe the man thrived on insults. Pancito had heard about those types—were they not called *masoquistas*?

"But now to the point, as two practical men of commerce," Hilario snapped Pancito back to attention. "I have a business proposition to make to you."

Pancito sipped his Scotch with a clumsy effort of poise to cover his confusion.

"You have a small bakery, I have a somewhat larger one, and they are on the same street, only a block and a half apart," Hilario Cortez began. "So every day I take a good deal of business away from you, but you also take a little business away from me. I am a baker and you are a baker, but frankly, I am a man of ambition, a little too restless, a little too modern to spend all my life peering into an oven or measuring out *panes dulces* for pimply adolescents. In other words, I do not have the temperament to spend the next twenty-five years—or fifty, if I live as long as my father—in a hot kitchen or behind a counter."

Hilario raised his glass and touched it to Pancito's with an appreciative smile. "Health—and money, lots of money, to the two of us."

"To the two of us," Pancito mumbled, a little high on the foreign whisky and the heady talk.

"So I began to speculate," Hilario went on. "The more I thought about your letters, the more strongly I asked myself, perhaps the man who is the soul of discretion, of understanding, and with such intellectual control of his capacities, and at the same time an excellent baker with a lifetime of experience, who knows how to make a *pan dulce* that melts in the mouth and to write a letter as sweet to the mind, is he not the perfect partner I have been looking for?"

Pancito wanted to sip his Scotch like the man of the world Hilario was determined to think him, but he gulped and a few drops of the unfamiliar liquid went down his windpipe, causing him to choke and cough in a most undignified way. Hilario pounded him on the back attentively. Pancito muttered some spastic apology, but if the pudgy little baker was, in the eyes of Hilario, the soul of discretion, the younger, more prosperous baker was the soul of solicitude.

"There, there, drink a little water, I realize you are a sober, conscientious man not used to so much alcoholic refreshment in the middle of the day. But as I was saying, if we were to merge our bakeries, Panaderías Cortez *y* Perez, you could manage the big shop, keep an eye on your daughters in your old one, and leave me free to wander around and search for new locations. You see, I am looking to the future, I am thinking big. I see a chain of Panaderías, not just here in our own little city, but Cuernavaca, Chilpancingo . . ." Hilario's expansive wave of the hand seemed to take in the entire map of Mexico.

"Don Hilario, you are indeed a man of great vision," Pancito managed to say.

"Cortez *y* Perez," Hilario intoned. "No longer little hole-in-the-wall bakeries, but first-rate, modern establishments. As a bachelor, I will make the perfect outside man, *advance man* I believe the smart gringos call it. Your oldest daughter is a solid, responsible girl—teach her to run the little bakery, it will cater to the poor, no use wasting expensive sweets and egg twists on the centavo pinchers. But there is a profit in quantity, we can send down the leftover morning bread to your evening bargain hunters. First we'll invest our profits in new equipment, new facilities; later we can put our earnings to work for us with ten-percent bonds—someday we might even go into the restaurant business, coffee-shops, like I have seen when I went to visit my great uncle in Texas—the waitresses will have starched orange dresses—we will add coffeecakes and *hamburguesas* . . ."

In this Scotch haze of optimism the partnership was consummated. Cortez *y*

Perez it was, and this was perhaps the only time in the history of *El Bar de Los Tres Reyes*, of The Three Kings, when the splendid dreams of a long afternoon's congenial drinking were to be translated into cash-money reality. For the mysterious letters in Hilario's pocket worked their magic like the lamp of Aladdin, and lo, it was even as Hilario Cortez had promised. Pancito seemed to find himself in the larger Panadería. He supervised the baking rather than doing it all himself and he managed both bakeries with a newly discovered authority, an executive ability he had never been aware of before but that must have been in him all the time. Now he was flowing like an underground stream that Hilario had secreted out, tapped and channeled up to the surface. He became very sure of himself, but in a quiet and controlled way. The old rages and outbursts of frustration were left behind him, like the cramped and poverty-drab rooms where he had raised his daughters around the corner from his shabby little bakery. After the first year of his partnership with Hilario Cortez, he was able to purchase a small stucco, modernistic house, two stories, with a small patio and balcony. His partner Hilario still liked to refer to him as Señor Discretion, and the name not only caught on around Pancito, but within Pancito as well. He became each day more what Hilario believed him to be. Customers would say, "It is such a pleasure to deal with Pancito"—although more often now they referred to him as Don Alfonso—"If you wish to feel the bread to make sure it is warm before you buy it he never flies into a tantrum, and you can even return loaves you are not perfectly satisfied with and he will accept them with a smile and let you pick out something fresher in its place, or even hand you back your money. Señor Discretion he certainly is, from the top of his bald head to the very heel of his poor lame foot." Old customers who knew the earlier, irritable, unprepossessing Pancito thought it was a miracle, no less than the healing kiss of the blessed dark Virgin of Guadalupe.

As if to reward Pancito for this growth of character, fortune continued to smile on him—no, not merely smile but laugh, roar with a laughter of largess as Hilario outdid his original promise and there were modernized bakeries and branches and finally, on the main square of Cuernavaca, a spick-and-span chrome-and-plastic C & P Coffee Shop with Hot Doggies and *hamburguesas* "King-Size" and, yes, waitresses with flared-out, starched orange dresses, as splendid as anything you could find in Texas. To celebrate the addition of this restaurant business to their chain of bakeries, Don Hilario and Pancito, excuse us—Don Alfonso—went to Cuernavaca for the grand opening and took a suite together at the plushiest hotel they could find in that gringo-plush, Old Spanish–Indian resort. There were elegant individual cottages overlooking a small private lake on which swam in graceful self-assurance redheaded pintailed ducks and stately black swans. The two partners were relaxing on the latticed portico of their bungalow suite as the white-jacketed waiter served them their Scotch, which had been for some time Pancito's favorite drink. He often told his employees he could not understand how they could tolerate that vile mescal, but of course it was their stomachs, if they wanted to burn out the linings, that was their business.

"Don Alfonso, I have a little memento for you," the graying but still flat-bellied Hilario said to his now portly rather than paunchy partner, tailored clothes making the difference. He reached into his attaché case and produced a silver frame in which a neatly typed letter was carefully preserved under glass. "A small token of my regard for you, dear friend and partner," said Hilario, handing over the original letter he had received from Pancito. Pancito knew instinctively what it was. He squinted at it and said, "Hilario, my *compañero*, my reading glasses are inside in the bathroom—for old times' sake, will you read me the letter?"

Actually, Pancito was curious to hear the magic letter. So much had happened that he remembered only dimly what he had written, or rather dictated to Maestro Martínez.

"It will be an honor to read it," said Hilario, and he began enthusiastically:

" 'My dear, esteemed friend Señor Cortez, It has come to my attention, as a result of your recent visit, that you are an admirer of the charm and beauty of my daughter Guadalupe. I salute you on your evident good taste and also on your gentlemanly conduct during your visit to our humble home. What my daughter may not have told you, out of inevitable regard for a suitor so distinguished and attractive as yourself, is that she is barely fifteen years old. If you were a lesser man I might feel I have to appeal to you personally, but I fully appreciate that in the case of a gentleman so gallant and blessed with the true chivalric spirit as you are so well known in the community to be, I have only to mention the fact of my daughter's tender age and leave it to your profound sense of courtesy, maturity and understanding to guide your kind heart and noble soul in lieu of a widow father's paternal concern. As gentleman to gentleman, I am, then, ever your humble servant, Alfonso Perez.' "

Hilario Cortez lowered the silver-framed masterpiece with a feeling of tears blinked back behind his eyes. "When I first received this letter, it filled me with the most unbearable guilt," Hilario said. "For I realized it was you, not I, who possessed that 'profound sense of courtesy, maturity and understanding.' After our little 'altercation' at your house the first time you found me there—a self-invited intruder—oh, you were quite right to express yourself that forcibly—imagine what you might have written, the names you might have called me, the rude phrases, the insults . . ."

"Yes, imagine," Pancito agreed. And he was not trying to dissimulate. He was not sure he had said all *that*, not quite; there were, in fact, a few words he did not even understand, but he decided the young, owlish schoolteacher must have put those in to dress the letter up a bit, as a photographer touches up a portrait.

"Those letters, so full of warmth and wisdom, convinced me to stop trying to woo Lupita into bed and to woo her father into business instead," Hilario laughed. "But now, time has moved on. Lupita is no longer only fifteen, but almost twenty, an accomplished young lady, graduate of the high school, able to read and write and be the legal mistress of one of the leaders of the community. In other words, dear friend, I ask no less than the hand of Guadalupe in formal marriage."

"Dear Hilario, I am a man who likes to come straight to the point," said Pancito, borrowing a phrase from his partner, as he frequently did. "In the entire city of Tepalcingo, in fact, in the entire state of Morelos, I cannot think of a husband better suited to the station and happiness of Guadalupe than Don Hilario Cortez. I will break the good news to my obedient daughter the moment I return."

When he arrived home from the C & P Coffee Shop ceremonies in Cuernavaca, Pancito found Lupita combing her hair in her dressing room. She had oil-black hair flowing to her waist and she could sit before her long mirror and comb it sensuously for an hour without becoming the least bit bored. When Pancito told her what he had announced as wonderful news, Lupita threw her hairbrush at him. Since those threadbare years of the little bakery, she had grown into a handsome and stately and self-possessed young lady of whom Pancito was extremely proud, when not wondering whether it was the fault of too much education that had made her so unmanageable.

"If you think I am going to marry that ridiculous old man, you are even more stupid than I think you are," Lupita screamed, for she had a quick-trigger personality, not unlike her father's in his primitive, prediscretion period.

"Old man, he's a full ten years younger than I am," Pancito argued.

"After one is thirty, it makes no difference," Lupita said.

"But five years ago I had to keep him away from the house. And you were encouraging him, you little hussy."

Did I?

W-WHAT DID I SAY NEXT?

YOU SAID, "WHAT DO YOU MEAN I'VE HAD TOO MANY? NO STUPID BARTENDER IS GOING TO TELL ME WHEN I HAD TOO MANY!"

I DIDN'T REALLY SAY THAT, DID I?

UH-HUH AND THEN YOU SAID, "JUST BECAUSE YOU WERE TOO STUPID TO GET INTO COLLEGE AND HAVE TO TEND BAR IS NO REASON TO TAKE IT OUT ON YOUR CUSTOMERS, KNOTHEAD!"

I DIDN'T REALLY SAY THAT, DID I?

UH-HUH. AND THEN WALTER SAID, "LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THERE'S TROUBLE." THAT'S WHEN YOU HIT WALTER.

I DIDN'T REALLY HIT WALTER, DID I? WHO'S WALTER?

WALTER'S WHO YOU BOUGHT A DRINK FOR IN THE **FIRST** BAR AND HAD HIM COME WITH US TO **THIS** BAR WHEN THE **OTHER** BARS WOULDN'T SERVE YOU ANYMORE.

DID I HURT WALTER?

NO, BECAUSE THE COP CAME AND YOU SAID TO THE COP "TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU JAPANAZI! YOU'RE NOT IN GERMANY ANYMORE!"

I DIDN'T REALLY SAY THAT, DID I?

UH-HUH AND WHEN THE COP GOT MAD, YOU TOOK OUT YOUR WALLET AND SAID, "O.K, SONNY. I'LL PLAY THE GAME. HOW MUCH IS IT GOING TO COST ME TO STRAIGHTEN THIS OUT?"

I DIDN'T REALLY SAY THAT, DID I?

UH-HUH. AND THE COP SHOVED YOU OUT ON THE STREET AND YOU TOOK A SWING AT HIM.

I HAD TO USE ALL THE REST OF YOUR MONEY **AND** MINE TO BAIL YOU OUT.

YOU DID THAT?

UH-HUH.

SAY, WHO ARE YOU?

"Five years ago I was a child, it was flattering," Lupita said. "And when you wrote those stupid letters and he stopped coming, I lost all respect for him. A real man would have found ways to get around you, to make secret rendezvous, to carry me off by force."

"Thank the Virgin he was too much of a gentleman for that," said the frustrated Pancito.

"You can have him. You seem very happy together. I have made my own choice," Lupita said.

"And just who, may I ask, is this fortunate fellow?" asked Pancito with some touch of his prediscretion sarcasm creeping into his voice.

"Maestro Martínez," Lupita said.

"Maestro Martínez, that bent-over little hunchback of a schoolteacher!" Pancito exploded. "He's a pauper! You'll both starve to death! I'll break his eyeglasses! I'll smash his big dictionary over his head, I'll—I'll—have him arrested and packed off to the prison island, I'll——"

Maestro Martínez was standing in the doorway. His hair was slightly streaked with gray and he was a little more bent over from so much study and writing; but otherwise he was the same wiry, intense, birdlike man, surprisingly handsome behind his rimless glasses and his studious expression.

"Señor Perez, I am happy to find you here, I have come to talk to you," Maestro Martínez began.

"*¡Cabrón!*" Pancito shouted. "You dirty, double-dealing cradle-snatcher, son of a two-peso whore, you——"

At the first oath, Lupita had run from the living room into the kitchen, not merely shocked by her father's obscene language, but so she could eavesdrop unseen behind the kitchen door.

"Well, Señor Discretion, I see that the years have not changed you after all," Maestro Martínez said quietly.

"What do you mean? What are you talking about?" Pancito asked.

"The foul names you call me for daring to admire your daughter are practically the same ones you dictated to me against Hilario Cortez," Maestro Martínez explained.

"Never—I knew I could appeal to my dear friend Hilario as a man of reason and honor," Pancito said. "To the discretion I showed in dealing with that problem I owe my entire success in life."

"I think you mean to the discretion *I* showed in dealing with that problem," Maestro Martínez corrected him, and he drew from his pocket some worn pieces of paper. "Perhaps this will refresh your memory—'Listen to me, you mangy son of a homeless bitch . . . If you do not stay away from my Lupita I will shoot you in a place where you will have no further interest in molesting innocent children . . .'"

Pancito shut his eyes. Were those really his words? Yes, some faint echo from the furious poverty of his past warned him not to protest too strongly against the evidence in the hands of Maestro Martínez.

"This is the actual letter you dictated and had read back to you and signed. You remember you waited half an hour to re-sign the clean copy double-spaced? The second letter was not a duplicate. When I read your outburst, I thought to myself, if Señor Cortez receives this intemperate letter he can turn it over to the police and they will arrest Pancito Perez for threatening to commit assault and battery, even murder. And furthermore, you remember my theory that man is at the crossroads—he can be the most vicious, the most brutal and deadly of all the animals—or he can use his superior intelligence to reason and negotiate and solve his problems in peace. So I rewrote your letter in those terms. You have seen how Señor Cortez responded. It has proved my theory. But I still have your original letters, signed by you to acknowledge that I had put down exactly what you said, insult by insult, obscenity by obscenity, just as you insisted. If you wish, I could send them to Señor Cortez, explaining that the man he valued so highly that he wished to make him a lifelong associate is not really you at all—actually Señor Discretion Himself is me."

Now Pancito bent over his cane, feeling weary and humiliated. Maestro Martínez observed that this made him look more like the earlier Pancito of the shabby, fly-specked Panadería Perez. The Don Alfonso he had become walked erect on his cane, as if the cane were actually a gentleman's accouterment maneuvered with a sense of grandeur, rather than a crutch to be leaned on in disability.

"Maestro Martínez," Pancito said in a hoarse, defeated whisper, "are you trying to blackmail me?"

The slender, wire-bent maestro seemed to smile behind his frown. "Perhaps. Or you might say I am trying to whitemail you. I mean, I am not threatening you with a black lie, but with the pure truth. Lupita and I wish to leave Tepalcingo and go to the capital, to the city of Mexico. We can both attend the National University, where I can work for my master's degree in philosophy and she can complete her college education and become a teacher as you have always hoped she would."

"I thought it was better for her than doing menial labor," Pancito protested. "But it's hardly in a class with becoming the wife of a leading citizen."

This time Maestro Martínez seemed to frown behind his smile. "Ten thousand pesos will see us comfortably through the first year at the University."

"Ten thousand pesos—" Pancito shouted. "Because Hilario Cortez and I own a few bakeries together, you think I am a millionaire."

Maestro Martínez glanced at the threatening letters he held in his hand. "So far I have only read you the first letter," he said. "The third, as you may remember, was even stronger. 'Rapist Hilario, you depraved son of a rutting she-goat——' "

"Stop—stop!" Pancito shouted. "I no longer know whether I ever used such vile language or not—all I know is, I cannot bear to hear it now. You will have your ten thousand, yes, and Lupita in the bargain. I say good riddance to both of you."

"We will make you very proud of us at the University, Father," Maestro Martínez bowed.

By the time Pancito saw his partner Hilario again, he had somewhat composed himself and was walking a little straighter on his cane. "Hilario, my dear friend, I am covered with apologies. I do not understand what devil possesses the young ladies growing up today. They are unruly and disobedient. It seems to be a curse of this modern age. *Rebeldes sin causa.* Lupita chooses to run off to the University with that little lizard of a schoolteacher, Maestro Martínez. Ay, don't think I couldn't stop them, don't think I couldn't box their heads, get our good friend the chief of police to——"

"I know, I know," Hilario said soothingly. "But you are too civilized, too much the man of peace. If we must use force to gain the things we want, is it not better to do without? You taught me that lesson years ago, Don Alfonso, and I have never forgotten it. That is why I cherished your remarkable letters."

"Please, please, you embarrass me with so much flattery about those old letters," Pancito muttered. "Hilario, perhaps you would do us the honor of coming home for dinner tonight. My daughter María Cristina is only a handful of years older than Lupita, she is an excellent manager as you have observed, she cooks like an angel, she plays Chopin on the piano most agreeably and I have a father's intuition that one reason she has never married is that she holds you in such high respect."

"Señor Discretion Himself," Hilario said, in what had now become a ceremonial accolade, and he put his arm around the shoulder of his dearest and most trusted friend, and thus they walked to their favorite street-corner table at the Bar of The Three Kings, and in the finest Scotch whisky available they toasted themselves and all that is reasonable and wise, harmonious and peaceful in the reach of humankind. And a warm glow came over Pancito, excuse us again, Don Alfonso Perez, as he luxuriated in the admiration of his old partner who so loved him for his moderation and humanity that it was no trick at all for Pancito to accept and believe every word of it himself.

JOHN HELD, JR. *(continued from page 95)*

official motto was "College bred—a four-year loaf!"

Held was born in Salt Lake City in 1889, the son of artistically gifted Mormon parents. His father, a capable penman and engraver, abandoned a promising career as an art teacher at the University of Deseret (now the University of Utah) to open up his own engraving and stationery shop, where he produced an illustrated edition of the *Book of Mormon*, designed greeting cards and manufactured fountain pens. His mother was an accomplished actress, and John Jr.'s earliest sketches were of the Salt Lake City Theater, where she often performed.

Held's childhood was spent mostly in the small studio above his father's shop; it was here that he began to develop the artistic style that would someday mark him as one of the most renowned craftsmen in his profession. At the age of nine, he made his first sale: a wood engraving that went for a modest nine dollars. In high school, he drew cartoons for the *Salt Lake City Tribune* and helped publish the student newspaper along with schoolmate Harold Ross, who went on to found *The New Yorker*, for which he commissioned Held to create a historic series of satirical linoleum-block illustrations in its early issues.

When Held arrived on the sidewalks of New York in 1910, he had exactly four dollars in his pockets. Working first as a designer of streetcar posters, then hiring on as a layout artist in the advertising department of Wanamaker's department store, he managed to come up with his share of the monthly rent of a three-room apartment in a West 37th Street rooming house which he and six bachelor roommates affectionately referred to as Cockroach Glades. In 1918, he returned, tall, tanned and appropriately tattooed, from a two-year stint in the Navy, spending the subsequent transition years between the Armistice and Coolidge prosperity as a minor member of the art staff on a new magazine called *Life*. Most of his assignments amounted to little more than filler items, such as the minuscule sketches at the top of Robert Benchley's drama page, but in these tentative drawings he began to refine the distinctive style that would soon make him the most celebrated commercial artist in America.

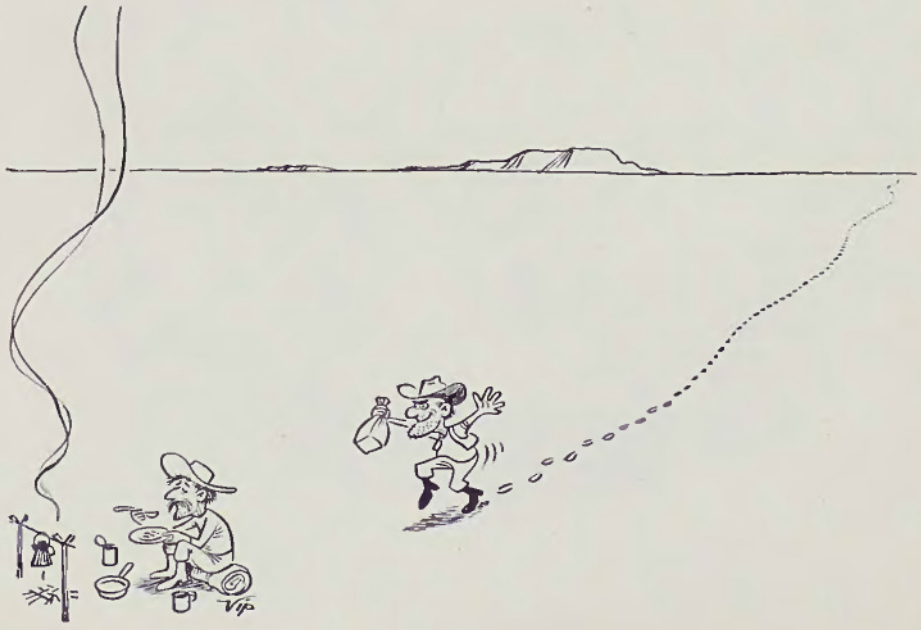
Held's first angel appeared on the cover of *Judge*, a weekly humor magazine, in 1922. She was a chubby coquette who had virtually nothing in common with the scores of slim, long-legged vamps who quickly succeeded her, but she still managed to turn the tide of success in her creator's favor. Held became an overnight sensation, and soon his frenetic flappers were the toast of *Life*, *Collier's*, *Redbook*, *Smart Set* and *College Humor*. Money poured in from every corner of the publishing world and, at one point, William Randolph Hearst was paying him an unheard-of fee of $2500 a week for a daily flapper feature titled *O Margy*. "I used to work all day, days and nights," Held remarked in later years, recalling his heyday as a humorist. "I was looking for success and I'd found it."

Refusing to be typecast by prosperity as nothing more than a collegians' cartoonist, Held spent his few free hours in tireless pursuit of greater artistic versatility, designing costumes and scenery for several Broadway shows, creating his own collection of miniature bronze sculptures and preparing a second satirical series of illustrations for *The New Yorker* based on the Frankie and Johnny songs of the 1890s. Described by *New Yorker* columnist John McNulty as a man of "quiet elegance," Held nurtured a deep-seated distaste for the city and the frantic pace of the very decade that had fostered his success. More interested in raising pedigreed dogs and thoroughbred horses than in raising Cain with his contemporaries, he used his new-found fortune to buy a 163-acre farm in Westport, Connecticut, which he stocked with everything from a geese-filled pond and an in-residence golf pro to a full-time Chinese cook and a pair of mules he named Abercrombie and Fitch. In fact, were it not for Held's one small idiosyncrasy—a penchant for putting on public tap-dancing displays—one might never have suspected that beneath his calm country-squire façade lurked one of the prime movers of a decade dedicated to getting stinko to the musical strains of do-acka-do-acka-do.

The stock-market crash and the Depression of the Thirties heralded the return of long skirts and the demise of the flapper. Like countless other investors, Held was swindled out of his savings by the "Swedish Match King," Ivar Kreuger, and once again was faced with the unwelcome prospect of working for his supper. For the first three years of his sudden return from the ranks of the idle rich, he busied himself turning out eight books (among them: *Grim Youth* and *The Flesh Is Weak*) in a last-ditch literary attempt to perpetuate the raccoon-coated past. Eventually, the groves of academe beckoned and Held signed on as artist-in-residence at Harvard and then at the University of Georgia.

World War Two found him back on the farm, this time in Belmar, New Jersey, and back at his drawing board—working for the Army Signal Corps. In a *New York Post* interview in 1957, a reporter remarked to Held that any man who could draw, engrave, sculpt, design, write, farm and tap-dance with his expertise was truly blessed with great gifts. "Gifts, my eye!" the aging artist retorted. "It was just a lot of plain damn hard work." The following year, the father of the flapper era died, at the age of 69.

In the final analysis, Held was important to the American scene less as an author, or even as a skilled artist, than as the creative genius behind a whole new breed of female. The flapper represented a complete departure from her embroidering and croquet-playing forebears, and Held's angels were the precursors of this epic revolution in feminine attitudes. To this day, the Joe Colleges and Betty Coeds of the Jazz Age still look back wistfully on that generation as their image of youth's last stand—an image that would never have existed without the roguish and imaginative wit of John Held, Jr.



Who Is J.D. Salinger? *(continued from page 165)*

money and it has been a most interesting game, cloak-and-daggerish in many of its aspects.

I started writing as J. D. Salinger back around 1940. I was just practicing. I had known a movie producer in Hollywood named George Glass, and so I started knocking out these trivialities about a family named Glass. All I was doing was searching for a method, which I freely confess I never found. Those raggedy scripts got mailed out by mistake, and before I knew what was going on, the stories began appearing in one of the *arrière-garde* magazines. I didn't show my face. I even hid the truth from my children.

So I lay low and turned out three or four perceptive and erudite books under the name of H. Allen Smith, and then, just for recreation, during two hot weeks in the summer of 1950, I did a little novel called *Catcher in the Rye*. It has some dirty words in it, so I put the Salinger name on it. A publisher went out of his mind and issued it, and the nut kids in the colleges went ape for it when they should have been swallowing goldfish and swiping panties and riding to the moon in automatic clothes driers. That damn book sold like crazy and I, in the hidden role of Salinger, became a sort of public idol, a great literary hero to a generation of goofy kids. I want it clearly understood, however, that I had nothing to do with all that horrible hair.

The money was nice, so I just kept my mouth shut.

After a while the snoops from the news magazines began to close in on me. Rumors were kicking around. I had my reputation to consider, so I got nervous. My standing in the community was such that I simply couldn't afford to have it get out that I was "that Salinger." So it came about that I hired a young man named Jackson Daedalus Snug to impersonate me in the character of J. D. Salinger. I went up to New Hampshire and shopped around and finally bought a plain little old house with its own pump and cistern and an attic full of spinning wheels and a strong fence around the whole thing. Jackson Daedalus Snug moved in and put his initials on the mailbox and lived quietly there for a while.

Then, under my instructions, he began issuing forth, charging around the countryside in a jeep I got for him, holding his nose in the air and sometimes glowering at the rubes. When he had to go to town for groceries and erasers, I taught him to turn and run whenever any stranger came toward him. Soon enough the word began to get around that there was some kind of a filbert loose in the community, and Snug wrote me that he was afraid the townspeople might seize him and apply a coating of tar and feathers. So I sent him a homemade slingshot and told him to turn a withering fire upon any of the country jakes who tried to molest him. He still uses that slingshot, but mainly to sting the college kids who come to the fence and, between bottles of beer, howl at the house: "Come outa there, J. D. We know who you are and we know you're in there. Come on out. This here's ole Holden talkin'."

It has been a lot of fun, but I think the time has come to quit all this horseplay and devote myself to the philosophical pursuits which seem to be my lot in life. There will be some critics, of course, who will call me a liar and say that I, Smith, never had it in me to write as good as old J. D. They will say that the Jackson Daedalus Snug up there in New Hampshire is truthfully Jerome David Salinger and that I ought to be ashamed of myself for claiming to be he. I say nuts to such people, and they can go soak their heads.

To those who might entertain such doubts, I can call attention to certain clues in the writings of Salinger that appear in the writings of H. Allen Smith. For example, consider the style used in Bessie Glass' inventory of all the items contained in a medicine cabinet, and in H. Allen Smith's inventory of all the items contained in the little black bag carried by doctors. These two passages *had* to be written by the same hand.

To me the most amusing outgrowth of my playful bit of deception has been the steady procession of scholarly disquisitions in which the work of Salinger is dissected and analyzed and praised beyond all reason. The professors and the critics have me dealing in symbolism and abstract notions that are as alien to me as Waldensian trigonometry. It has been most revealing, for example, to find so many pundits saying that my Franny, when she was having all those fantods and collywobbles, was actually in the grip of a mysticism snit. Like hell she was. She was *pregnant*.

It is time, then, that I say goodbye to my strange career as Salinger, as well as my brief adventures as Thomas Pynchon and Xavier Rynne. All of my serious, classical writing is done, of course, under the name of H. Allen Smith. I shall not suffer financially because of the foregoing revelations; in fact, they will focus attention on my true and basic self. Or maybe not. I'm actually *not* H. Allen Smith at all. I'm the natural son of B. Traven, the "mystery man of American letters," author of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. Pop never liked people. He has been hiding out in the back room of a roadside taco joint near Acapulco for years. The last time I was down that way, playing the role of Thomas Pynchon, I tried to see him. He snarled at me through the bead curtains and said he was not B. Traven, he was Ambrose Bierce.

You know something? I believe him.

"But, Harry, this is no ordinary 'shipboard romance' Ronald's involved with."

 (continued from page 136)

that the reduction of the five-day work week by a single day—by one fifth—will in itself go a long way toward closing the employment gap.

5. If one accepts the idea that the work week will eventually be cut to four days—and I think one must accept it—then most worries about mass unemployment in the age of automation should vanish. No extraordinary exercise of imagination is needed to picture the immense demand for new and more goods and services that will be automatically created when the American worker has an additional free day each week. Any businessman who deals in consumer goods or services will appreciate the potentials. Travel agents, hotel and resort owners, the manufacturers of hobby and sporting goods, should fairly goggle at the prospects. One does not require any clairvoyant powers to see that the three-day weekend will put vast amounts of money into circulation and create tremendous numbers of new jobs.

6. Workers will be retired from their jobs at an earlier age in an automated America. This trend, too, is already established. Many companies have already initiated compulsory early-retirement programs. I foresee that the retirement age will continue to drop steadily, creating openings for young men and women and also going far toward narrowing any employment gap in the age of automation.

I'm aware it has been argued that early retirement will cause undue hardship for men and women who, being accustomed to work, are suddenly turned out to pasture while still in their prime. But I think people are getting accustomed to the idea that they can retire with pensions while still comparatively young. I believe all will adjust themselves quite happily to the situation and thoroughly enjoy their longer lives of retired leisure and pleasure.

Some of the companies in which I hold controlling interest have already instituted compulsory early-retirement programs. These were at first approached with hesitation, due to the fear that they would cause unhappiness among those retired and damage the morale of other employees. I am pleased to note that all such fears were unfounded. There has been little evidence of resentment among any employees, active or retired. Those who have retired are, according to all reports, enjoying themselves. "I'm finally able to do many of the things I wanted to while I was working—but couldn't because I just didn't have the time," is the comment of one former employee—and it's fairly typical of the reactions of many who were given early retirement.

Incidentally, I do not hesitate to make another prediction—that more-liberal pension schemes will be another by-product of the automated age.

These, then, are some of the reasons I incline toward the optimistic "automation is cream" viewpoint. My basic views can be summed up by quoting another statement made by U. S. Steel president Worthington: "There will be a continually increasing need for ever more efficient production tools to turn out the quantities and varieties of products that we shall need in the future." He declared that this plus the broadening of markets and the widening of demands for our present products will provide the solution to the problems of unemployment.

But, as I have indicated, I hardly maintain that this golden age will come about without a hitch. I believe it to be clearly incumbent on government, organized labor and business to work together to minimize the hardships of those who are "automated" out of their jobs during the transitional period.

Methods must be found for taking up the employment slack even as automation pays it out during the transitional period. Those that give promise of being effective should be adopted with a minimum of argument.

Above all, provisions must be made to insure that people who become unemployed through no fault of their own will receive something approaching a reasonable allowance until they are retrained or find new jobs. Nothing is more demoralizing to a worker than to find himself jobless and forced to depend on loans or charity in order to live. And, it might be added, nothing is more destructive to a socioeconomic system than to have large numbers of workers in such a position.

Plans and provisions must be made to rehire or retrain workers who are laid off because they have been replaced by machines. Some steps have already been taken in these directions. The Federal Government provides a retraining allowance in certain cases. Several large firms conduct retraining courses, as do some labor unions. Unfortunately, these present programs are inadequate—especially in view of added layoffs which can be anticipated as more and more industries automate. The programs must be expanded with as little delay as possible.

Five years ago, I wrote in a magazine article: "Unemployment, except in times of depression, is seldom country-wide. The programed transfer of people without jobs from one city to another where jobs are available is certainly within the realm of possibility. Naturally, such transfers would be made only if the individuals concerned indicated their willingness to move.

"With government, business and organized labor all pitching in, such transfers could be accomplished with a minimum of confusion and dislocation, and would go far to eliminate large 'islands' of unemployment."

Not long ago, Congressman Curtis outlined a sweeping program that calls for "an analytical, nationwide study of the skills of the future, emerging skills of the present and obsolescent skills of the past" and for the establishment of a "national clearinghouse for the classification of these skills and their needs on a geographic basis."

New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller has called for stepped-up technical education and Federal aid for any worker who, in order to obtain employment, has to move to a different city. U. S. Industries' Snyder wanted a complete revision of education at all levels throughout the nation—a revision that would intensify scientific and vocational training.

Neither these men nor I are advocating a planned economy; the call is for sound economic planning. I firmly believe that some program embodying these and other constructive ideas will be developed and placed in operation before very long.

The aim of the active three-way cooperative effort of government, labor and business must be to prevent unemployment from getting out of hand during any stage of the transitional period leading to the automated age. If this is not done, if unemployment runs wild, then the predictions of the pessimistic "milk" theorists could well prove true.

Of course, preventive and curative measures will require enormous amounts of planning, implementation—and, above all, money. Yet, the measures must be found and the necessary steps taken, regardless of cost, or the thick and tempting cream of automation is liable to turn into milk, and very sour milk at that.

I have a strong hunch that everything necessary will be done. I hardly think that American business—or labor or government—harbors any lemminglike urge to commit economic suicide. The promise of automation is too great, the dangers are too plain, for any segment of our society to reject the former or to ignore the latter.

Thus, I am certain the problems will be solved and the pitfalls will be avoided. The needed measures will be taken in time—and the automated world will be a much better place in which to live. America—and, indeed, the entire world—will fatten on the rich cream of the age of automation.

NAKED ON THE RIVIERA *(continued from page 178)*

what the bed is to sex, pleasant but not completely necessary. Nudism on the Riviera means sex, all sex and nothing but sex, and the thoughts and preoccupations of sex obliterate everything else. But it is sex in which something, somewhere, has gone wrong. For a nude man to meet a nude girl is to be hit by sex so Instant that it short-circuits the whole gamut of social intercourse, from formal introduction, through handshaking, conversation, dating, sparring, through the time-honored act of sex itself. A nudist meeting bypasses it all, especially the last, because it presents a situation from which it is impossible to go forward, only back.

The inevitable result is that sex doesn't happen easily on the Île du Levant. One does not pick up strangers, because there is little to say to them. The man who has been there before, and knows the score, brings his companion along with him, the two having presumably shown each other in private what they are sharing now with the public. Those who do happen to be introduced at a party on the Île tend to start all over from the beginning. They dress, return to the mainland, dine, seduce each other like ladies and gentlemen, and return to the Île later.

The awareness of sex on the Île is as glaring, unrelieved and inescapable as the sun on the Sahara. Both sexes are constantly looking down at themselves to see what kind of a front they are putting on. But there is a blank, a hiatus. It is as if some connection has snapped between the brain and the body. The overwhelming eroticism of the scene consumes the brain without transferring itself to the flesh. The most curious paradoxes prevail. If one has friends on the Île—and one must either have them or bring them, because the sport of nudism is communal, never solitary—one will come face to face, sooner or later, with a goddess, a veritable Andress or Monroe. It is a tricky moment socially. One has the uneasy feeling that such beauty demands a compliment, not so much verbal as physical. Indeed, a verbal compliment without physical corroboration may leave one open to the accusation of merely talking a good fight. Furthermore, if one does *not* offer the compliment, the goddess has a right, one might presume, to consider herself slighted. At the risk of sounding vulgar, the male may be said to be hoist on his own petard. Because of the unnatural condition of the meeting—snapping, as it does, the connection between sensitivity and sensuality—such a compliment cannot be made, and there is a total breakdown in the whole fundament of communication.

One is left with nothing to say. You can hardly say "How are you?" because it is perfectly apparent how she is. She cannot discuss your profession. If she says "What do you do?" she merely draws attention to what you quite manifestly don't. The essence of the man-woman relationship is mutual charm and the implicit understanding of where that charm is ineluctably leading them. "Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine," the song says, and that is the essence of it. At a nudist confrontation all one's cards are on the table, and the male is deprived by polite society of showing his trump. To do so is a social offense, an embarrassment to host, hostess and fellow guests.

The moment one moves out of the public eye, the motivation changes. Brain connects to body with a *zing*. The isolated creeks, gulleys and coppices of the Île are as crowded with coupled couples as foxholes at Omaha Beach. The water, too, hides a multitude of skins.

All this refutes, I submit, the basic claim of nudism buffs—that nudism is natural. The entire condition is wildly unnatural, and if one visits the Île regularly, one observes the unnaturalness by comparing the regulars and the transients of the nudist community. The transients are the couples on the Île for a lark, or the yachting parties. A visit is, indeed, a very pleasant sexual stimulant, but once or twice is enough. Like smorgasbord, nudism is not something one can take every day. The regulars are the groups of apparently unattached girls and boys. *Apparently* unattached. The observer soon notices that the girls are very much attached—to each other, and so are the boys. Nudism is narcissistic, and by its nature it is the ultimate expression of the aesthetics of homosexuality.

I don't know what the tracts say, but I hold that homosexuality is strictly physical, never intellectual. Behold the abandoned, middle-aged beachcombers at Cherry Grove, Fire Island, consigned by their derisive youngers to consort only with each other in the club they call the Meat Rack, the refuge for worn-out fags. They don't lack intellect, they have merely lost their beauty, and the young and the beautiful have eyes only for each other. One can always find the most beautiful girl on the Île. She is always in the most prominent section of the most crowded beach, as often as not alone, eyes closed, body oiled, lying on a towel on her back—never her front—arms high over her head. She is admired in passing by the ordinary blokes who have their own girls to preoccupy them. She is avoided with a shudder by the boys who want only to look at each other. It is the girls who watch her most hungrily, which is precisely her intention.

Heterosexuals who dip too deeply into nudism tend to come to a sticky end. A friend of mine lost his wife to one of the prowling Amazons of the Île. Distraught, the young man returned to Paris, begged his wife's best friend to go to the Île and convince his wife of the errors of her ways, as all was forgiven. The girl went, took off her clothes, and when she saw what fun the two girls were having together, she elected to stay awhile and join them. Realizing he was losing his womenfolk en masse, the young man wisely found himself another wife, and never went back to the Île du Levant.

Nighttime on the Île is also time for illusion and disillusion. In the village of Heliopolis there are several *discothèques*. As far as dressing is concerned, the *minimum* is the maximum, and in that uniform one dines—served in the summer by waitresses wearing nothing more. Later, one dances cheek to cheek, as some wit said, from head to foot.

The effect should be somewhat tribal, but often it isn't, because of the same preoccupation with Eros, Lesbos and Narcissus. The heterosexuals soon retire to the Pomme d'Adam or to their cottages or tents, to do what comes naturally. The clubs are for specialized display. Even the *minimum* plays a clearly defined role in the mating game. Both sexes gild the lily by making a practice of displaying a fringe of pubic hair around the three sides of the cloth. Formerly the *minimum* had a second string which passed between the legs and was tied to the lateral string at the back, to keep it in place. Last year's *minimum* came without the second string. It hung loose and flapped as one moved. In the *discothèques*, then, one usually sees only a few couples dancing, several girls dancing together, and a lot of men and boys sitting around a bottle of wine, talking.

It is hoped that this chronicle does not sound too depressing. If so, the point is missed. An occasional dip into nudism is a very special diversion. Contemplation of human flesh *intégral* is very agreeable—"for soule is forme and doth the bodie make" wrote Spenser in 1596 in his *Hymne in Honour of Beautie*. Michelangelo was well aware that the pubis and genital area of the human figure is aesthetically beautiful. He showed it with his statue of David and elsewhere, and Michelangelo is still ahead of our time.

In fact, that part of the epidermis might soon be *all* that aesthetes may have left to imagine, portray or admire. A ruling of the High Court at Aix-en-Provence last winter decreed that topless swimsuits are not indecent. The restlessness that one has noticed among Riviera girls ever since the garment was invented is likely to be ended when they are allowed to give expression to a posture they found desirable but dared not, themselves, pioneer. Next summer we may expect, if one will pardon the expression, a rash of bosoms along the Riviera, so that nudism, as it must, will pertain to preoccupation not with tops but with bottoms, which possibly is as it should be.

CLIFTON FADIMAN *(continued from page 164)*

magnificent *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* of Rebecca West (1892–) or part of the *roman-fleuve Men of Good Will* by Jules Romains (1885–). But personal favoritism and literary prediction should not mix.

In order to arrive at my choices I must make certain exclusions. I exclude some remarkable talents—Evelyn Waugh, Robert Lowell, Vladimir Nabokov, Lawrence Durrell, Jorge Luis Borges, W. H. Auden, Günter Grass—who have certain claims but whose careers, still unfinished, do not yield to final assessment. With regret (and misgivings) I exclude our second greatest humorist, James Thurber, on the shaky ground that he produced no single masterpiece, not even *My Life and Hard Times*. André Gide is rejected for the same reason. Henry James would have been chosen were it not that the larger part of his career is associated with the 19th Century. Two nonchoices that to many will stand out like sore thumbs are Eugene O'Neill and Ernest Hemingway. To my mind O'Neill, however successful when played, betrays disastrous flaws when read. Our classics are to be *read*. Hemingway is a more troubling case. I think he wrote supremely well only in his short stories—and somehow a collection of short stories hardly seems right for a set to be called *Great Books of the 20th Century*. Moving as are some of his novels, they distill an evanescent, tied-to-their-time atmosphere.

Other candidates whom I have unhappily rejected are Paul Valéry, Sigrid Undset, E. M. Forster and especially Albert Camus. Had Camus lived, one feels that he would probably have made his way into the ranks of his century's greats. His best work is *The Stranger*, and a powerful novel it is, but it cannot in my opinion occupy the same shelf with the masterpieces of a Mann or a Proust.

As for criteria of judgment. I cannot be as precise as Dr. Adler. There are measuring rods one can apply to books of philosophy, science and history; and Dr. Adler's are very good measuring rods, indeed. But they don't always fit works of imagination. There are too many x factors involved, factors that aestheticians and literary critics have been trying for 2500 years, with only moderate success, to identify. A supremely great work of literary art must have influence, yes. It must have scope. It must sound that indefinable note we call major. But it need not be "original" in content, though it may be so—indeed, often is—in form. Perhaps there are no original works of imagination, for they merely orchestrate those perennial themes that flow out of the nature of man. Shaw is right (though the satisfaction he takes in being right is all wrong) in accusing Shakespeare of having no ideas. Shakespeare's "originality" consists only in showing us our own familiar human nature in a new light or at a greater depth. Beauty, power, universality, perfection of form—the words do have useful meanings, but elusive ones. They can never be applied with any precision to a work of art. Yet, imprecise as they are, they suggest the kind of criteria we must apply.

Having now opened all possible escape hatches, I proceed to juggle a hundred impressions, take the same sharp look at present-day reputations that any of my readers would take, make a wild guess at what taste will be like in 2066—and come up with nine Men of Imagination to balance Dr. Adler's 13 Men of Thought. To these nine I have added an Annex of three lyrical poets. I explain this Annex later. I list my nine in the order of their birth. George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950), Joseph Conrad (1857–1924), Marcel Proust (1871–1922), Thomas Mann (1875–1955), James Joyce (1882–1941), Franz Kafka (1883–1924), D. H. Lawrence (1885–1930), T. S. Eliot (1888–1965), William Faulkner (1897–1962).

What the reader will notice first is the conventionality of this list. There are no unexpected names, many generally expected ones. I do not deny the imputation of literary conservatism. I conceive it to be my duty as prophet not to go out on limbs, but rather to take proper account of any recognizable consensus. But even this consensus, as I have remarked, is a provincial one, for I am an American, speaking English. You will note therefore that of the nine names (though Conrad was a Pole and Shaw and Joyce were Irishmen), six used English, two German, one French. There is no doubt that if a Frenchman or German

"You Jane, me Santa Claus."

were the author of this essay his list would differ notably from mine. An Italian might perhaps propose Pirandello, a Scandinavian Sigrid Undset, a Greek Nikos Kazantzakis, Kostes Palamas, Constantine Cavafy or George Seferis.

The conservatism of my list is underlined by the fact that official recognition by the only world-literary establishment we have was accorded to four out of the nine. The Nobel Prize was won by Shaw, Mann, Eliot and Faulkner. (My Annex contains another Nobel name, Yeats.)

I have divided the names into novelists, poets, dramatists. This is a mere matter of rough-and-ready convenience. Shaw wrote essays, social criticism, bad novels and various miscellanea. Conrad wrote remarkable literary criticism and autobiography. Mann wrote literary criticism and general nonfiction. Lawrence used half-a-dozen forms and was a bad painter to boot. Eliot was almost equally great as critic and poet, besides having to his credit interesting experimental work in the drama. Indeed, versatility counts as one, though a minor, factor in assessing the perdurability of these names.

All were born in the 19th Century, but only one, Shaw, may be said to belong in any considerable degree to the years preceding 1900. Even Shaw, however, wrote his finest work in our own century.

Another observation the reader will make is that a majority of these nine were *formal* innovators, bringing something new to their craft. Shaw, of course, derives from Ibsen. But Conrad, Proust, Mann, Joyce, Kafka, Lawrence, Eliot and Faulkner blazed new pathways by varying methods. Note that their formal innovations were not so extreme as to lead to dead ends. Samuel Beckett is far more original in form and outlook than any of them but (this is mere opinion) his excess of originality will probably within a quarter of a century lead him to oblivion.

It is also interesting to note that of the nine there are seven novelists, one poet, one dramatist. You may wish to reflect on these proportions, measuring them against the current feeling among many critics that the novel is a dying form, reaching its apogee in the 19th Century with Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Balzac, Stendhal and Dickens. The pessimists may, however, still be proved right. The current novelistic scene is not encouraging, and our seven giants may represent an eminence from which we are now descending with no prospects of new high ground ahead of us.

1. Novelists. Conrad, born Teodor Józef Konrad Korzeniowski, is a phenomenon whose stature has only begun to appear clearly since his death and indeed during the last two decades. Born a Pole, left an orphan at 12, he committed himself at 17 to the Western world and, of all vocations for an aristocrat belonging to a landlocked nation, to the sea. He smuggled arms for the Spanish Carlist cause, had many curious cloak-and-sword adventures, became a seaman in the British Merchant Service, in the course of 20 years rose to the rank of master, retired to write in 1895 and somehow emerged as a magnificent wielder of a tongue not his own. Though he learned much from Henry James, his view of life is larger and more masculine, his style and narrative methods announced the new and complex modern novel, and his analysis of human nature under special conditions of moral stress gives him unusual tragic depth. We have long outgrown the callow notion that Conrad was a writer of "sea stories," adventure novels and exotic romances. He is far more of a realist than Dreiser or Zola. To make a Great Book out of Conrad's best work, would it be permissible to put together *Nostromo* (generally considered his masterpiece) with two long stories, *The Secret Sharer* and *Heart of Darkness*?

Proust is an inevitable choice. The son of a distinguished French doctor and an upper-middle-class Jewess, he grew up in Paris and among relatives in various French provinces. He never had to earn a living. A short stay in the army; the study of law and political science at the Sorbonne; the study of philosophy under Bergson (see Dr. Adler on Bergson), whose views on the nature of time greatly influenced him; some rather trivial early literary efforts; entrance into the aristocratic world that was to be the background of his novel; the death in 1905 of his overprotective mother; semi-retirement to the famous cork-lined room on the Boulevard Haussmann; the cultivation of his homosexuality, his asthma and his many neuroses; and the creation of *Remembrance of Things Past*: These are the outstanding external events of Proust's life.

His masterpiece is the longest first-rate novel ever written. Its apparent hero is "I," but its real hero is Time itself; its form is the sinuous one that "real," not chronological, Time assumes; its deepest theme is the permanence of Art as contrasted with the sad elusiveness of remembered experience. Proust is remarkable whether considered as a profound trail blazer (which he was) or as a traditional portrayer of deeply felt background and living characters (which he was, too). His influence is enormous and shows little sign of diminution. The finest of living American critics, Edmund Wilson, compares him, by reason of his powers and influence, with Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Wagner and Ibsen. E. M. Forster ranked *Remembrance* as "the second greatest novel"—after *War and Peace*.

Thomas Mann is as inevitable a choice as Proust, though at the moment little is being said or written about him. He was born into a comfortable commercial upper-middle-class Lübeck family. From his early experiences flows one of his major themes—the conflict between artist and bourgeois, a conflict deepened in successive books and made to yield new insights to the end of his long, full, almost Goethean life. Forced by Hitler into exile in 1933, he came to America in 1939, becoming a citizen five years later. The post-War years were spent in Europe. He died in Switzerland.

Of our novelists, Mann is the most traditional; but both *The Magic Mountain* and *Joseph and His Brothers* differ profoundly from the fictions of Balzac, Dickens or Tolstoy. They are more consciously symbolic. The Berghof Sanitarium is a microcosm of modern Europe, whose mutations, sickness and tragedy Mann foresaw in 1924. His Biblical tetralogy, though it is easier to read, attempts the same kind of archetypal dramatization of the interior life of mankind that Joyce was after in his *Finnegans Wake*. Mann is one of the few men capable of forcing the German language to yield beauty and music; he is an ironist and humorist, as we are slowly discovering; and he is a wonderful taleteller. My own judgment is that he is the greatest novelist of the century so far. In 2066, along with *The Magic Mountain*, any single volume representing Mann might also, if the rules permit, include his two short masterpieces, *Death in Venice* and *Mario and the Magician*.

There's not much question as to James Joyce. In some respects *Ulysses* is the most influential novel of the century; and that influence is not limited to Europe and America. It is revolutionary. Nothing like it, not even *Tristram Shandy*, had appeared before it.

Joyce had an extremely unhappy yet extremely successful life. Self-exiled from Ireland, after a Jesuit education, he lived in Paris, Trieste, Rome and finally Zurich. Poor, in his later years almost blind, misunderstood, censored, vilified and tragically unfortunate in his family life, he allowed nothing to prevent the triumphant composition of his two great books. *Finnegans Wake* will remain a labyrinth to most of us, but *Ulysses* can be understood and enjoyed by any reader who is willing to do a little work. Its contributions to the art of the novel are too well known to need rehearsal; and even though most of its innovations have already been absorbed into the mainstream of modern fiction, its position is secure. I think in 2066 it will still be secure.

As for Kafka, the editor of our 2066

"I think Miss Meadows has had a little too much to drink."

"Then, by Jove, a funny, fat little bloke in a red suit scampered up, waving his arms, shouting hysterically . . ."

set may have a little explaining to do, for neither of his great novels, *The Castle* and *The Trial*, appears to be quite complete. Yet, curiously, they do not leave the reader unsatisfied. If they are published in a single volume, along with two tales, *The Metamorphosis* and *In the Penal Colony*, the reader a century hence will obtain a fair idea of the mind of one of the few absolute literary geniuses of our time.

Kafka, a Bohemian Jew, was born of a middle-class Prague family, suffered from a dominating father, worked for a time as an insurance executive, was unable to find solace with his fiancée, was stricken with tuberculosis, found a little solace in Berlin with a girl named Dora Dymant, died in a sanitarium outside Vienna at the age of 41. He left his literary executor, Max Brod, instructions to burn his manuscripts. Fortunately, Brod did not do this.

Only since World War Two has Kafka's strange and terrifying appeal been discovered and interpreted. Though he died in 1924, he felt our time in advance—its fears, its dreads, the incomprehensibility of its institutions, the horror with which we look upon a universe in which God is at best an uncertainty. Kafka, using a spare, almost homely German prose, is a visionary writer, a chronicler of dreams and nightmares which impress us as being taken from our own unacknowledged unconscious experience. A great deal of fuss is made about myth these days; but if anyone can be said to have set down a 20th Century mythology, it is the tormented and saintly Franz Kafka. With each year that passes, his gnomic novels and stories seem to have more to say to us. He belongs with Dostoievsky, with Pascal and the Melville of *Moby Dick*.

Of D. H. Lawrence I wrote, about six years ago, "It is hard to say whether a century from now Lawrence will be thought of as a major prophet . . . or merely as an oddity of genius." Today I feel that Lawrence's chances for emerging as a classic in 2066 are good, though I would be hard put to it to select any single book to represent him. Perhaps *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, together with a few of his wonderful tales (*The Prussian Officer*, *The Captain's Doll*) would do well enough, though many readers still prefer his early *Sons and Lovers*. At any rate there can now be no doubt about it: This ever-wandering son of a Nottinghamshire coal miner was, among all the writers of his time and ours, the most complete revolutionary. He rejected, long before most of us knew it should be rejected, the devitalized industrial and sexual culture of our century. And he translated his rejection into passionate, erratic, terribly personal prose, into characters that have the power of an electric shock. I do not *like* Lawrence, I find him on occasion a bore and even a fool. But that is true of Dostoievsky and many another great artist. He had, however one may struggle against him, the power of a tremendous personality, of a being, as his friend Aldous Huxley said, "somehow of another order." By some critics he is regarded as the greatest of 20th Century English novelists. But, however he is finally rated, he remains a formidable figure.

Our last novelist is Faulkner. He came from an old Mississippi family of considerable distinction; saw brief though not active service during World War One with the Canadian Air Force; did not finish at the University of Mississippi; was influenced in his early writing by Gertrude Stein, Sherwood Anderson and Joyce; lived all his life in the small town of Oxford; created the entire population of his Yoknapatawpha County out of his intimate acquaintance with his immediate environment; was one of our most copious writers; and crowned his career in 1949 with the Nobel Prize.

His wave length, as I have confessed, is not mine. But he appears to be generally hailed as the greatest American novelist of our century, on a level with and perhaps superior to James, Melville and Hawthorne. I have no doubt that, having been once admitted into this exclusive club, he will stay in it for some time; and a century is really not very long. He has behind him the admiration of many fine critics and the almost total vote of the academy. It may indeed be true that he is the final and supreme fabulist of our baffling and horrifying South. Of his literary conscience, his subtle narrative craft, his rhetorical abilities and his daring experimentalism there can be no question. In 2066 the editor will probably have to choose among his three most generally admired novels—*Light in August*, *Absalom*,

Absalom! and *The Sound and the Fury*. I like best his funny book *The Reivers*, but I guess it isn't "great."

II. Dramatists. As for Shaw, I admit that many good critics believe him to be already on the way out. But many equally good ones don't. I think he will last.

Born in Dublin, he was basically self-educated. He joined his mother in London in 1876, did hack writing, became a music critic, a dramatic critic, a Fabian socialist, and finally the most successful and widely read dramatist of his time, perhaps of all time. In 1925 he won the Nobel Prize.

"The intellect is also a passion," he once said; and he will remain as the greatest *showman* of ideas who ever lived. Beyond this, he wrote a masterly plain prose, as fine in its way as that of his idol John Bunyan. Some of his notions date, but not all; and his sense of the evolutionary future of man (compare Teilhard) may well mesh with the *Zeitgeist* of the 21st Century. He will also be kept alive by his personality. Perhaps he wrote no single acknowledged masterpiece. But a volume containing *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Saint Joan*, *Androcles and the Lion* and *Man and Superman*, together with their prefaces, should do well enough.

III. Poets. T. S. Eliot is great as poet and as critic, and as playwright was powerful in reviving the poetic drama in English. If we are to follow the precedent set down in *Great Books of the Western World*, we would have to exclude him on the ground that he wrote no *single* long work, as Milton did with *Paradise Lost*. But Eliot is so formidable a figure that I would hope the law can be somehow evaded to allow a single large volume to be made of all his poems, a generous selection from his essays and perhaps *Murder in the Cathedral* and *The Cocktail Party*.

Eliot was born in St. Louis, received his education at Harvard, the Sorbonne and Oxford, and settled in London in 1915. He came under the beneficent influence of Ezra Pound and in 1922, with *The Waste Land*, had already established his position as the most daring and sensitive English poet of his generation. He did valuable work as editor, translator and publisher. In 1948 he received the Nobel Prize.

I, with most other more knowledgeable judges, would not hesitate about T. S. Eliot. Assisted by Ezra Pound and the French Symbolists, he changed the whole landscape of modern verse. He introduced a genuinely new sensibility. He speaks not only to the few, but to young men and women throughout the Western world, voicing their despairs, their recognition of the tawdriness and horror of our era, and of some grave order and harmony that may lie behind that tawdriness. Furthermore, as critic, dramatist and personality he has been the teacher and guide of two generations of Europeans and Americans. His place in English verse, indeed in world literature, seems at the moment secure. Will our descendants in 2066 feel similarly? I think so.

IV. Annex. Great Books of the Western World excluded lyric poets on grounds that were well argued but are surely open to debate. The view advanced was that a Great Book should be precisely that—a single, imposing masterpiece.

I would argue that a lyric poet, even though the author of no single, lengthy work, should be represented by his total product, provided the impact of that total product is sufficiently powerful. I believe there are three 20th Century poets (not counting Eliot, whose case has already been demonstrated) for which this claim may be made. Because I do not wish to break the rules governing the creation of *Great Books of the Western World*, I discuss these three in this Annex, hoping nonetheless that in 2066 their collected works would be part of the set of *Great Books of the 20th Century*.

Under these relaxed conditions, there would be little question about William Butler Yeats (1865–1939). He belongs with the great poets of the last 200 years and with the finest who ever wrote in English. Born the son of a distinguished Irish painter, he became the leader of the Irish Literary Renaissance and especially of the movement toward an indigenous Irish drama. He lived during the Nineties in London, but soon returned to his native land to become increasingly prominent both in literature and politics. He became a senator of the Irish Free State in 1922 and the next year won the Nobel Prize.

His life is a miracle. Unlike Wordsworth, he became greater, as man and artist, as he aged. Much influenced him: Ireland above all; then theosophy and occultism, the legendary Maud Gonne, cyclical theories of history, French symbolism. But at last there emerged an absolutely personal voice uttering poetry of extraordinary condensation, power, beauty and eloquent harshness. Yeats may have been deceived by visions, but not by illusions. This Irish aristocrat is often difficult, rarely impenetrable. Of his influence on the poets of our day there can be no question. He will not rank, of course, with Shakespeare or Dante, but on the shelf of the Great Books of our century his collected poems should occupy a secure place.

The position of Robert Frost (1874–1963) is perhaps less secure, but I would place a modest bet on him for 2066, unless the American-and-English character undergoes radical alterations.

He was born in San Francisco, moved to New England in 1885, then to England in 1912 for a three-year stay. From 1915 to his death he lived in Vermont and New Hampshire. His reputation grew slowly but surely, and in his latter years he became almost the official poet of our country, receiving many honors and prizes. He was always a countryman, but his poetry, though rooted in the New England landscape, is only seemingly local.

His voice is as idiosyncratic as that of Yeats; and his craftsmanship, though less brilliant, is as subtle and original. He says major things in an offhand way, having no respect for eloquence or rhetoric. I think he will last by reason of his humor and irony, his Americanness, his eminent quotability, his gnarled, indomitable personality. There is no major poet in English who has used colloquial rhythms and vocabulary with more powerful effect. So far he seems, as poet, to speak for our country more indisputably than anyone else, and I include Walt Whitman. He has extraordinary range, for he appeals—with different poems—to the subtlest of his coprofessionals and to school children. He never fakes, he never writes officially. And though he had many masks as a personality, his poetry always flows from the central core of his being.

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926) is commonly acknowledged the greatest figure in 20th Century German poetry, and by many one of the universal poets of our time. Born in Prague, possibly of noble ancestry, he suffered almost all his life from ill health. His life contained many false starts, much anxiety and poverty and much wandering over the face of Europe (including Russia) and in the Near East. Rodin, whom he served as secretary, was a prominent influence. His final and finest period was spent in Switzerland.

Translations of Rilke exist, they are often sensitive and always conscientious, but it is best to read him in German. Every word, even parts of words, and the sounds of parts of words, count, as he constructs his mystical-musical vision of a world in which mere objects, history and art coalesce into a structure that one can only call Rilkean. One feels his genius to be major, despite the fragility and delicacy of his temperament. Of the 12 men I have named, I have least confidence in his ability to last a century. But I have some.

Well, there are my nine, plus three more who I believe belong on the team. In 2066 I will not be around to see how much of a fool I may have made of myself. I wish I could be. For I am intensely curious.

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH JACK DAVIS

GREETINGS OF THE SEASON! AND UP AND AWAY TO ANOTHER ADVENTURE WITH A HOOP AND A HALLOO AND A DASH AND A PRANCE AND A SLIDE AND A FALL AND A GET UP AGAIN!... DUSK IN THE CITY ... THE STREETS ARE AT THEIR LIVELIEST! – BUSY TRAFFIC -- BUSY SHOPS -- BUSY LAST-MINUTE SHOPPERS! BUT THE REAL ACTION IS NOT DOWN THERE IN THE STREETS, BUT HIGH UP ABOVE, WHERE SANTA IS SPEEDING THROUGH THE NIGHT –

THERE GOES SANTA, SPEEDING THROUGH THE NIGHT!

I WARNED HIM NOT TO DRINK! ... TRIPPED OVER HIS BEARD AND FELL RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW!

SCROOGE AND MARLEY

EXPLORERS CLUB

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! LOOK AT THE TIME! I PROMISED RUTHIE I'D BE HOME **HOURS** AGO!

PARTY'S JUSH SHARTED, ANNIE! – TELL YOU WHAT ... I'LL SHAKE YOU HUM!

TAKE HER HOME? YOU CAN'T TAKE ANNIE AWAY SO SOON, BATTBARTON, OLD BEAN –

merry

FIRST CLASS

CRAZY

STAY FOR COFFEE, CHAPS! OVER HERE, BATTBARTON... SEE THE CAKE?
I DO HOPE YOU AREN'T GOING TO ONE-UPMANSHIP HIM, MR. BUXTON! YOU KNOW HOW ANGRY MR. BATT-BARTON GETS WHEN YOU ONE-UPMANSHIP HIM.
I'M GAME, CAKEWISE, BUXTON! ... WHA'VE WE GOT?
HERE, OLD BOY! TRY SOME CUSTARD PIE!
SKWISH!
HUCK BUXTON! YOU DID IT AGAIN!
NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT! I'LL GET THE FIRST-AID KIT! WANDA, CALL THE POLICE!
HAW! SEGUED INTO THAT ONE! HAVE YOU TRIED THE CHEESECAKE!
SPLAT
HO! THERE'S ONE ON ME!
-RON, PHONE THE HOSPI-TAL, ANO-
NO HARD FEEL-INGS? -SHAKE!
BZZT!
WAH! WHATA DELIGH'-FUL FELLOW!
NO HAR' FEELIN'S. S'EP A LI'L CLOSER -
SPRITZ!
...WELL CAN YOU BEAT THAT! THEY'RE ACTUALLY ENJOYING IT!
HA... BATT-BARTON, YOU'RE TOP DRAWER!
DELIGH'FUL FELLOW, THAT HUCK BUXTON! GOOD TO HAVE HIM ONNA TEAM! YO-HO-HO! MERRY EXMUS -
JINGLE BELLS! ALL THE WAY JINGLE! OH, WHAT FUN IT IS RIDING -
WHY CAN'T PEOPLE BE GOOD SPORTS LIKE THIS ALL YEAR ROUND?
MERRY CHRISTMAS, GENERAL!
OHOHO! WHAT DELIGH'FUL SINGUM! HERE, MY GOOD MAN ... SHAKE ALL OF ISS MONEY AN' SPIT-BALL IT TO THE BUSHER SHOP ONNA CORNER! I WANT YOU TO BUY THE BIG PRIZHE TURKEY INNA WINDOW AN' SHAKE IT HUM TO SHINY SHIM!
OH, BENTON... YOU'RE SWEET!
BLIND VET

LOOK OUT FOR THAT PUDDLE OF SLUSH!
YOUNG MAN ··· I WONDER IF YOU'D HELP ME ··· THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A PLACE TO CROSS –
WHY SURELY, LI'L GRANNY LADY. I'LL GET YOU OVER THE GOAL LINE. I'LL LAY MY CAPE DOWN LIKE WALTER RALEIGH –
–NO, NO! ··· I'LL GO ONE UP ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH, I WILL! HO! HO! I'LL LAY MYSELF DOWN FOR THE LI'L GRANNY LADY TO CROSS!
BLESS YOU, YOUNG MAN.
OH, I JUST LOVE THIS TIME OF THE YEAR. THERE'S NO SELFISHNESS. EVERYONE'S GENEROUS AND CONSIDERATE! – ISN'T THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT GRAND!
OH, WHY CAN'T PEOPLE BE LIKE THIS EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR? HOW WONDERFUL THAT WOULD BE!!
IT'S TRUE··· IT'S TRUE.
BZZZ!
J.P.M. CO.
BRINKS
GIVE

MONDAY MORNING
OH, MY GOODNESS ··· TIME TO GET UP ALREADY? ··· OH, RUTHIE ··· I'VE GOT TO BE AT THE AGENCY! BENTON BATTBARTON WANTS TO START SHOOTING THE BLIVIT BODY LOTION COMMERCIAL AT 8:30 SHARP!
RING!

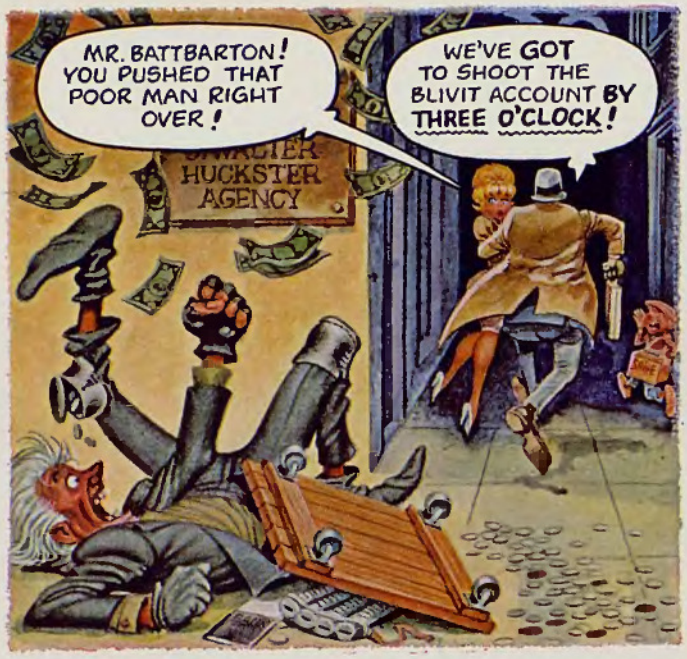
BENTON! IMAGINE MEETING YOU IN FRONT OF GRAND CENTRAL STATION. I WAS JUST TELLING RUTHIE HOW SWEET YOU WERE AT THE PARTY-
YES ··· EVERY EXECUTIVE SHOULD MIX WITH THE UNDERLINGS ··· KEEP CONTACT WITH THE PEOPLE -
I LIKE PEOPLE. ···TAXI! STOP, YOU IDIOT!
WE'VE GOT TO SHOOT THE BLIVIT ACCOUNT BY 3:00, YOU KNOW.
GRAND CENTRAL STATION

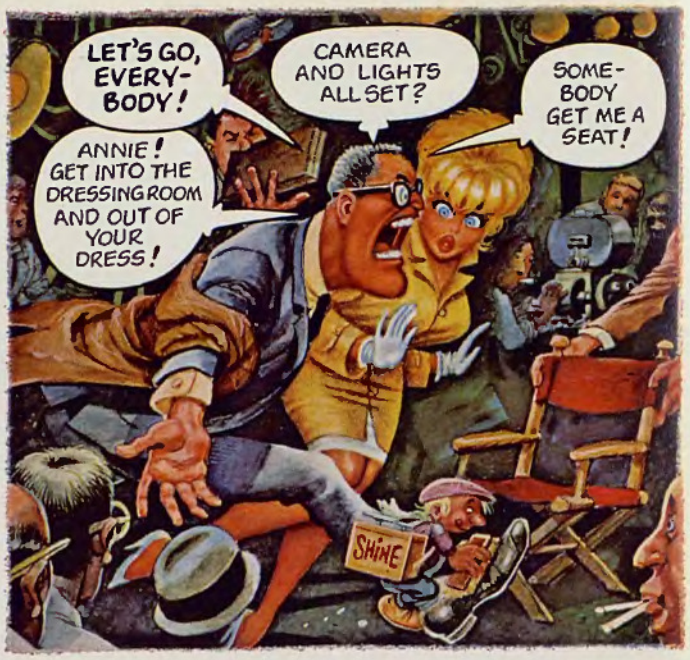
THERE'S A CAB! GET IT! QUICK! RUN!
WHY, IT'S THE NICE YOUNG MAN WHO HELPED ME CROSS THE SLUSH! ··· GOING TO HELP LITTLE GRANNY LADY INTO HER CAB, ARE YOU?
35¢

DROP DEAD, CHARLIE! CLIMB BACK INTO THE WOODWORK, CREEP!
MR. BATTBARTON! YOU KNOCKED THE LITTLE GRANNY LADY OOWN!
@!!!
RACING RESULTS
GIN

HERE WE ARE! LET'S GO, TEAM!
SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOTTEN - OLD LAND··· ZANG -

HAPPY NEW YEAR, GENER-AAAAUGH -
ARE THERE NO WORKHOUSES? ARE THERE NO PRISONS? - THE TREADMILL AND THE POOR LAW ··· ARE THEY IN FULL VIGOR?
RING!


MR. BATTBARTON! YOU PUSHED THAT POOR MAN RIGHT OVER!
WE'VE GOT TO SHOOT THE BLIVIT ACCOUNT BY THREE O'CLOCK!
HUCKSTER AGENCY


LET'S GO, EVERY-BODY!
CAMERA AND LIGHTS ALL SET?
SOME-BODY GET ME A SEAT!
ANNIE! GET INTO THE DRESSING ROOM AND OUT OF YOUR DRESS!
SHINE

POO-POO!

HOHO! THE POO-POO CUSHION STRIKES AGAIN! - ONE UP ON YOU, BATTBARTON, OLD SPORT!
-AND HE IS A GOOD SPORT!
HOO HA HA!

YOU AREN'T CROSS, ARE YOU?
...POO-POO ME BACK!
POO POO

POO-POO ME BACK, BENTON!

I'LL POO-POO YOU...ALL THE WAY BACK TO YOUR DEPART-MENT!
PUNT!

TSK, TSK, MIS-TER BATTBAR-TON! YOU SHOULD REALLY CONTROL YOUR TEMPER.
YOU'RE NOT READING ME, BABY! I DON'T WANT TO BE UGLY, BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO BE NICE! THE CLIENT EXPECTS US TO DELIVER ON TIME! IF WE DON'T DELIVER ON TIME, WE LOSE THE ACCOUNT! WE'VE GOT TO SHOOT THE BLIVIT ACCOUNT BY THREE O'CLOCK!
BY THREE O'CLOCK
FINISHED! WE MADE IT! ANNIE, HONEY ... NOW THAT THE PRESSURE IS OFF AND I CAN UNWIND, WHY DON'T YOU LET ME MAKE IT UP TO YOU DINNERWISE.
MISTER BATT-BARTON! I AM VERY IMPATIENT WITH YOU.
Veri-Soft Detergent
ALL RIGHT! I GOT MIFFED AT HUCK BUXTON ... KICKED A CRIPPLED VET AND KNOCKED DOWN A LITTLE GRANNY LADY! ... IS THAT A REASON TO HOLD A GRUDGE? ... CAN'T YOU HOME IN ON THE FACT WE HAD TO SHOOT THE BLIVIT ACCOUNT BY THREE O'CL-
OH, THAT SILLY, SILLY THREE O'CLOCK!
SAVE WATER
IT'S SO DISAPPOINTING TO SEE HOW PEOPLE WHO ARE FULL OF GOODNESS AND KINDNESS ONE DAY CAN JUST FORGET IT THE NEXT! ... WHY CAN'T WE BE MORE POLITE AND THOUGHTFUL AND CONSIDERATE 365 DAYS A YEAR?
... WHY CAN'T WE HAVE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT ALL YEAR ROUND?
YOU'RE REACHING ME, MY DEAR. YOU'RE HITTING ME WHERE I LIVE.
-AND JUST TO PROVE IT, I'M GOING TO DEVOTE THE REST OF THE DAY TO SHOWING YOU THAT I HAVE THE SPIRIT.
AND SO-
DON'T EVER SHELL ME I DON' HAVE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT ALL YEAR ROUND!
HAPPY new year
FIRST CLASS
CRAZY QUEY
END

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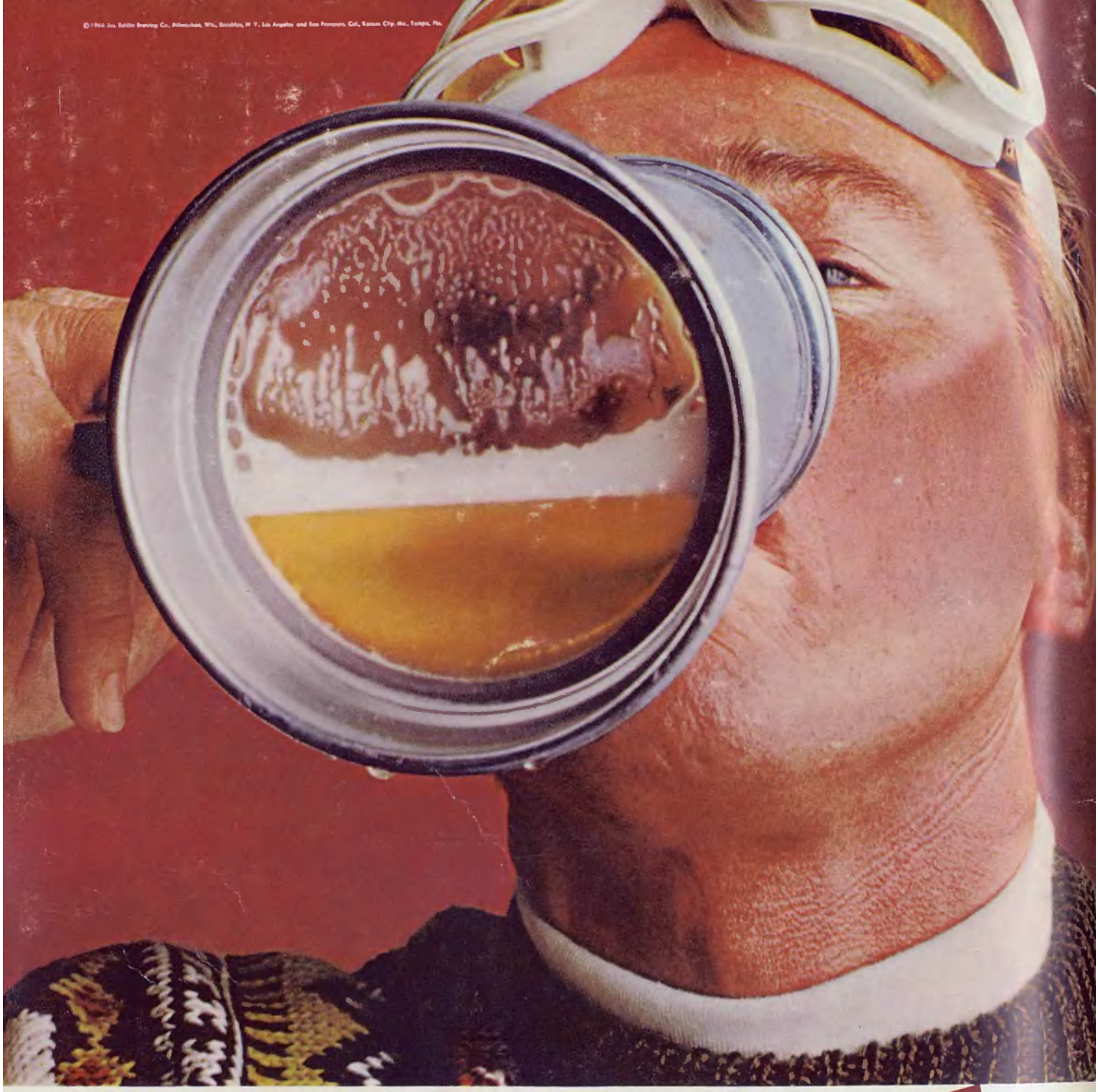

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